VISIT…

TOMMY
the who

the who

We must apologize for not making your job simpler by telling you a rather traditional background story. Sorry, but THE WHO did *not* start out as a skiffle group, struggling along till a lucky break brought them instant fame. In fact, before they combined ideas and efforts, all four of the boys were quite anti-pop-groups. And none of them had possessed a life-long ambition to make a living as a musician.

The only common factor in their beginnings is a geographic one. They all come from roughly the same part of London – an area known as Shepherds Bush. We're not surprised if you're not familiar with that part of town, because apart from being the setting of a "breakaway" prison called Wormwood Scrubs, there are really no distinguishing characteristics about Shepherds Bush. It's a neighborhood where most of the boys are much more likely to join a gang than to play a guitar. But then, our boys were exceptions to the established rules.

Short pause in our story, folks . . . before going on, it's about time we quickly introduced THE WHO by name: the lead singer is ROGER DALTREY; lead guitarist is PETE TOWNSHEND; bass guitarist is JOHN ENTWISTLE; drummer is KEITH MOON. Please don't be offended if we ask you to take special note of the spelling of their surnames. You see, they all go under their real names, and those ancestors had absolutely no thoughts of consideration for members of the press when deciding on family titles. Anyway, back to our tale . . .

Now Roger and John had a slightly more conventional beginning in the music business. Of course, it all started while they were at school. John was planning to pursue a career in the British equivalent of the Internal Revenue department, and Roger was practicing to be a con man, (of the nicest possible variety, of course!). But in the course of their studies, they met up with a couple of other guys who wanted to make some easy money, so were forming a pop group to play at local dances. John was already a French Horn player in a youth orchestra, so reckoned he could easily learn how to handle a guitar. And Roger was always keen to conquer something new, so he picked up a guitar as well. Thus a run-of-the-mill group known as The Detours was formed.

It was fated to be just a nowhere group, playing only copy versions of records which were currently popular. About the only good result was that this whole venture led to John and Roger taking music a bit more seriously. But they were quickly fed up with the sort of stuff The Detours were playing. They reasoned that if one wanted to play in this musical game, one should at least try to be somewhat more original. When they tried to put their thoughts across to the other members of the group, John and Rog were quickly written off as a couple of weirdos and replaced by more conventional thinkers.

That something drastic came about in a very unexpected manner. It was one afternoon in a local hangout center. John and Roger were expounding what they considered to be their very superior views about pop music, when this odd character started to answer back. This caught them off-guard, because no one ever dared to join them when they were going on this topic! But then, the guy called Pete was known as something of a weirdo anyway. He was always playing this way-out music on the jukebox. Rumor had it that he played guitar, but he wasn't in a group or anything, so folks just classed him as one of those rather peculiar art students, and left it at that.

Pete began dramatically arguing with John and Roger about how useless most pop groups were . . . they just played a load of rubbish and didn't strive to be creative. The boys were stunned at first. They thought perhaps this character had been listening in to their conversation and was now having them on. Sensing their suspicions, Pete invited them to come back to his garage – where he had built a complete studio which served as a sort of workshop. There he claimed to be constantly experimenting with different sound effects and combining his efforts on elaborate four-track tapes. It all sounded too good to be true! But once they saw this studio, which had even left Pete's Dad's car without a shelter as it took up so much space, they were convinced. Pete picked up a rather battered guitar and played a standard R&B number for them. He had given this standard tune a completely different arrangement, though John and Roger were knocked out to say the least!

They all got carried away with long discussions about the directions in which they thought pop should be heading. This led to long jam sessions and the inevitable decision that they could experiment with their ideas by forming a semi-pro group and see how audiences would react to the whole thing. They got hold of a drummer who was lurking about, and out to face the world they went.

Unlike the happily-ever-after stories, though, things just didn't click at first. They immediately realized where the trouble lay. It was the drummer. You see, they were basically a musical trio, with Roger just concentrating on singing now. So it was vital that they have a drummer who was more than adequate. Then one night it happened . . .

They were playing a gig near home when suddenly this long-haired lad who had been madly dancing in the audience jumped up on stage. Being cheeky as he is, he told Roger that he didn't much rate their drummer and thought he could do a much better job. "Have a go, then," Roger retorted – and that's just what Keith did. Even though he went through two sets of drumsticks in the first ten minutes, the other boys were delighted. Here was the drummer they needed, one who did far more than keep a beat, he signified something, and he was IN!

The next immediate problem was to come up with a suitable name. They'd been calling themselves The Highnumbers, but this was a nothing name, and they were definitely a happening group. Lots of suggestions were tossed around and out, and they finally settled on the craziest, most way-out idea that occurred to them – THE WHO.

Just about the time the boys were getting started, two enterprising young film directors were looking for an unusual pop group to feature in a documentary film. Kit Lambert and Chris Stamp were their names, and a most unlikely combination they were. Lambert, the son of a composer Constant Lambert, was a graduate of Trinity College, Oxford, and speaks in a very fast posh manner. Stamp, on the other hand, is the son of an East End tugboatsman, brother of film star Terence Stamp, and he dresses in Carnaby Street fashion and speaks in a broad Cockney accent. Pop music to them meant only subject matter for a film, nothing more. Then they met THE WHO.

It was in the crowded back room of a Railway Tavern on the outskirts of London where, after weeks of unsuccessful searching, Lambert first heard THE WHO. Instantly, he felt a total conviction that these were the boys they needed. The next night he drove Stamp out to see them at a hall where they were appearing. Although he couldn't get close enough to actually see them, Stamp felt a kind of excitement generating from the crowd blocking his way. He, too, was convinced. They felt so strongly about this group that within four days they had become the managers of THE WHO.

Lambert and Stamp had so much confidence in the potential of THE WHO that they gave up their jobs completely and poured all of their personal savings into promoting the group. Happily, their faith was justified.

THEN CAME SUCCESS . . .

Although they were tremendously big in several local areas around London, THE WHO decided that they must conquer the West End next. So their managers convinced the promoter of Soho's famous Marquee Club to book the group. He agreed to let THE WHO play at the club on Tuesday evenings, a night which was notoriously dead in the West End. But this was all to change.

Within a couple of weeks, the Marquee promoter was shocked to see all box office records being broken! Now the whole town was talking about this group who had made Tuesday nights the happening nights in Soho! Even to this day, the Marquee Club features its star attractions on Tuesdays.

Now that their name was all around, THE WHO felt ready to release a record. They recorded one of Pete Townshend's compositions called "I CAN'T EXPLAIN," and it came out early in 1965. Suddenly national attention focused on the boys . . . and the record soared into Britian's "Top Ten." Surprisingly, it also repeated its success in several other parts of the world, making THE WHO an international force to be reckoned with . . . and this was just the beginning!!

THEN . . . POP ART! ! !

By the time of their first record success, THE WHO had developed their stage act into something truly incredible to witness. Pete had been experimenting with new concepts of guitar playing and was now incorporating feedback into their act, (an idea which has since been picked up by just about every group around – even the Beatles) and he was also indulging in wild antics such as ramming his guitar into the speaker cabinet in order to get special effects.

Then, almost by mistake, an image was born. Roger started sticking black tape on a white sweater, changing the designs each night. Unintentionally, the trick spread to the rest of the group. John bought dozens of old medals and pinned them all over a diamond-check jacket. Keith wore a white tee-shirt on which he had painted a bullseye target, the word "Pow!", and a picture of Elvis. And a Union Jack flag which Pete had draped over his speaker cabinet was now made into a jacket for him. Their ideas spread like wildfire.

From that point, THE WHO'S music was labelled as the Pop Art Sound. Their second record, "Anyway, Anyhow, Anywhere" was released and went straight into the charts. Now, no one could ignore the presence of THE WHO, they were on the pop scene to stay!

AND FROM THEN ON . . .

THE WHO have done no wrong! All of their releases have been instant smash hits in Britain and most other parts of the world. They are the highest paid working group in Europe today, still breaking box office records wherever they appear.

The only market in which success seemed to elude THE WHO for a while was America. But, finally that barrier, too, has been broken down. The group came to New York to appear on Murray The K's Easter show in March, 1967. Once they had been seen in this country, it all started to happen! For the first time, they had a single (Happy Jack) in the top twenty of U.S. charts, and that was just another beginning . . .

Summer of 1967 found them creating a nationwide sensation as they toured for ten weeks with Herman's Hermits. (And this was after they had knocked everyone out with a spectacular performance at the Monterey Pop Festival!) They recently made their U.S. TV debut on the Smothers Brothers Show, at which time they introduced the new single, "I Can See For Miles," and this disc is already roaring up the charts.

Yes, 1967 was the breakout year for THE WHO in America, and gives them even more right to the title, "THE WORLD'S MOST SENSATIONAL GROUP!"

TOMMY
the who

Tommy	10
Overture	14
It's a boy	18
You didn't hear it (1921)	21
Amazing journey	24
Sparks	28
Christmas	34
Cousin Kevin (a)	37
The acid queen	40
Underture	44
Do you think it's alright	51
Fiddle about (a)	52
Pinball wizard	54
There's a doctor (I've found)	65
Go to the mirror boy	66
Tommy can you hear me	72
Smash the mirror	76
Sensation	78
Miracle cure	81
Sally Simpson	82
I'm free	85
Welcome	88
Tommy's holiday camp (b)	93
We're not gonna take it	96
See me, feel me	103

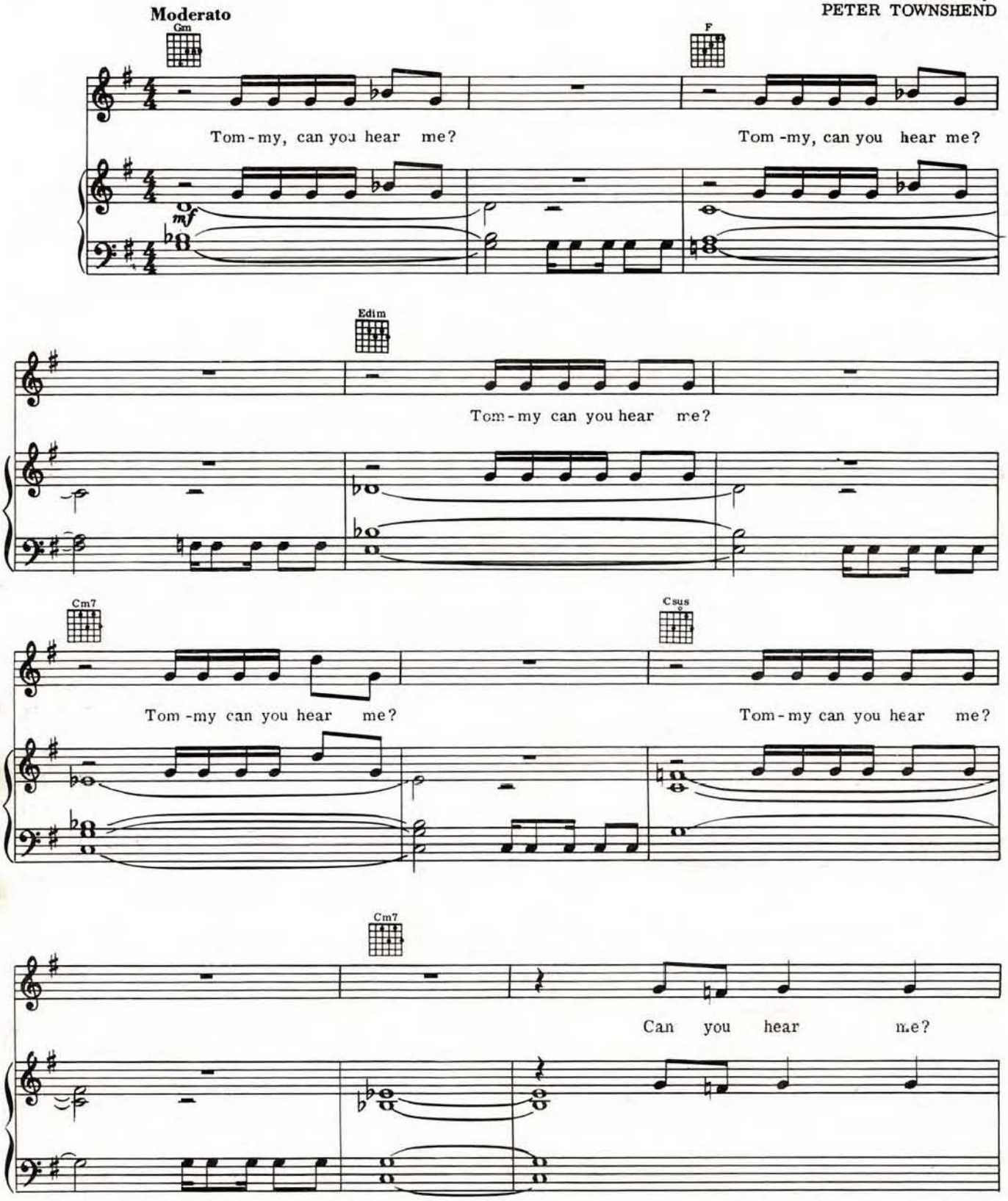
Opera by Pete Townshend
(a) Composed by John Entwistle
(b) Composed by Keith Moon

We gratefully acknowledge TRACK MUSIC, INC. for permission to use all of the music in this album.

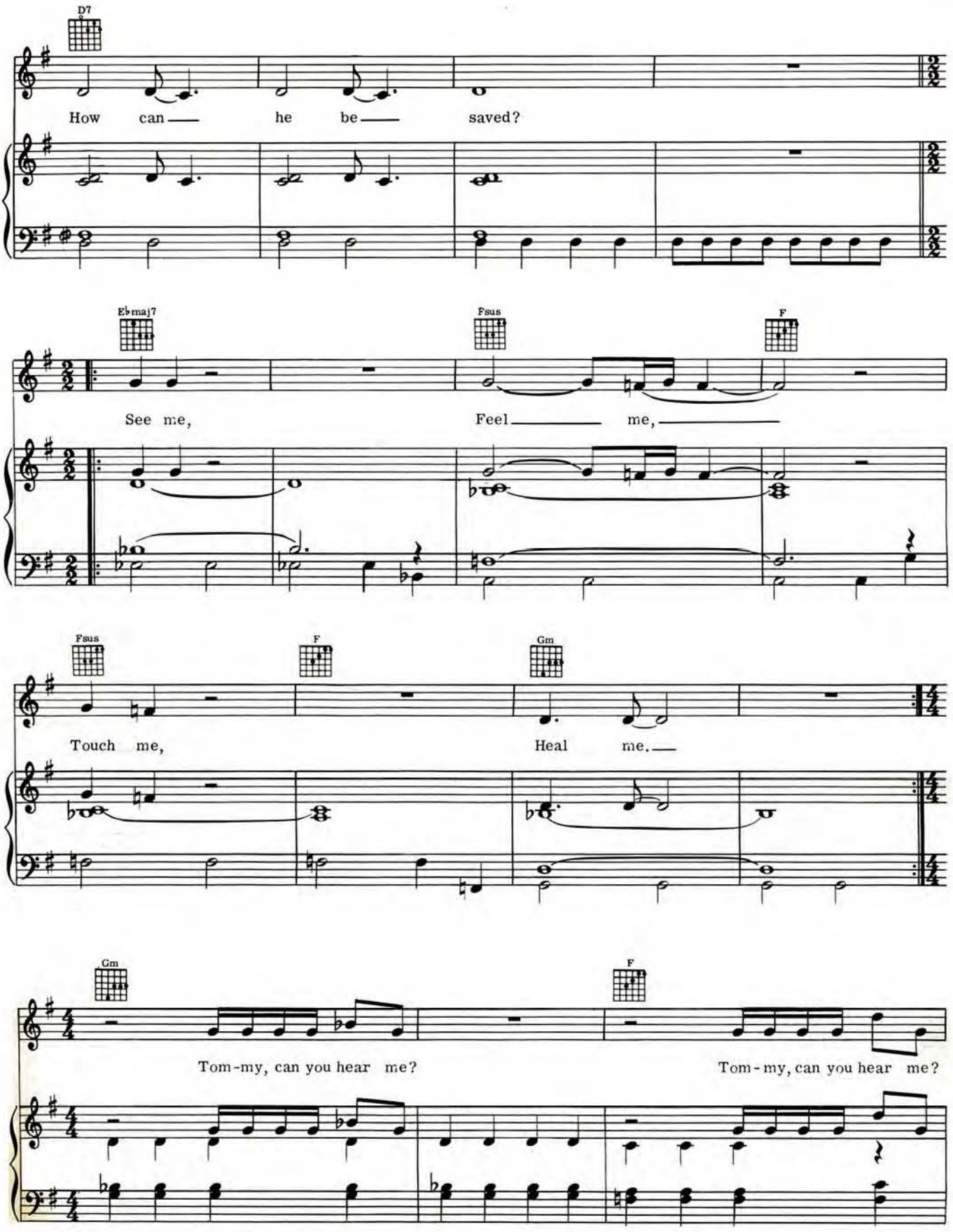
Cover: Courtesy of Decca Records.

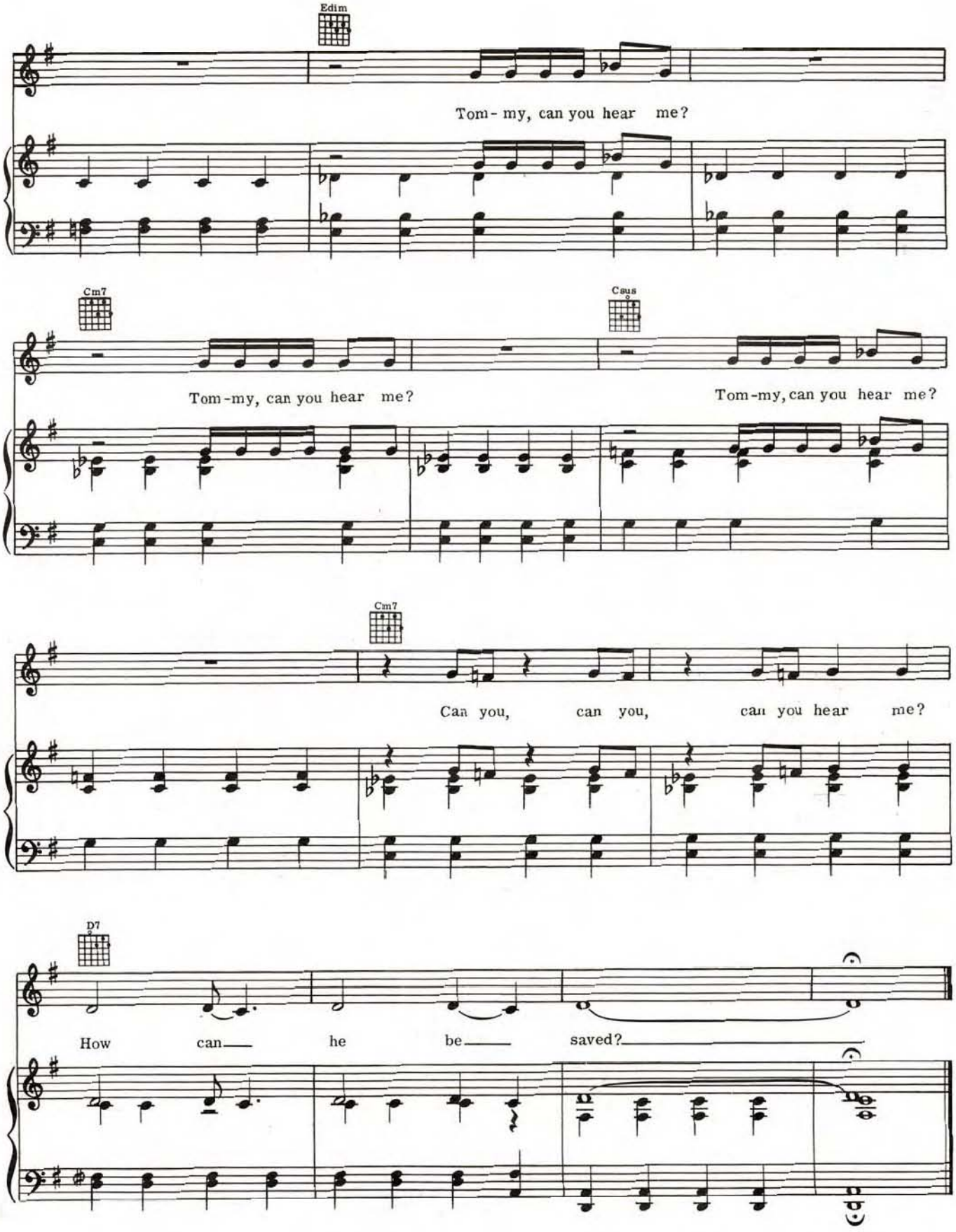
TOMMY

Words and Music by
PETER TOWNSHEND



Copyright © 1969 by Fabulous Music Ltd., Dumbarton House, 68 Oxford Street, London, W.1, England
All rights for the U.S.A. its territories and possessions, Canada, Mexico and the Philippines
are controlled by Track Music, Inc., 200 West 57th Street, New York, N.Y. 10019
International Copyright Secured Made in U.S.A. Used by Permission
All rights reserved including public performance for profit. No part of this work may be reproduced
in any form without permission in writing from the publisher.

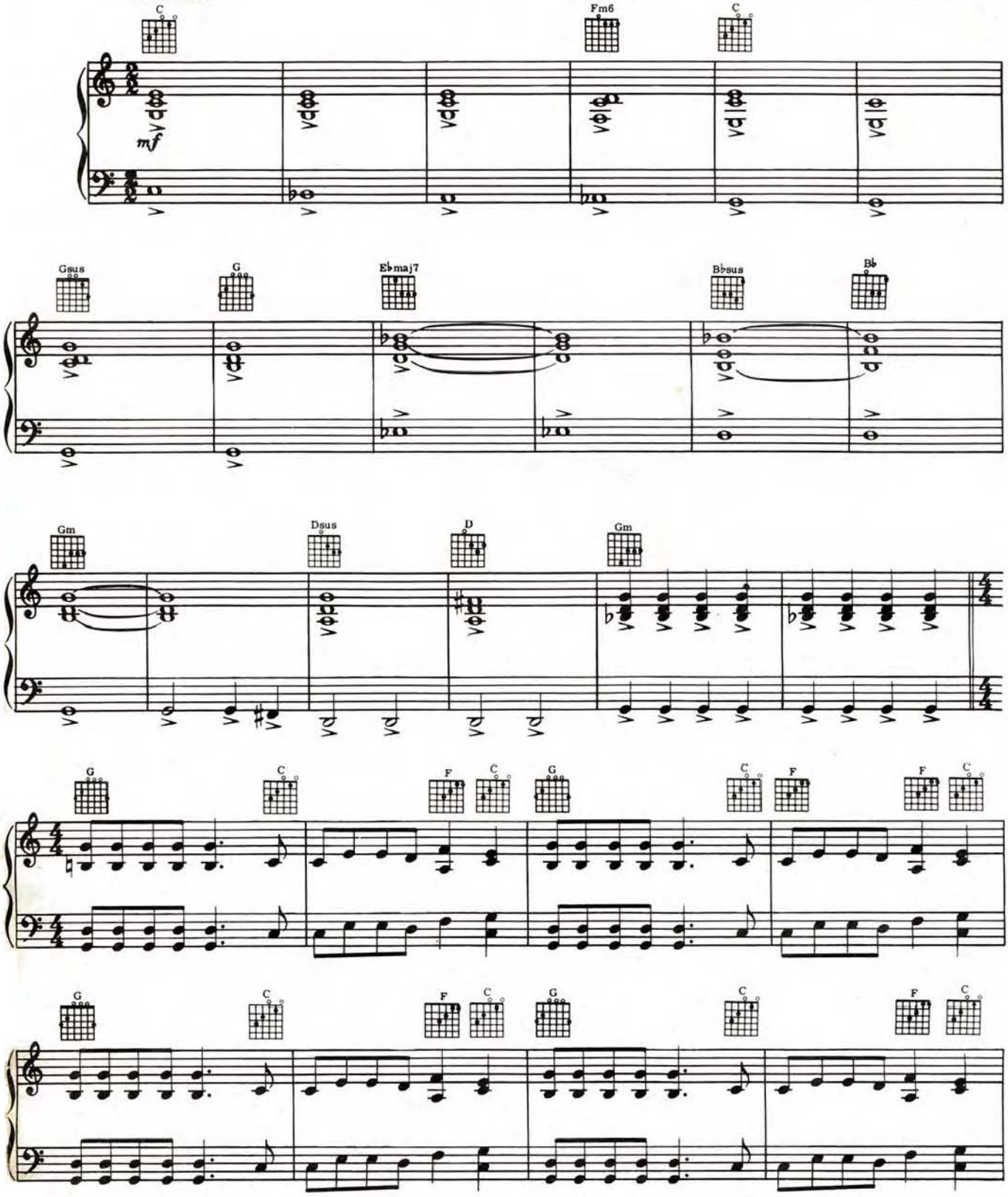

D7
How can — he be — saved?
E♭maj7
Fsus
F
See me,
Feel — me, —
Fsus
F
Gm
Touch me,
Heal me. —
Gm
F
Tom-my, can you hear me?
Tom-my, can you hear me?


Edim
Tom- my, can you hear me?
Cm7
Csus
Tom-my, can you hear me?
Tom-my, can you hear me?
Tom-my, can you hear me?
Cm7
Can you, can you, can you hear me?
D7
How can he be saved?

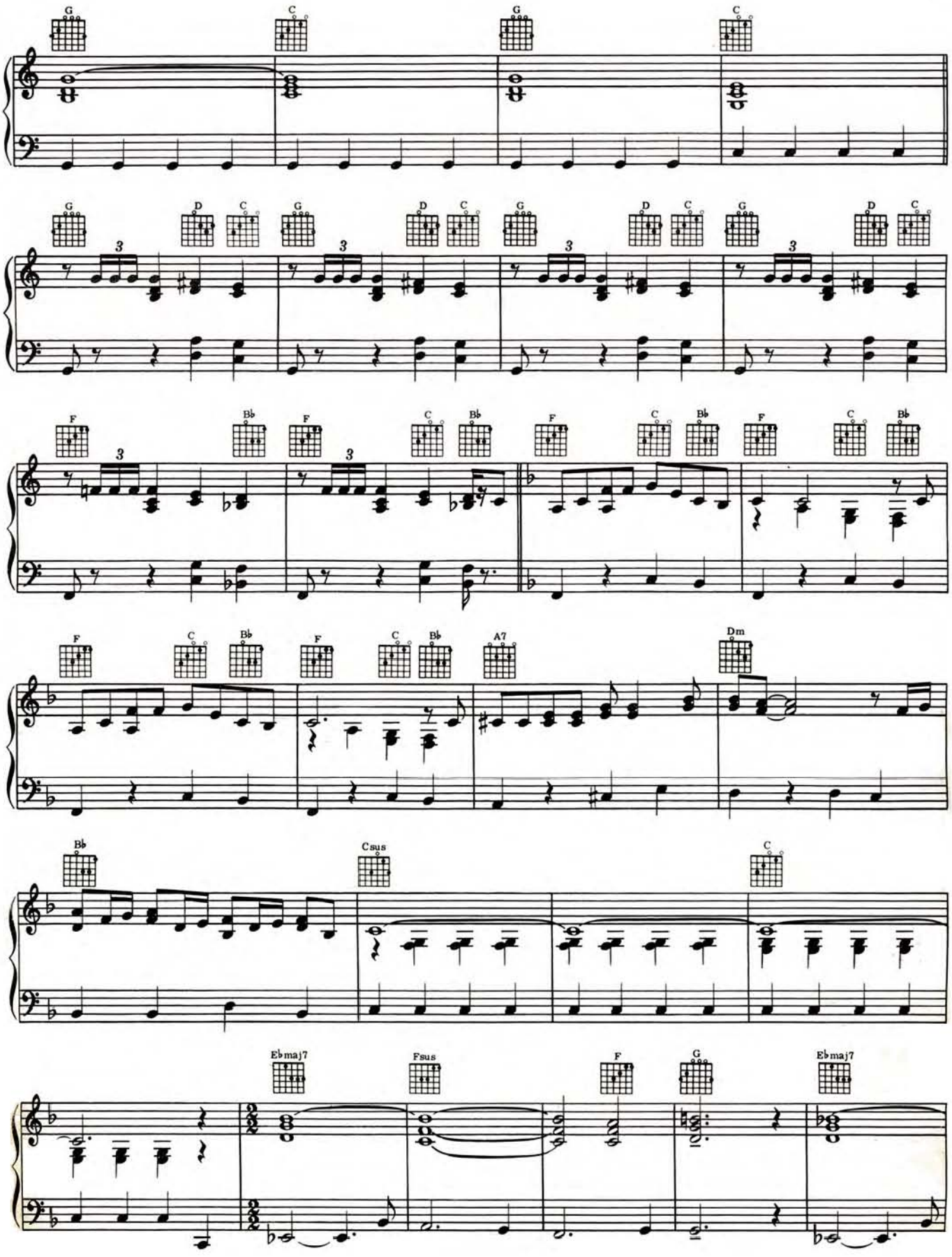
OVERTURE

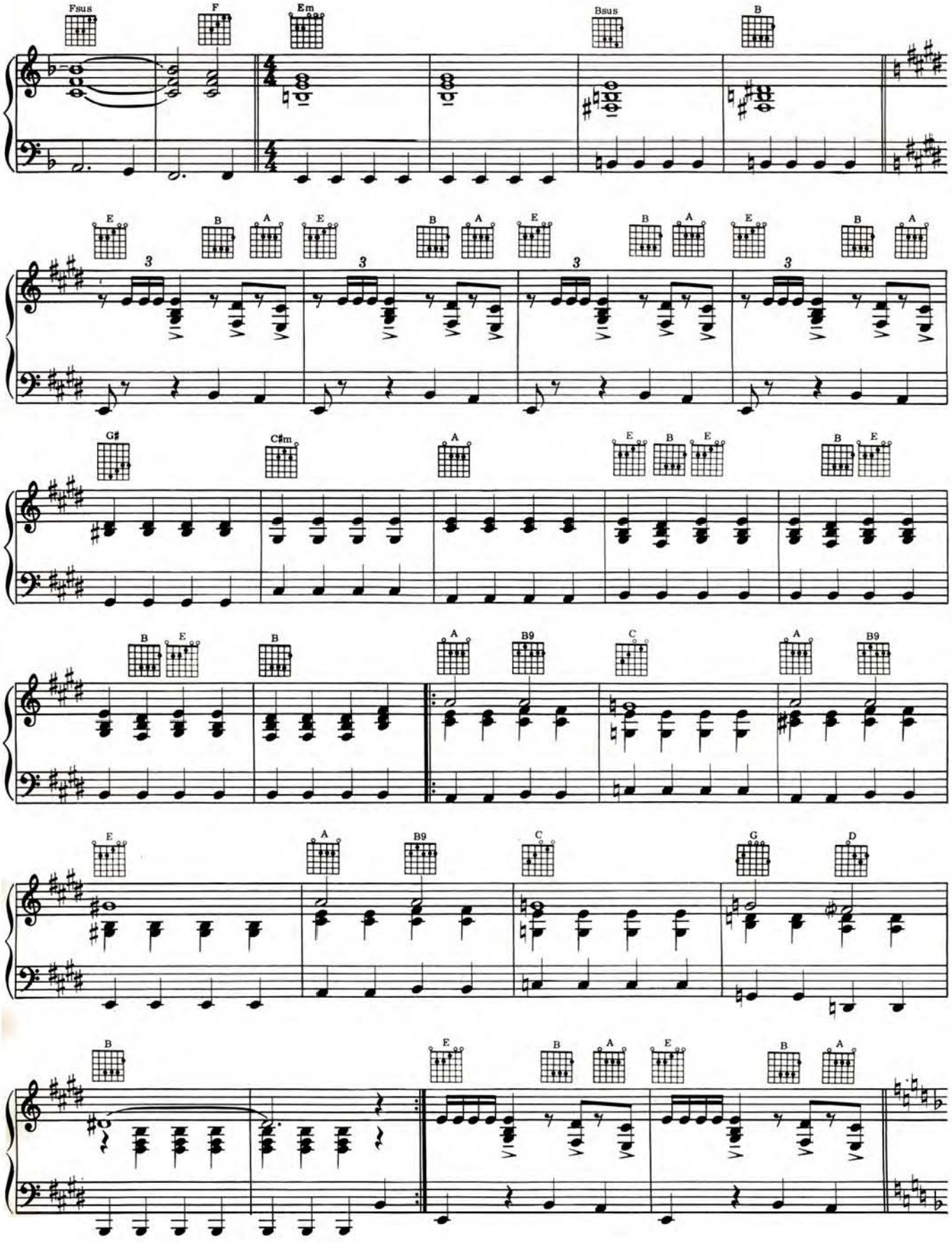
Words and Music by
PETER TOWNSHEND

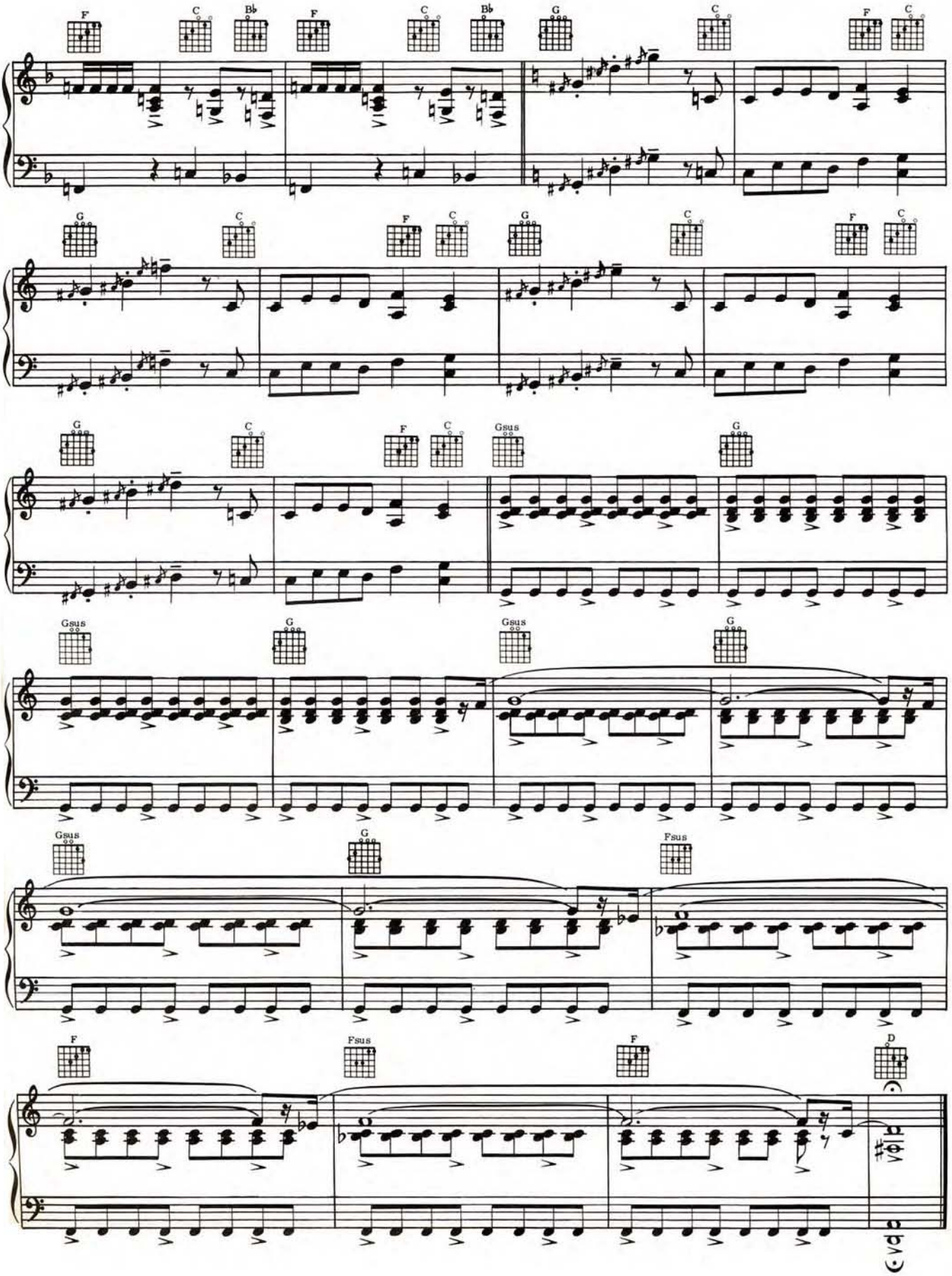
Moderato



Copyright © 1969 by Fabulous Music Ltd., Dumbarton House, 68 Oxford Street, London, W.1, England
All rights for the U.S.A., its territories and possessions, Canada, Mexico and the Philippines
are controlled by Track Music, Inc., 200 West 57th Street, New York, N.Y. 10019
International Copyright Secured Made in U.S.A. Used by Permission
All rights reserved including public performance for profit. No part of this work may be reproduced
in any form without permission in writing from the publisher.

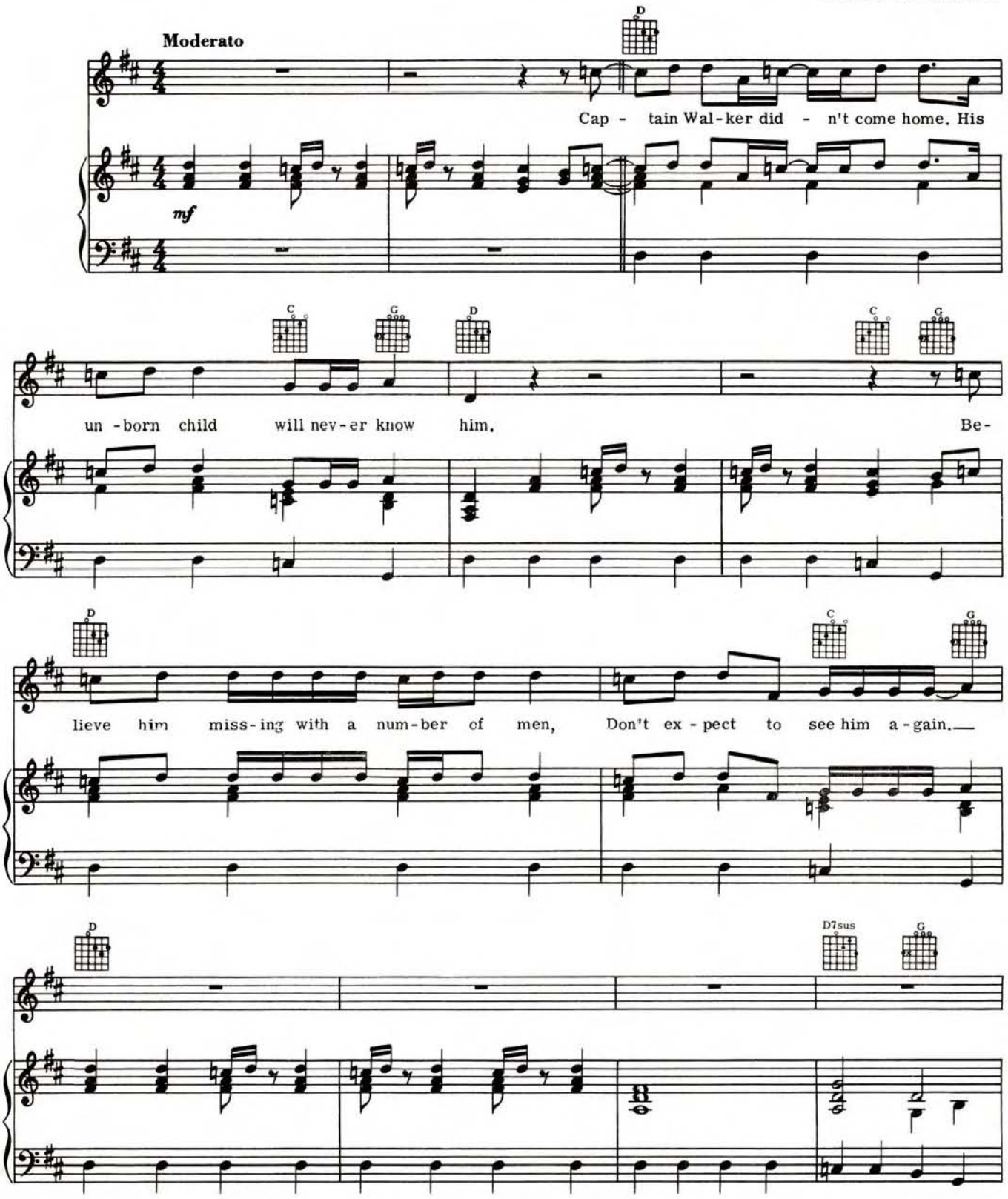

G
C
G
C
G
D
C
F
Bb
A7
Dm
Csus
Ebmaj7
Fsus


Fsus
F
Em
Bsus
B
E
B
A
G♯
C♯m
A
B9
C
G
D

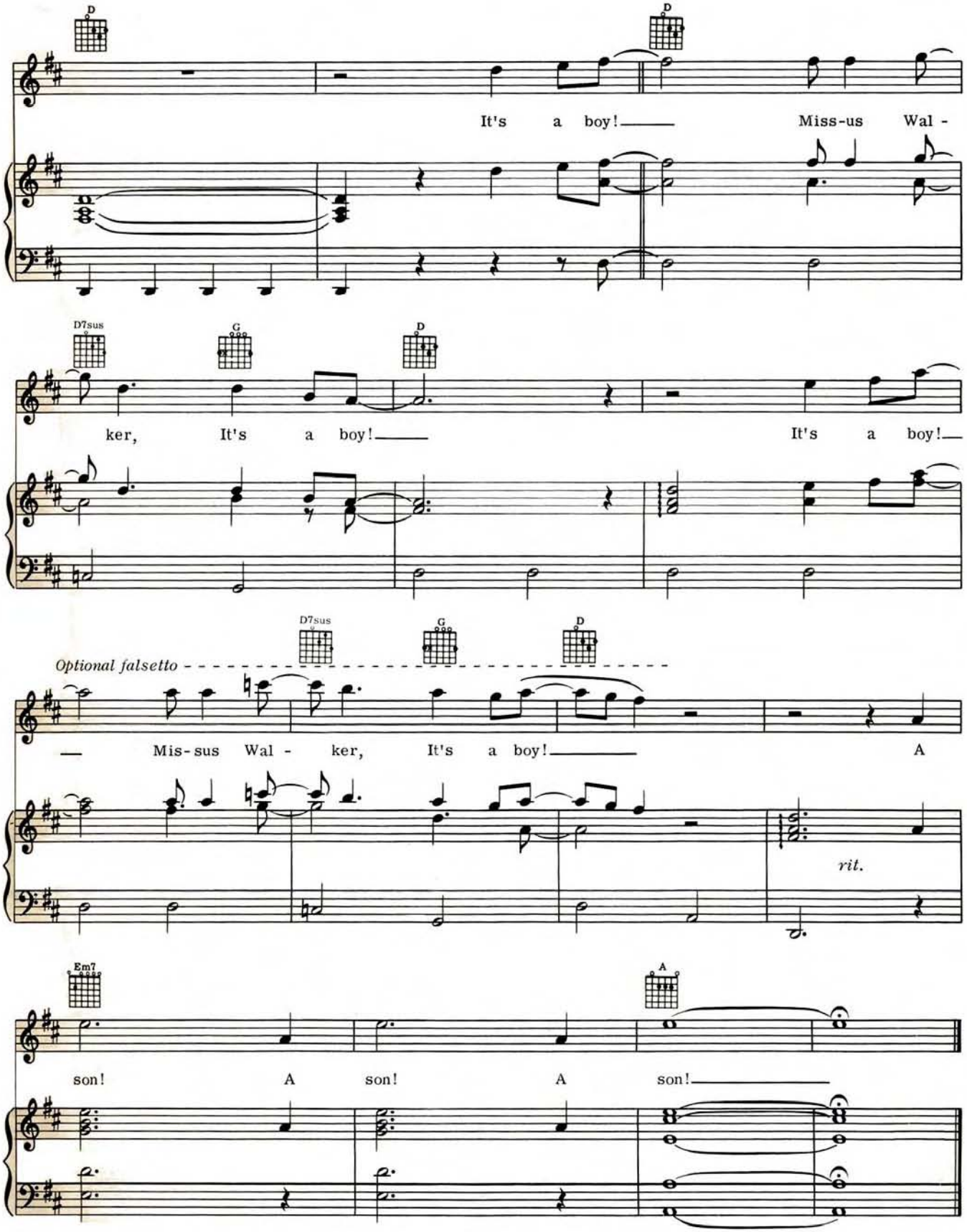

F
C
B♭
F
C
B♭
G
C
F
C
G
C
F
C
G
C
F
C
G
C
F
C
Gsus
G
Gsus
G
Gsus
G
Fsus
F
Fsus
F
D

IT'S A BOY

Words and Music by
PETER TOWNSHEND



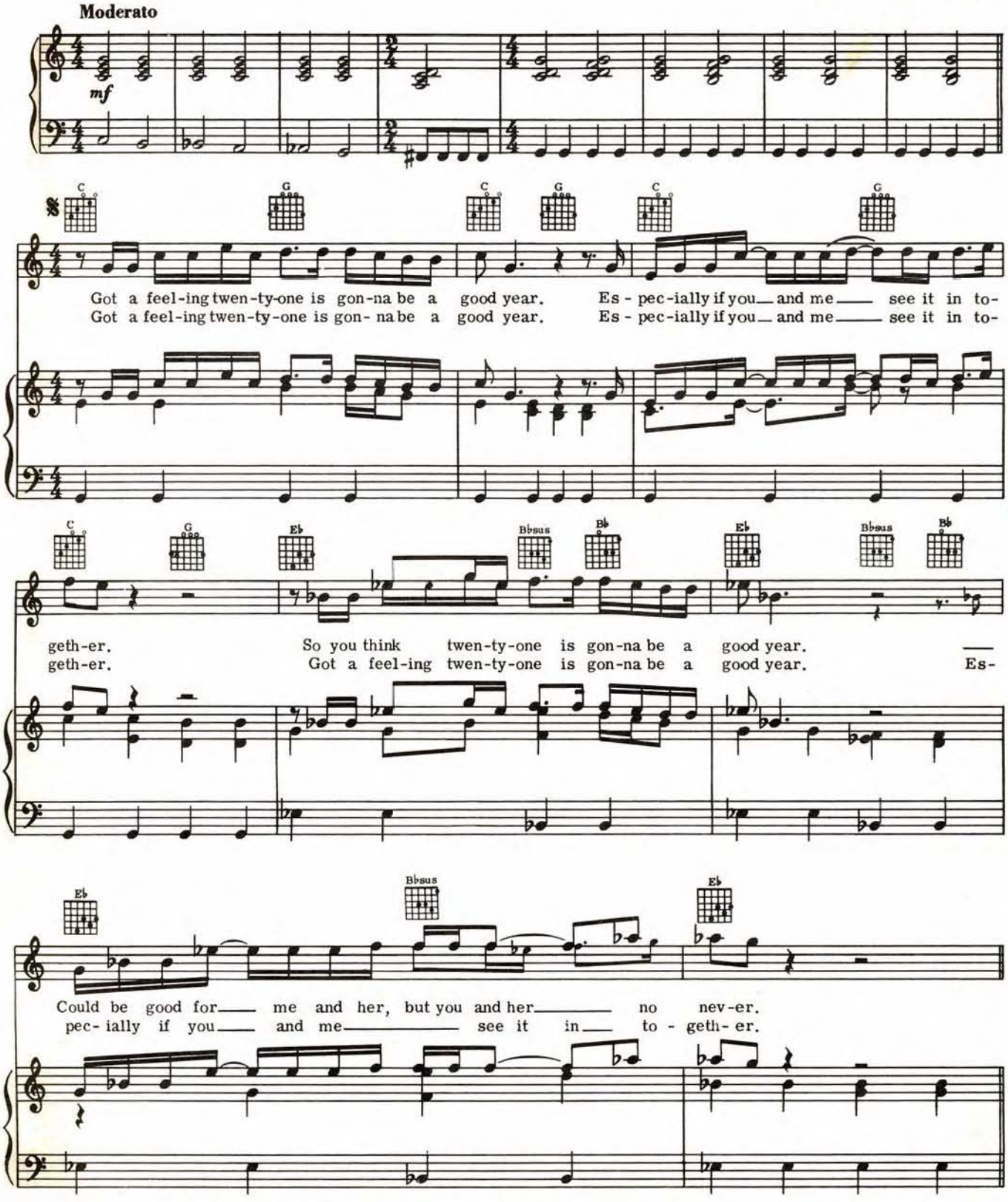
Copyright © 1969 by Fabulous Music Ltd., Dumbarton House, 68 Oxford Street, London, W.1, England
All rights for the U.S.A., its territories and possessions, Canada, Mexico and the Philippines
are controlled by Track Music, Inc., 200 West 57th Street, New York, N.Y. 10019
International Copyright Secured Made in U.S.A. Used by Permission
All rights reserved including public performance for profit. No part of this work may be reproduced
in any form without permission in writing from the publisher.


D
It's a boy! Miss-us Wal -
D7sus
G
D
ker, It's a boy! It's a boy!
D7sus
G
D
Optional falsetto
Mis-sus Wal - ker, It's a boy! A
rit.
Em7
A
son! A son! A son!

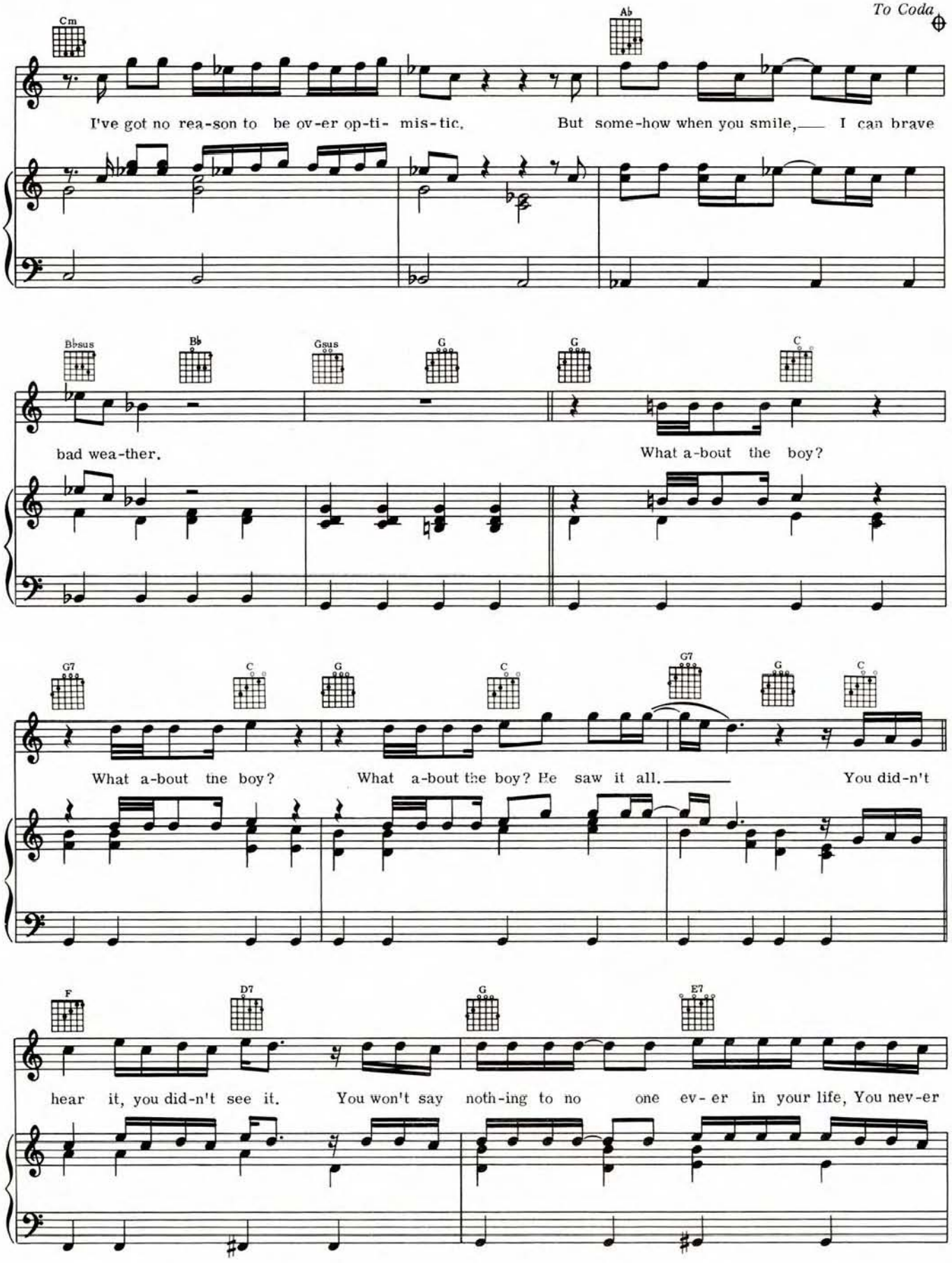
YOU DIDN'T HEAR IT

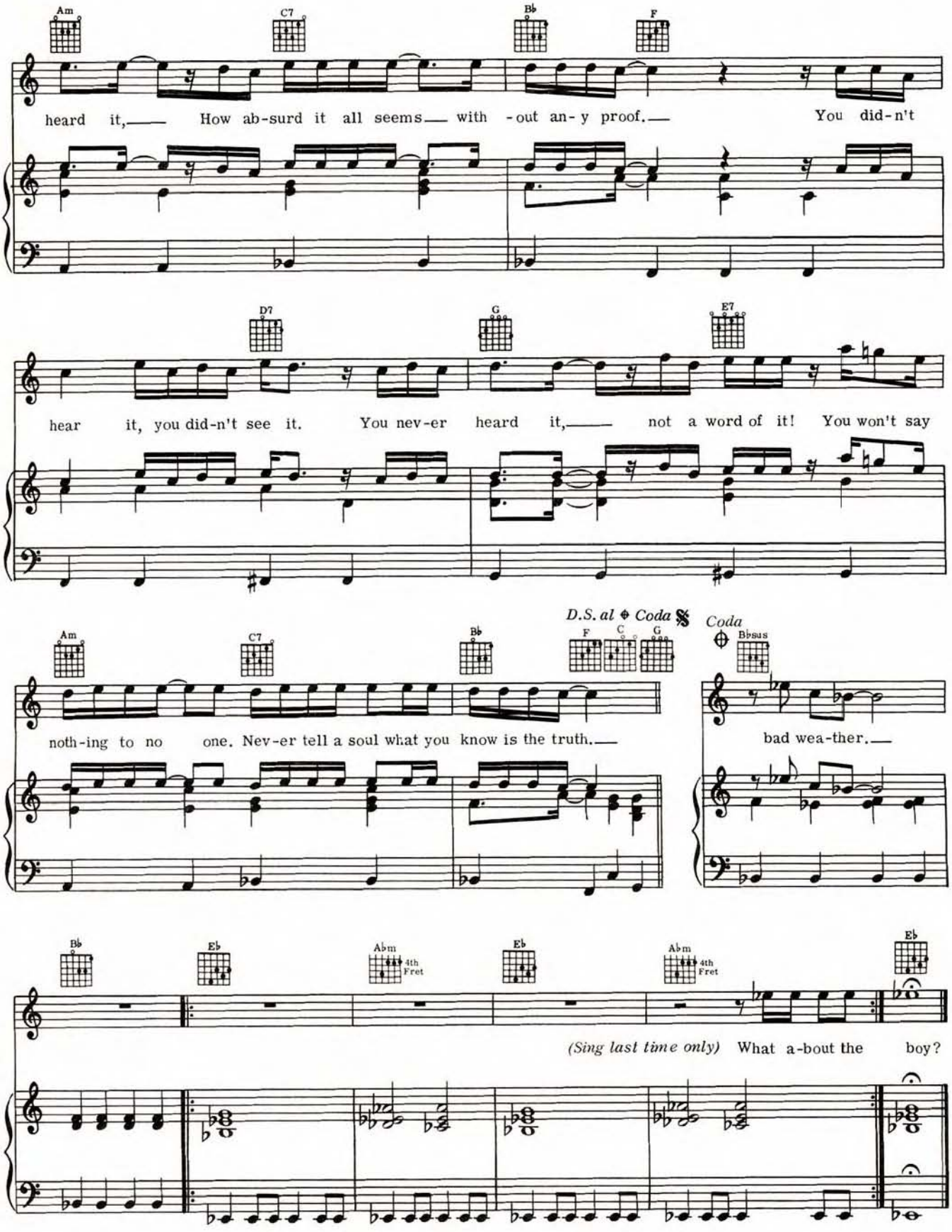
(1921)

Words and Music by
PETER TOWNSHEND



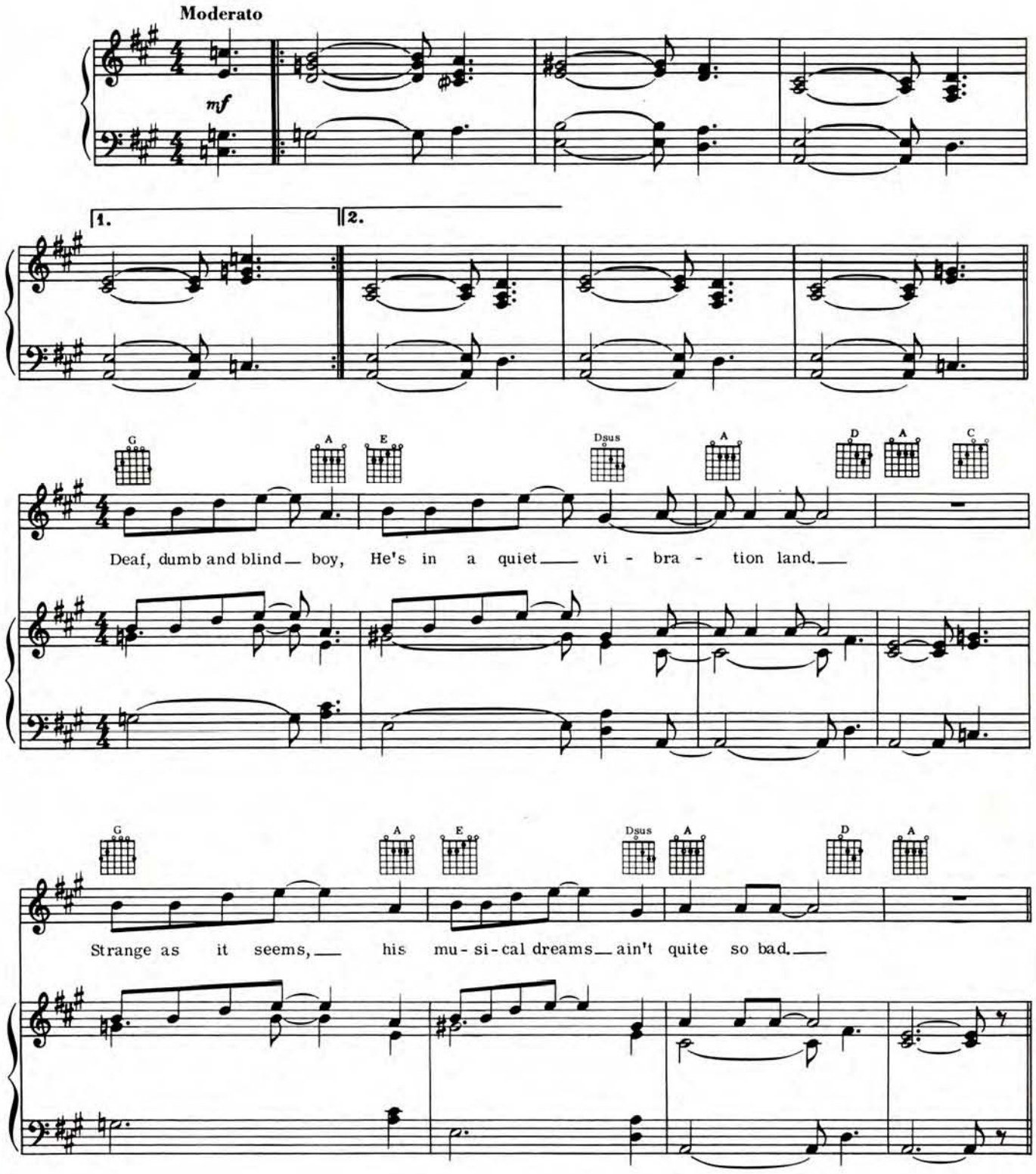
Copyright © 1969 by Fabulous Music Ltd., Dumbarton House, 68 Oxford Street, London, W.1, England
All rights for the U.S.A., its territories and possessions, Canada, Mexico and the Philippines
are controlled by Track Music, Inc., 200 West 57th Street, New York, N.Y. 10019
International Copyright Secured Made in U.S.A. Used by Permission
All rights reserved including public performance for profit. No part of this work may be reproduced
in any form without permission in writing from the publisher.


To Coda
Cm
Ab
I've got no rea-son to be ov-er op-ti- mis-tic.
But some-how when you smile,
I can brave
Bbsus
Bb
Gsus
G
G
C
bad wea-ther.
What a-bout the boy?
G7
C
G
C
G7
G
C
What a-bout the boy?
What a-bout the boy? He saw it all.
You did-n't
F
D7
G
E7
hear it, you did-n't see it.
You won't say noth-ing to no one ev- er in your life, You nev-er

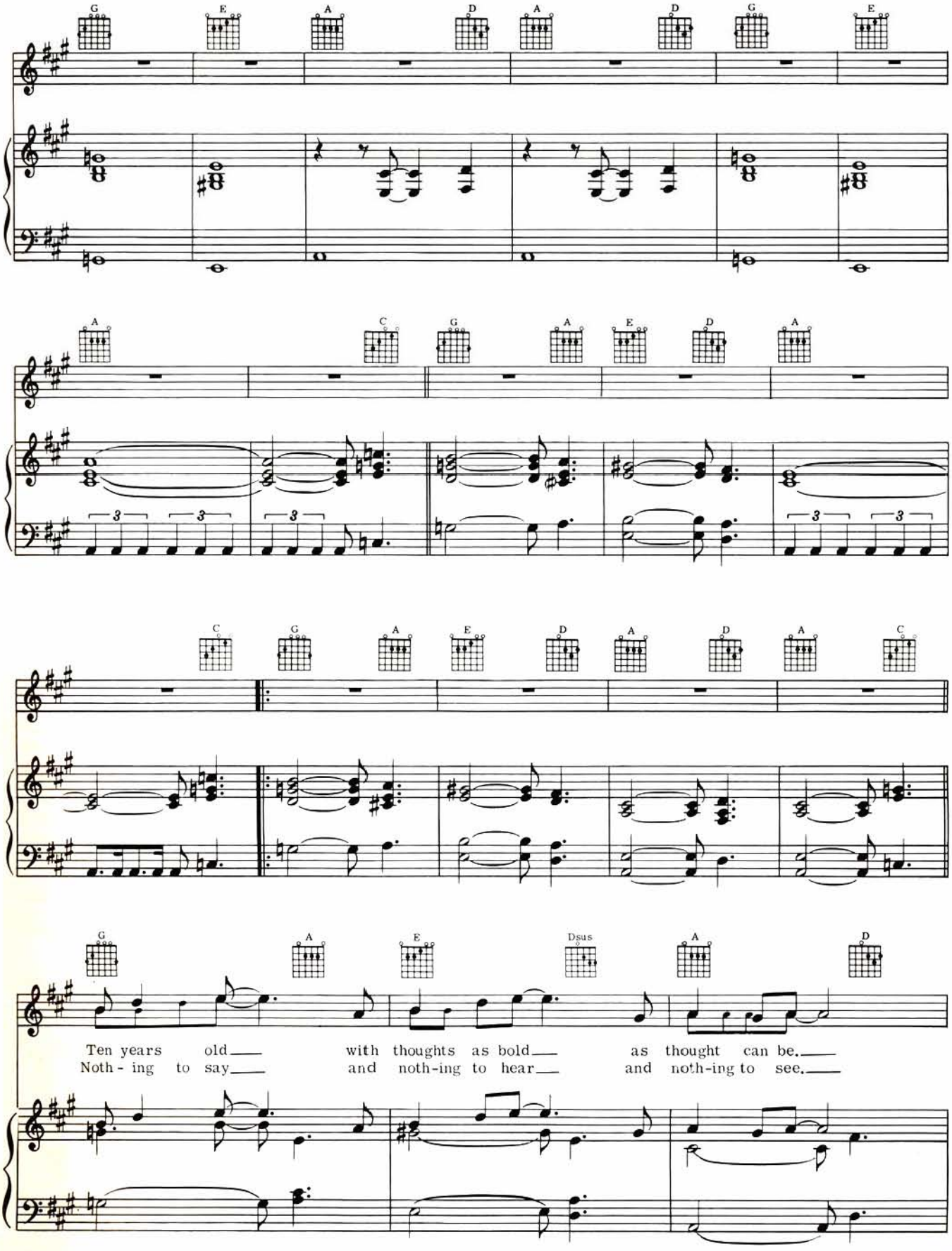

Am
C7
B♭
F
heard it,— How ab-surd it all seems— with -out an-y proof.— You did-n't
D7
G
E7
hear it, you did-n't see it. You nev-er heard it,— not a word of it! You won't say
D.S. al ⊕ Coda 𝄋
Coda
Am
C7
B♭
F
C
G
B♭sus
noth-ing to no one. Nev-er tell a soul what you know is the truth.—
bad wea-ther.—
B♭
E♭
A♭m
4th Fret
E♭
A♭m
4th Fret
E♭
(Sing last time only) What a-bout the boy?

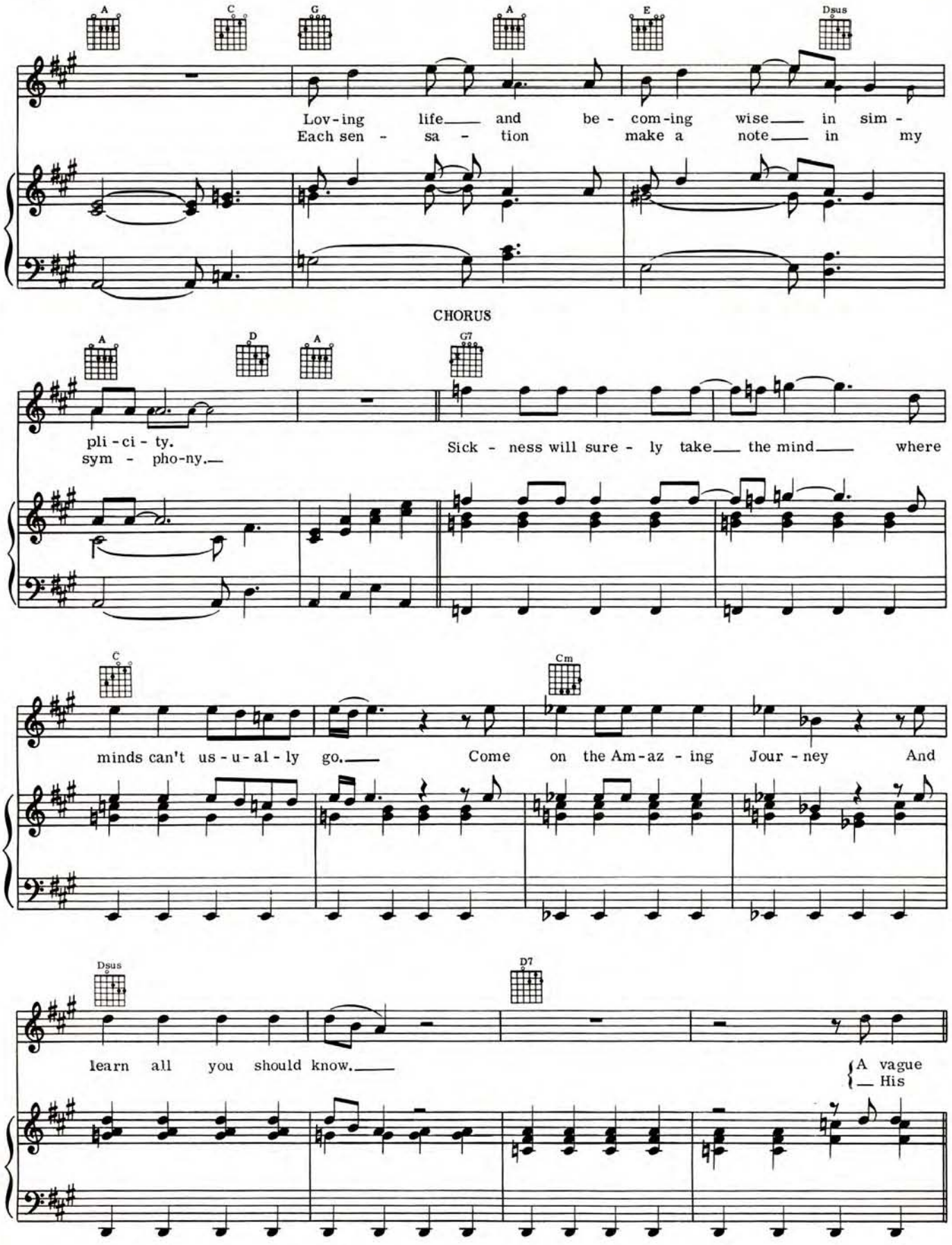
AMAZING JOURNEY

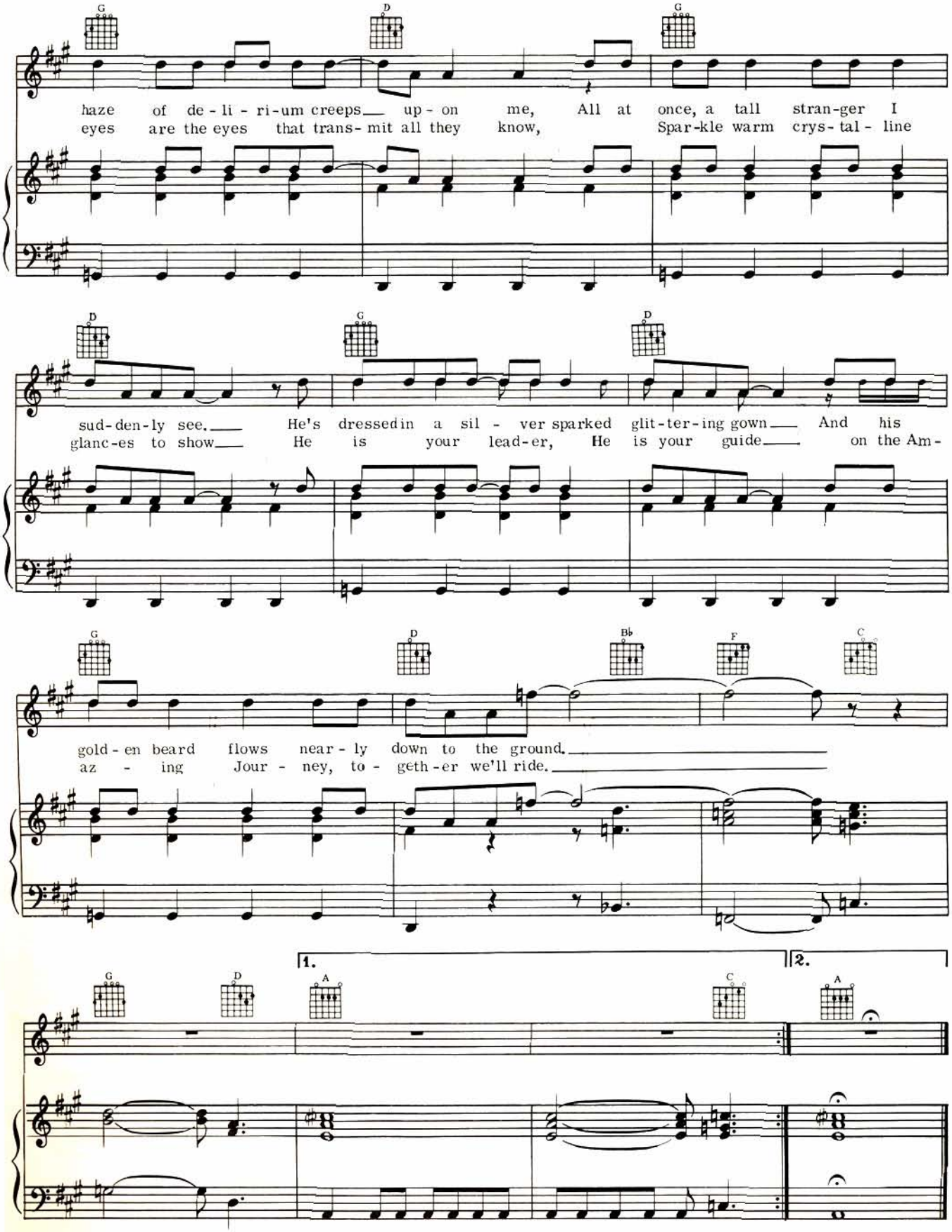
Words and Music by
PETER TOWNSHEND



Copyright © 1969 by Fabulous Music Ltd., Dumbarton House, 68 Oxford Street, London, W.1, England
All rights for the U.S.A., its territories and possessions, Canada, Mexico and the Philippines
are controlled by Track Music, Inc., 200 West 57th Street, New York, N.Y. 10019
International Copyright Secured Made in U.S.A. Used by Permission
All rights reserved including public performance for profit. No part of this work may be reproduced
in any form without permission in writing from the publisher.

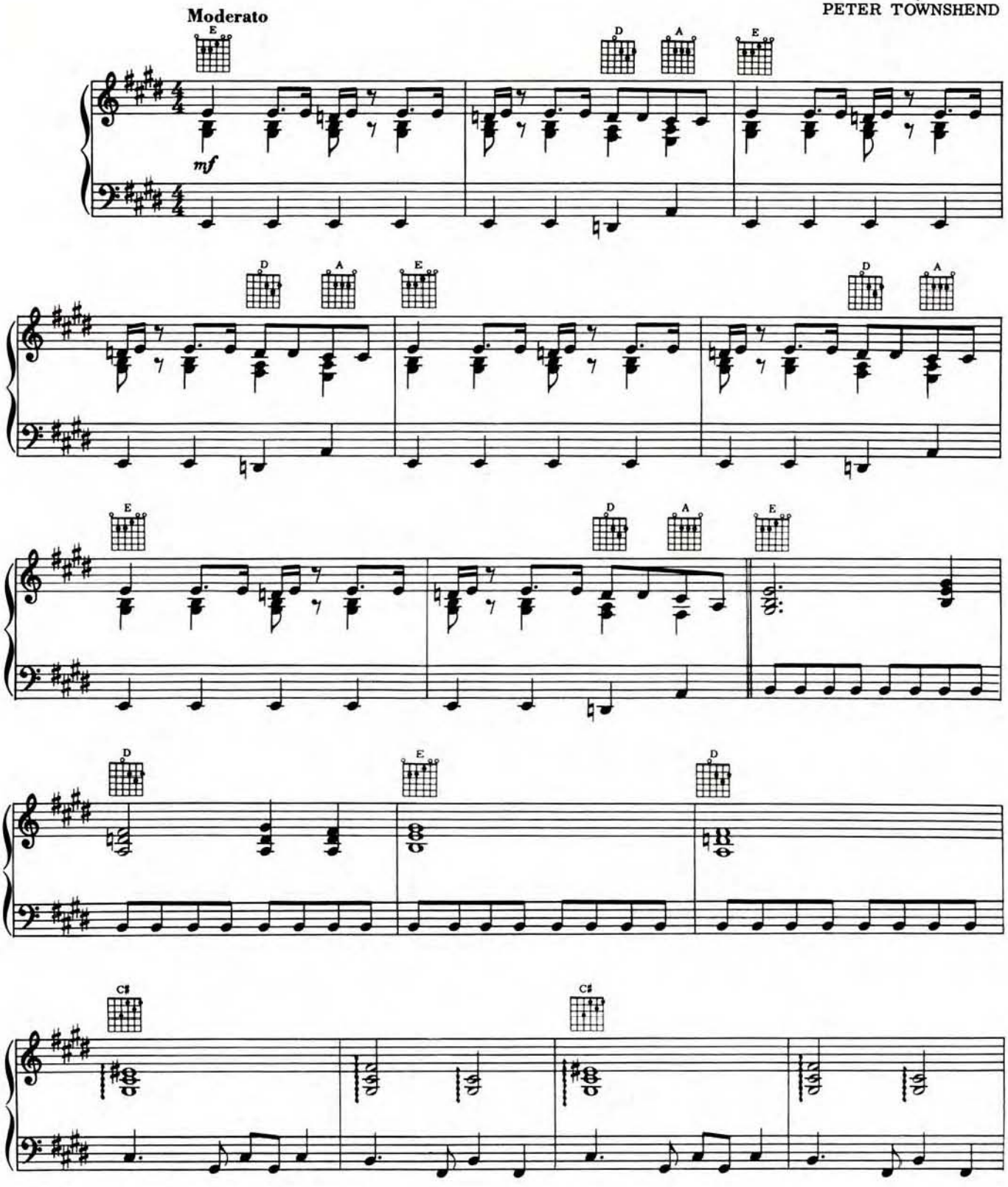

G E A D A D G E
A C G A E D A
C G A E D A D A C
G A E Dsus A D
Ten years old with thoughts as bold as thought can be.
Noth - ing to say and noth-ing to hear and noth-ing to see.


A
C
G
A
E
Dsus
Lov - ing life and be - com - ing wise in sim -
Each sen - sa - tion make a note in my
CHORUS
A
D
A
G7
pli - ci - ty.
sym - pho - ny.
Sick - ness will sure - ly take the mind where
C
Cm
minds can't us - u - al - ly go. Come on the Am - az - ing Jour - ney And
Dsus
D7
learn all you should know.
A vague
His

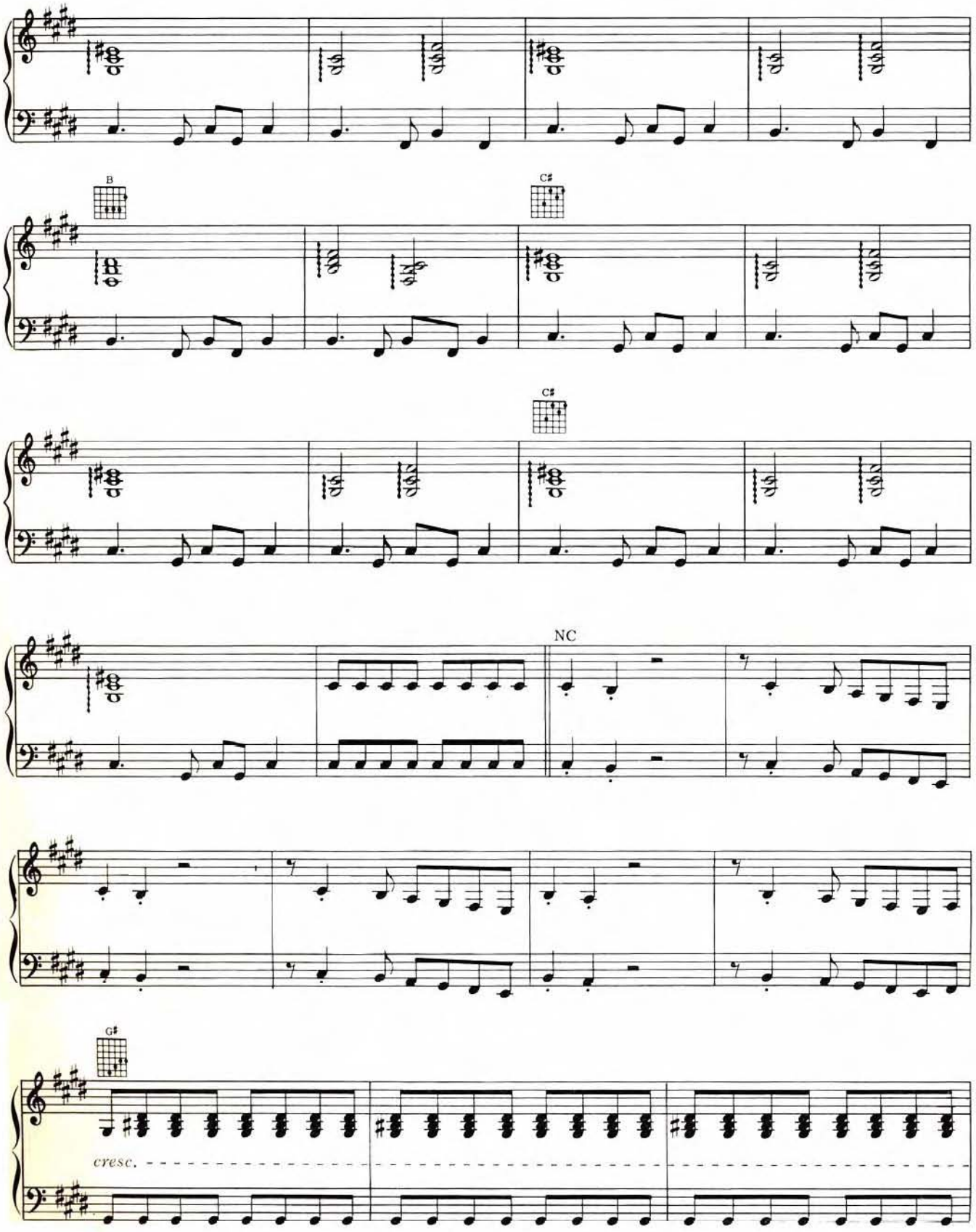

haze of de - li - ri-um creeps up - on me, All at once, a tall stran-ger I
eyes are the eyes that trans- mit all they know, Spar-kle warm crys-tal - line
sud-den-ly see. He's dressed in a sil - ver sparked glit-ter-ing gown And his
glanc-es to show He is your lead-er, He is your guide on the Am-
gold - en beard flows near - ly down to the ground.
az - ing Jour - ney, to - geth-er we'll ride.
1.
2.

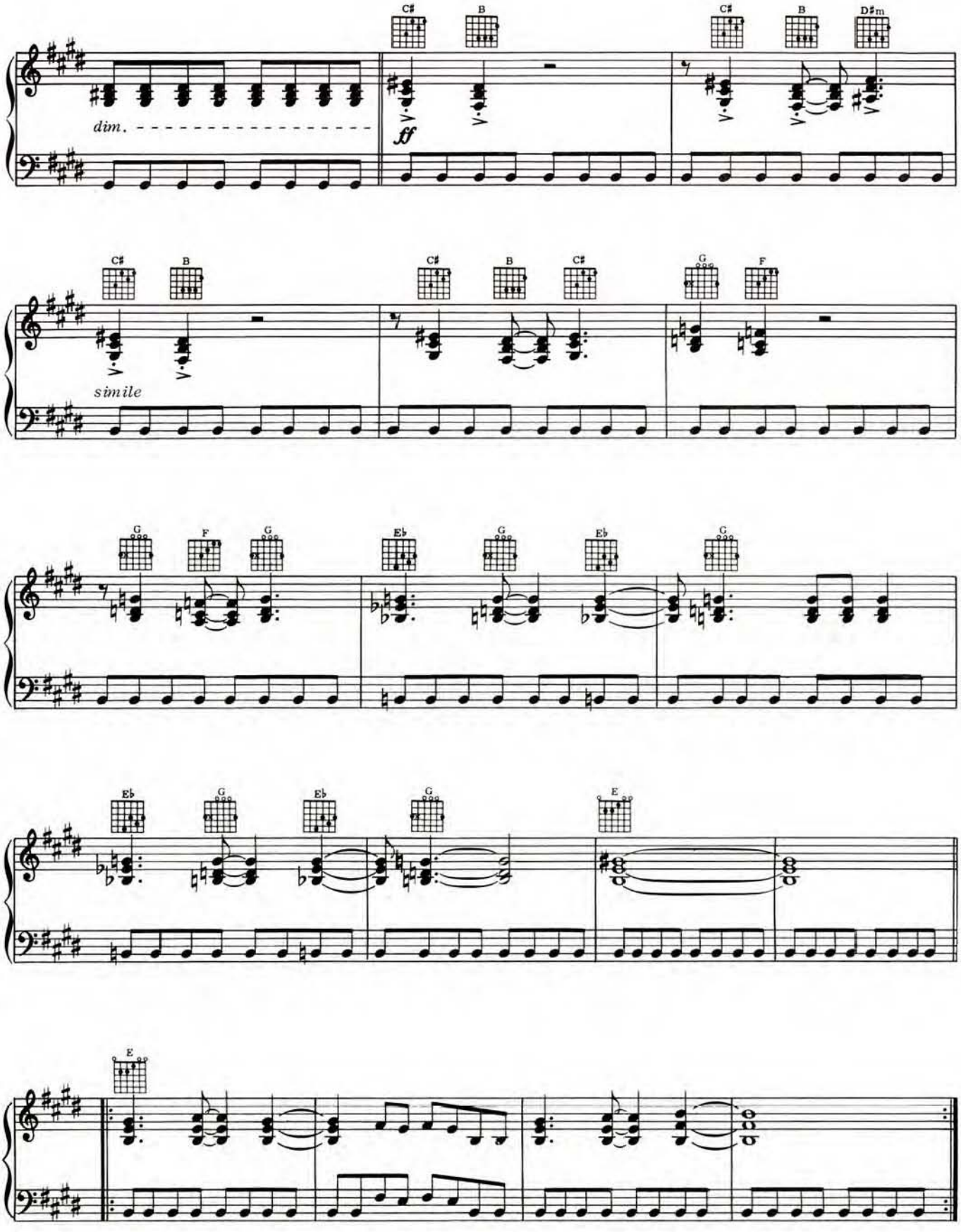
SPARKS

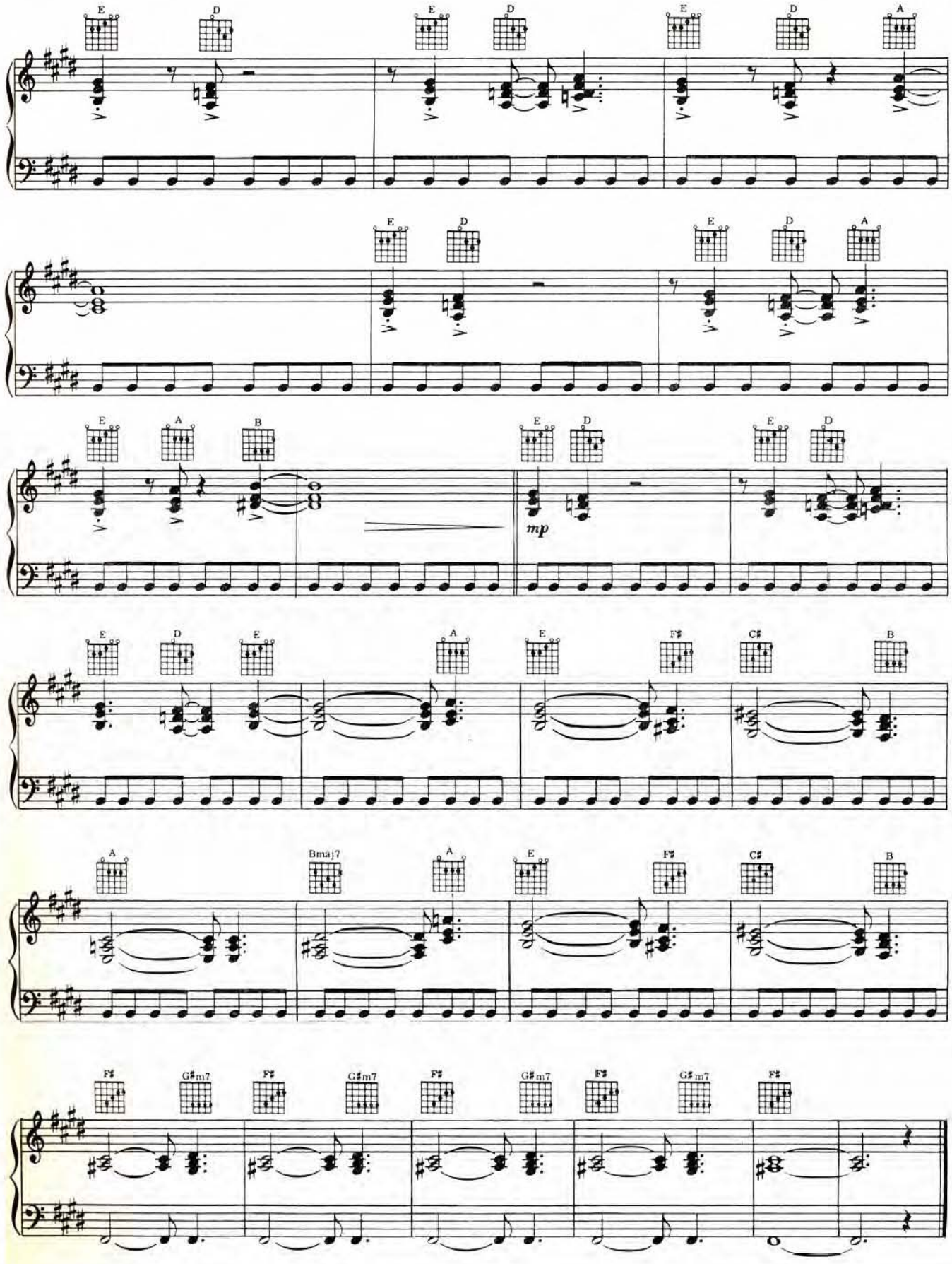
By
PETER TOWNSHEND



Copyright © 1969 by Fabulous Music Ltd., Dumbarton House, 68 Oxford Street, London, W.1, England
All rights for the U.S.A., its territories and possessions, Canada, Mexico and the Philippines
are controlled by Track Music, Inc., 200 West 57th Street, New York, N.Y. 10019
International Copyright Secured Made in U.S.A. Used by Permission
All rights reserved including public performance for profit. No part of this work may be reproduced
in any form without permission in writing from the publisher.

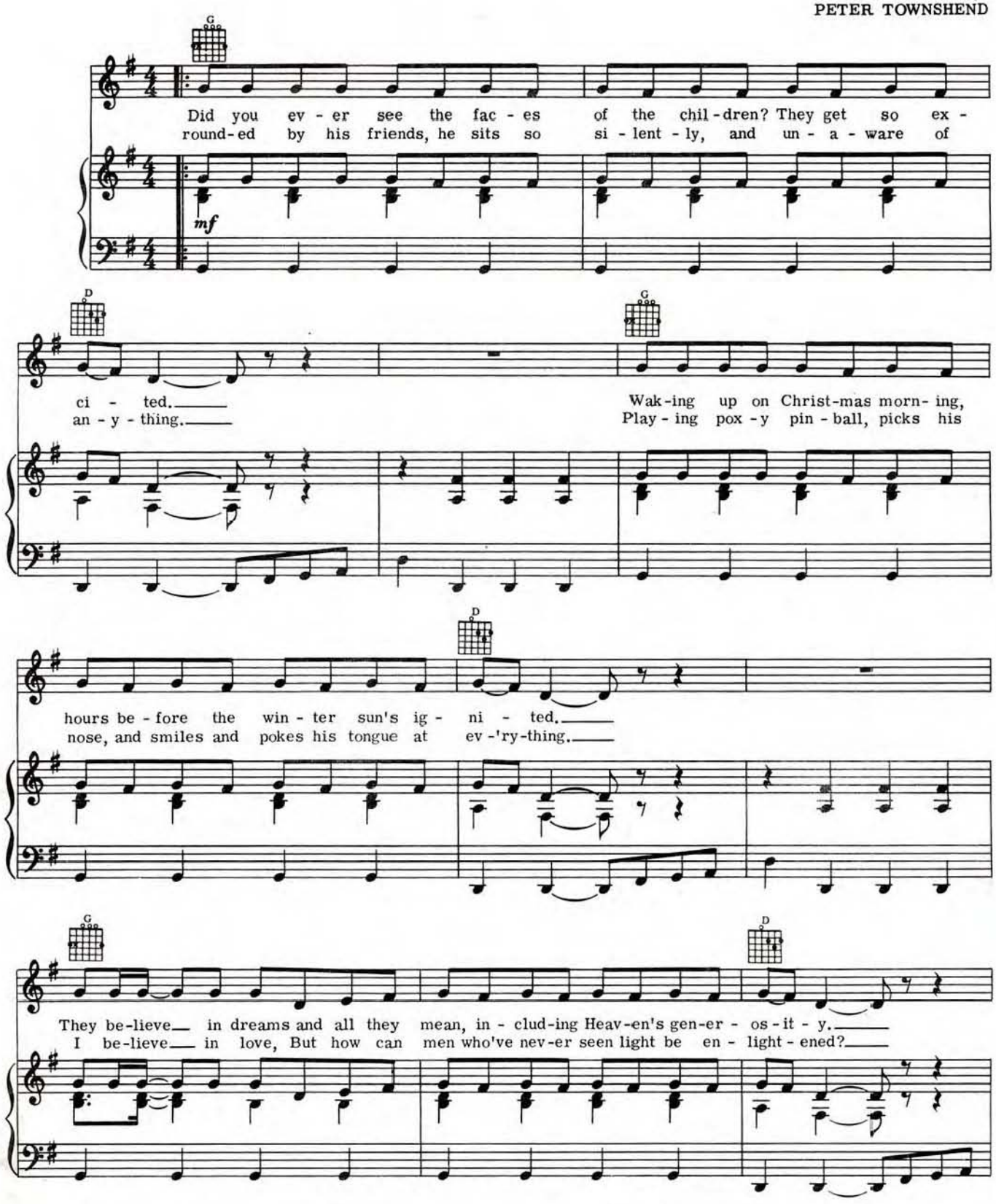

B
C♯
C♯
NC
G♯
cresc.


C♯
B
C♯
B
D♯m
dim.
ff
C♯
B
C♯
B
C♯
G
F
simile
G
F
G
E♭
G
E♭
G
E♭
G
E♭
G
E
E

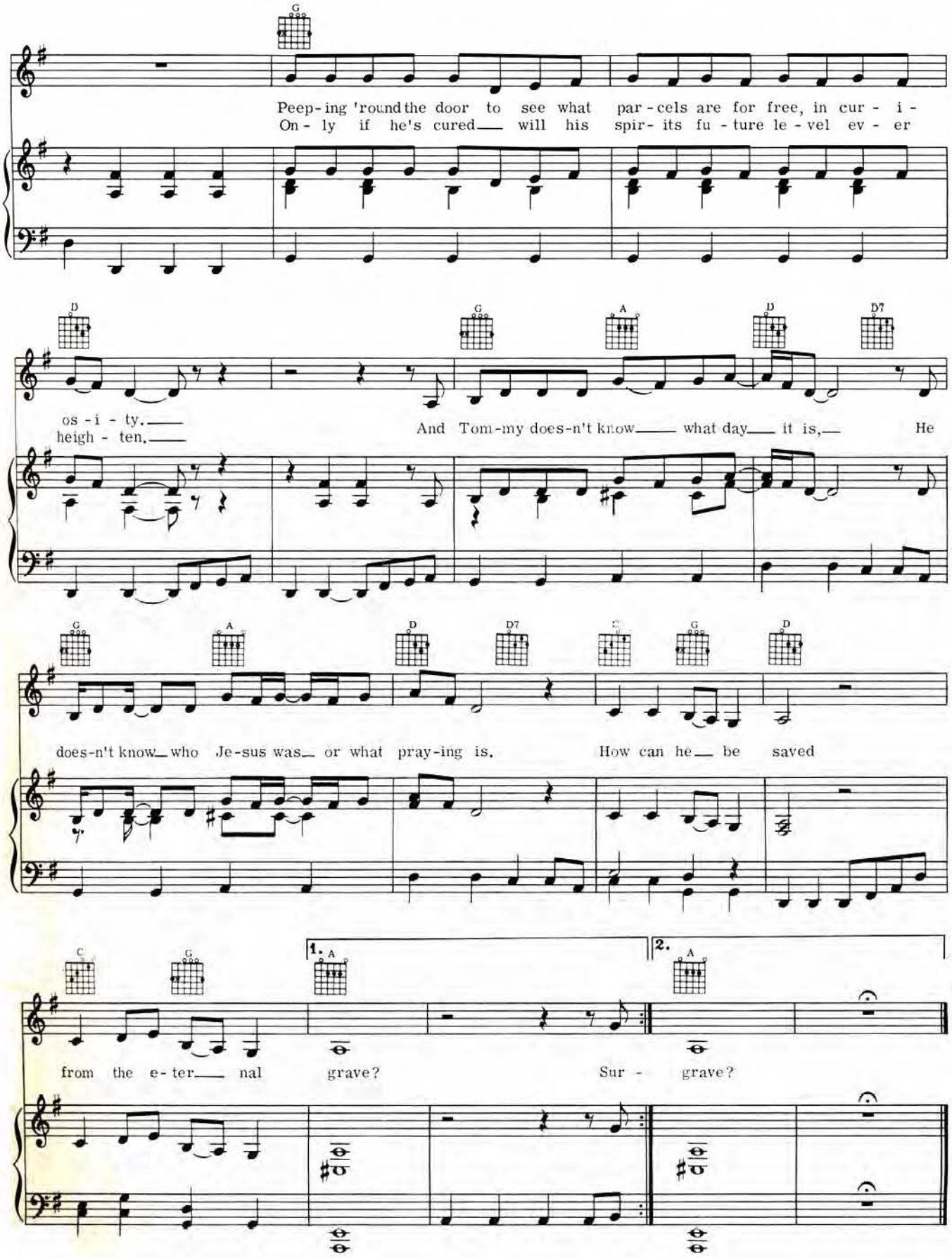

E
D
A
B
mp
Bmaj7
F♯
C♯
G♯m7

CHRISTMAS

Words and Music by
PETER TOWNSHEND



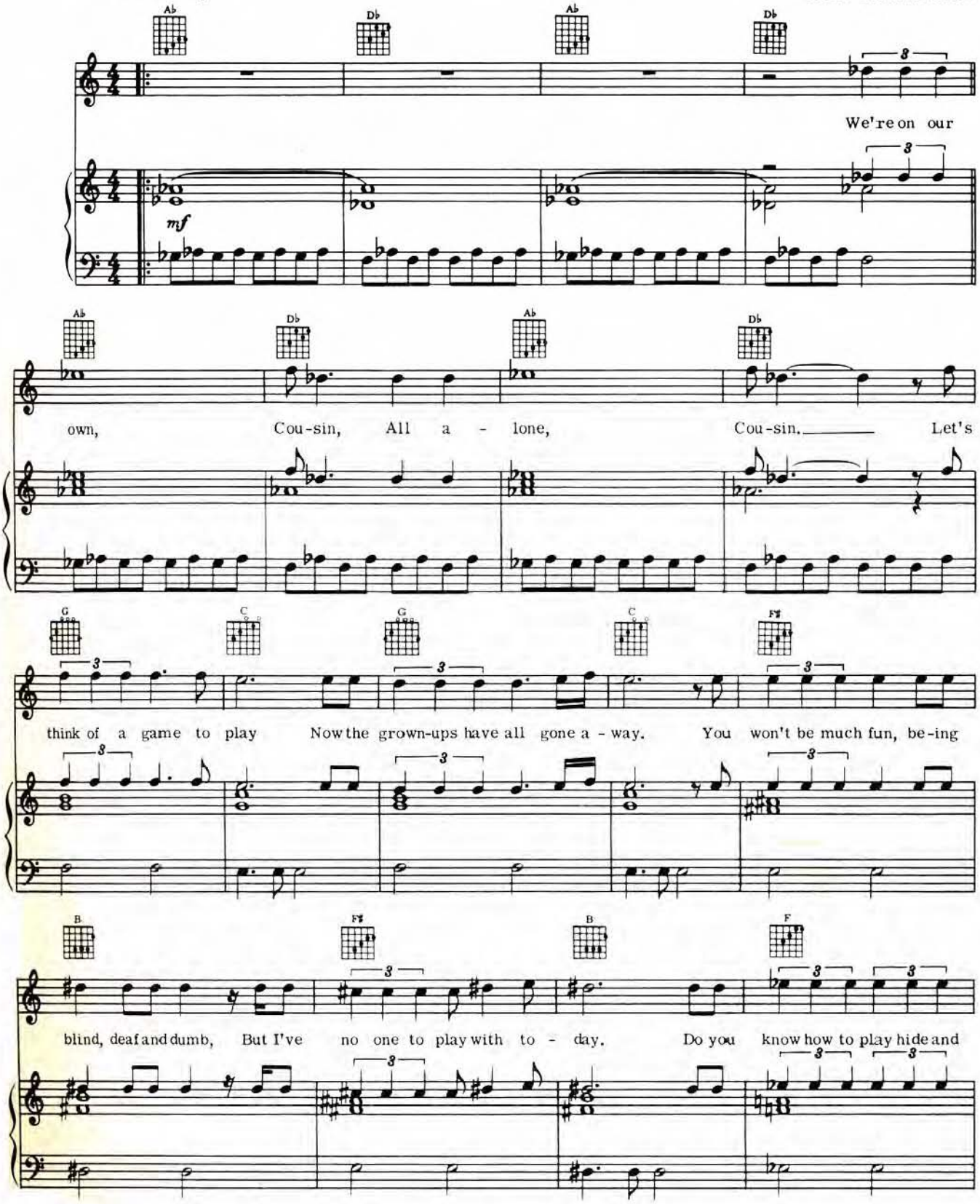
Copyright © 1969 by Fabulous Music Ltd., Dumbarton House, 68 Oxford Street, London, W.1, England
All rights for the U.S.A., its territories and possessions, Canada, Mexico and the Philippines,
are controlled by Track Music, Inc., 200 West 57th Street, New York, N.Y. 10019
International Copyright Secured Made in U.S.A. Used by Permission
All rights reserved including public performance for profit. No part of this work may be reproduced
in any form without permission in writing from the publisher.


Peep-ing 'round the door to see what par-cels are for free, in cur-i-
On-ly if he's cured will his spir-its fu-ture le-vel ev-er
os-i-ty.
heigh-ten.
And Tom-my does-n't know what day it is, He
does-n't know who Je-sus was or what pray-ing is. How can he be saved
from the e-ter-nal grave?
Sur- grave?
1.
2.

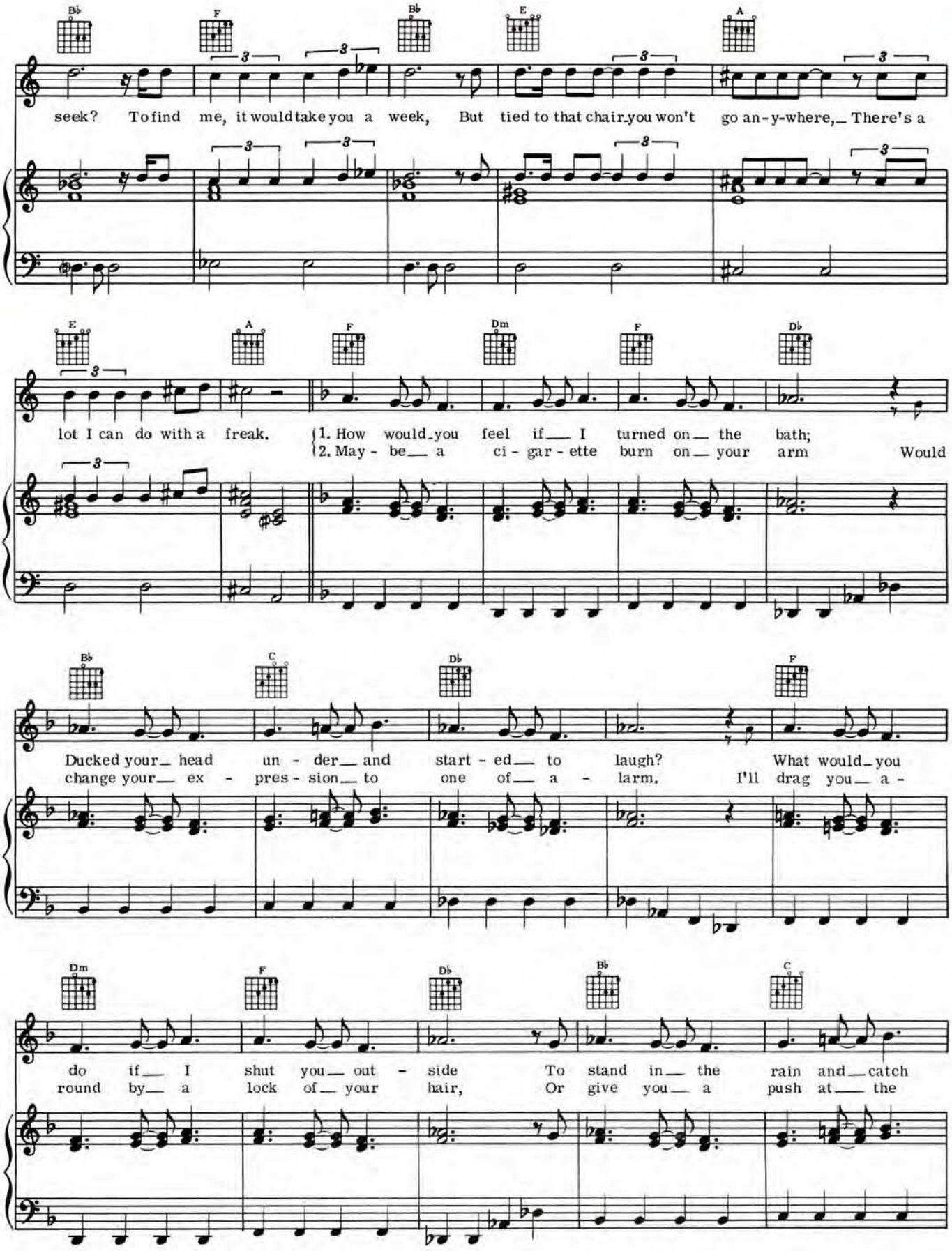
COUSIN KEVIN

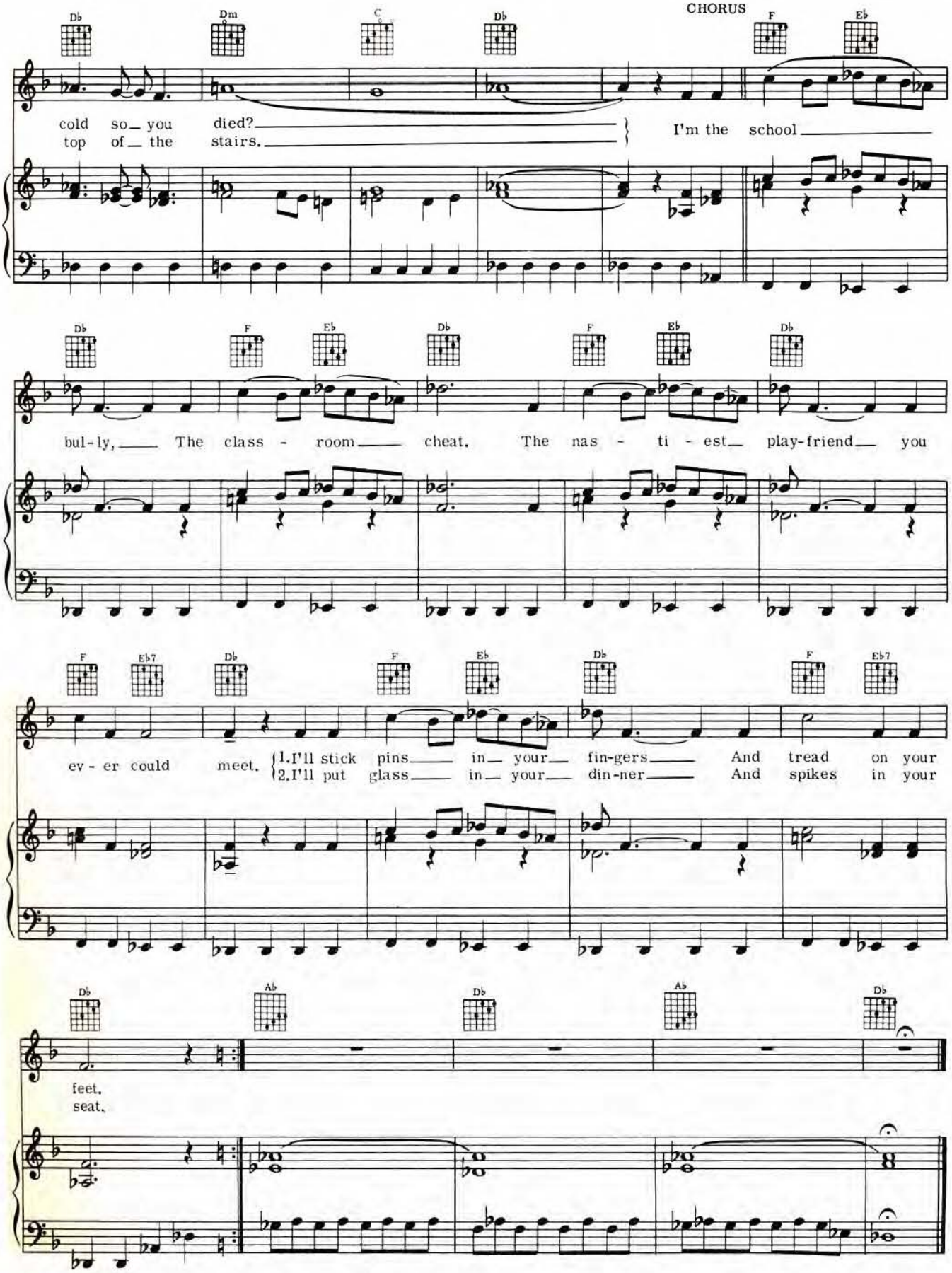
Words and Music by
JOHN ENTWHISTLE

Moderately



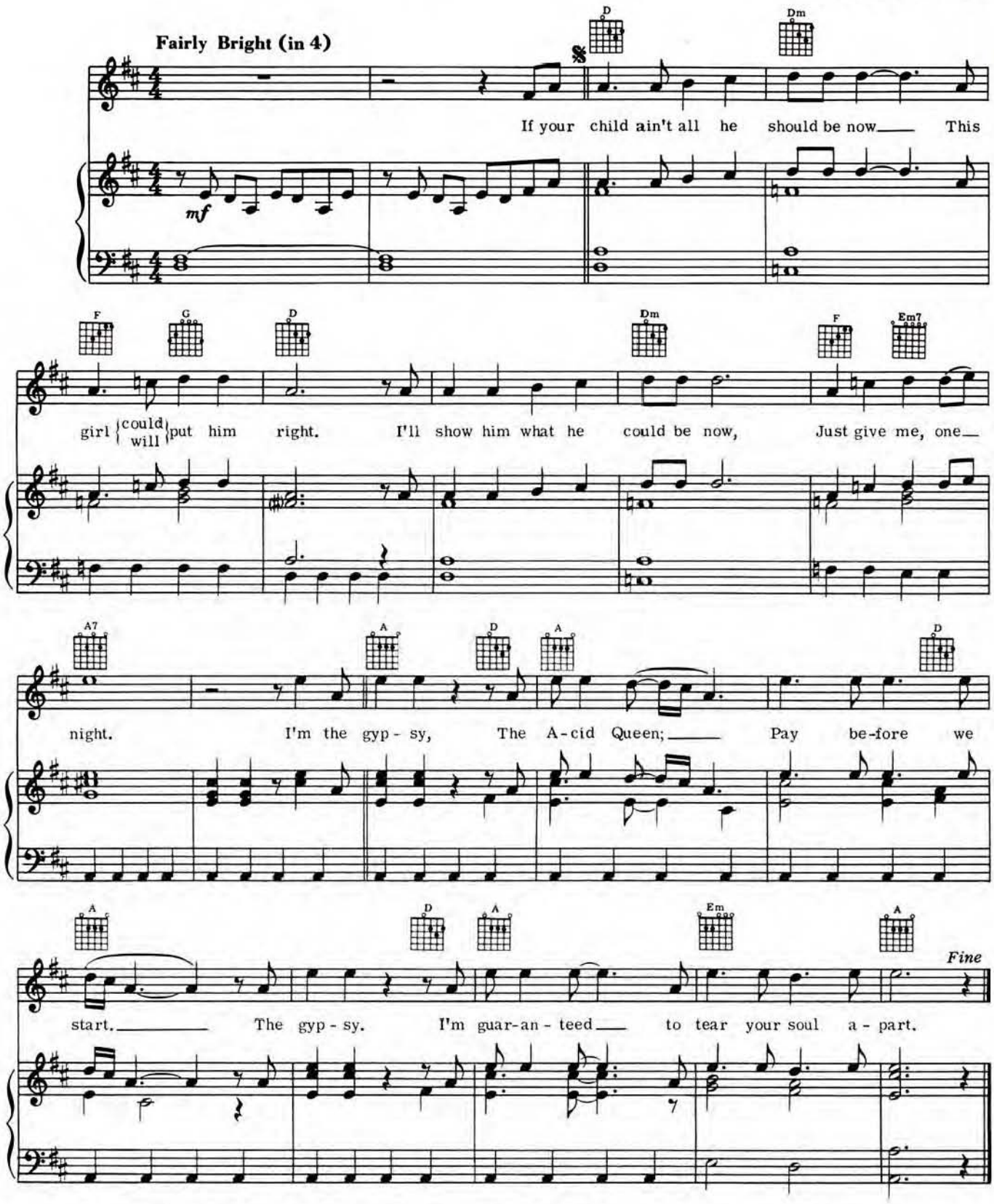
Copyright © 1969 by New Ikon Ltd., Dumbarton House, 68 Oxford Street, London, W.1, England
All rights for the U.S.A. its territories and possessions, Canada, Mexico and the Philippines
are controlled by Track Music, Inc., 200 West 57th Street, New York, N.Y. 10019
International Copyright Secured Made in U.S.A. Used by Permission
All rights reserved including public performance for profit. No part of this work may be reproduced
in any form without permission in writing from the publisher.


B♭ F B♭ E A
seek? To find me, it would take you a week, But tied to that chair you won't go an-y-where, There's a
E A F Dm F D♭
lot I can do with a freak. 1. How would you feel if I turned on the bath;
2. May - be a ci - gar - ette burn on your arm Would
B♭ C D♭ F
Ducked your head un - der and start - ed to laugh? What would you
change your ex - pres - sion to one of a - larm. I'll drag you a -
Dm F D♭ B♭ C
do if I shut you out - side To stand in the rain and catch
round by a lock of your hair, Or give you a push at the

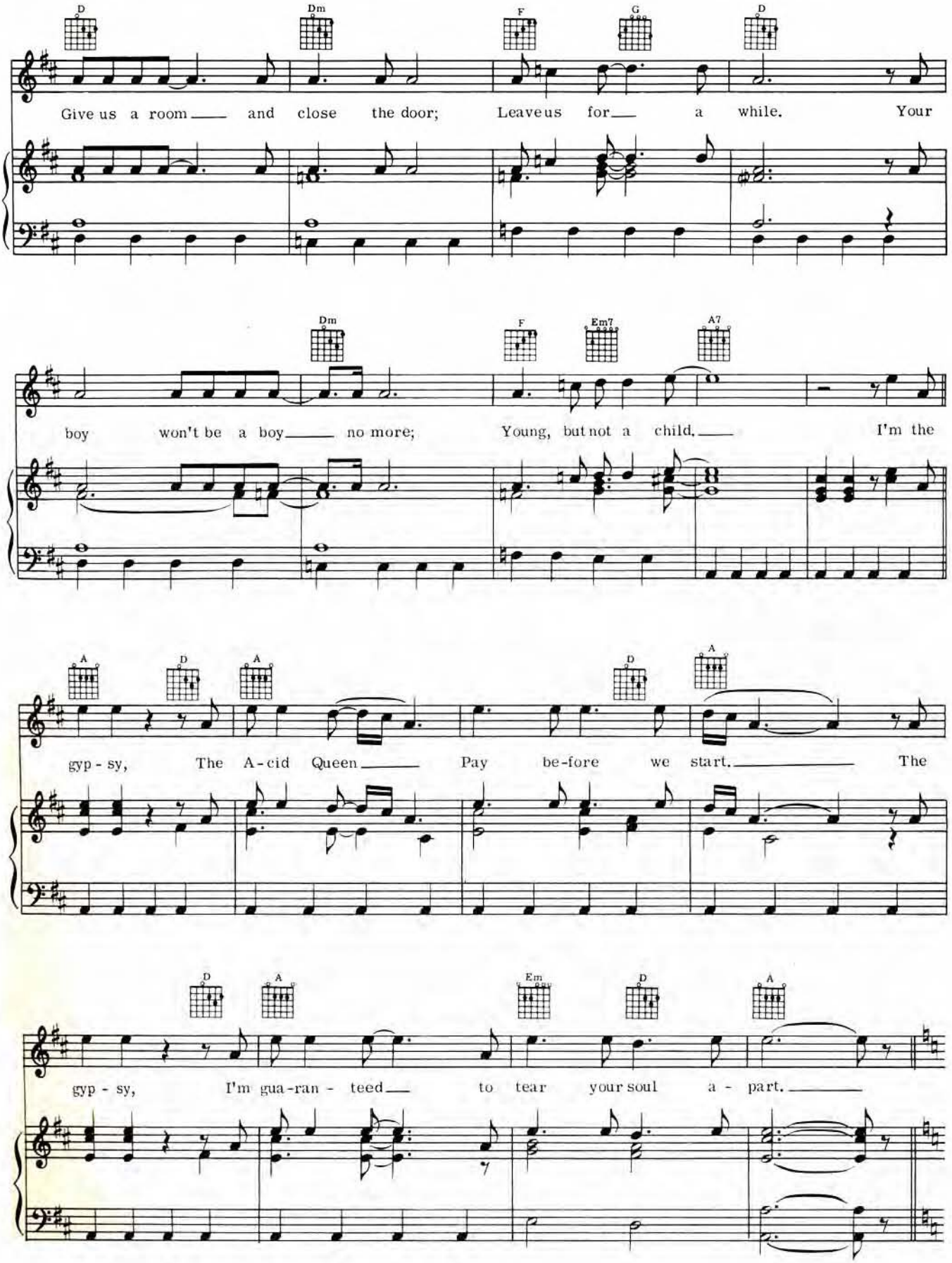

CHORUS
Db
Dm
C
Db
F
Eb
cold so_ you died?
top of_ the stairs.
I'm the school
bul-ly, The class - room cheat. The nas - ti - est play-friend you
F
Eb7
Db
ev - er could meet.
1.I'll stick pins in your fin-gers And tread on your
2.I'll put glass in your din-ner And spikes in your
Ab
feet.
seat.

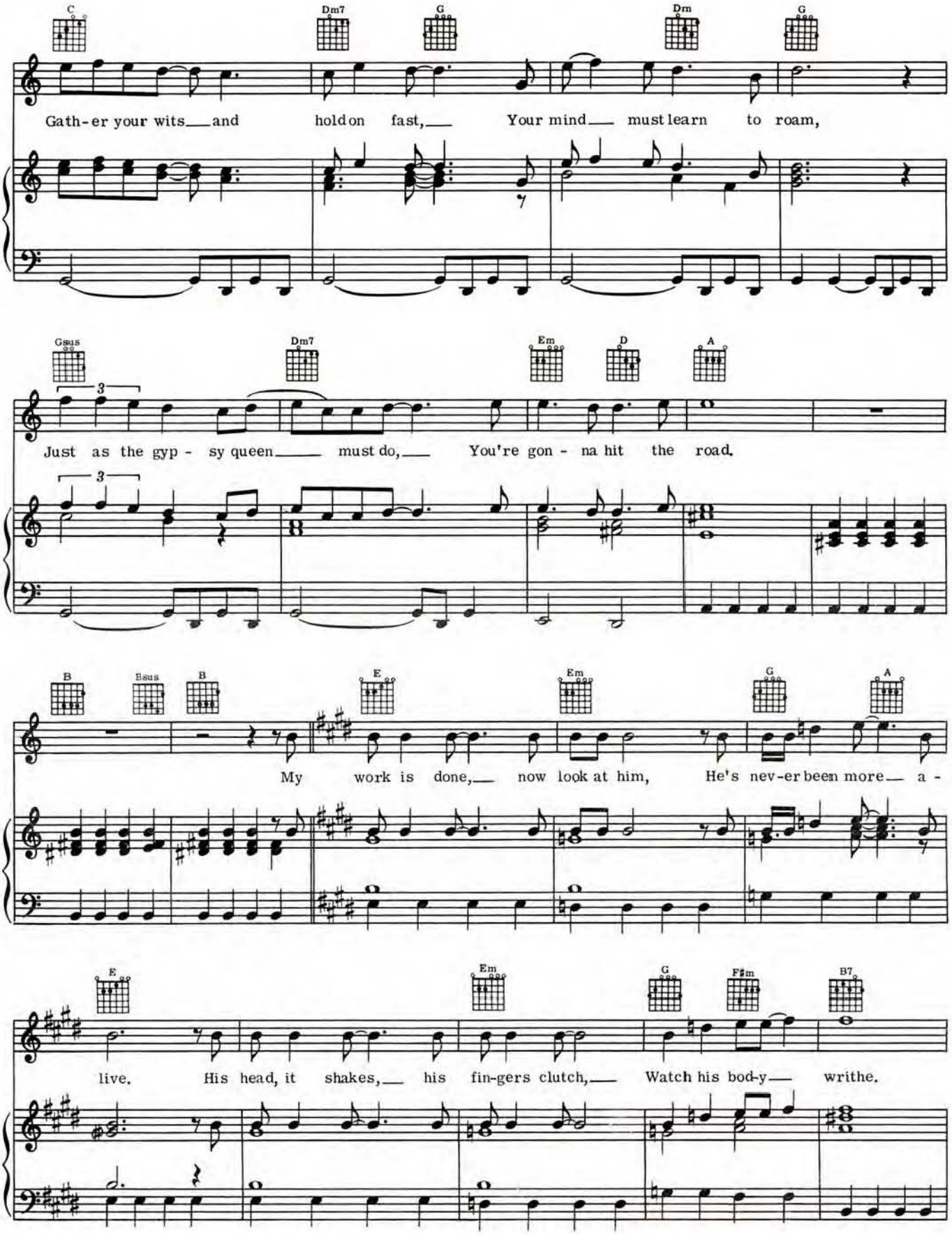
THE ACID QUEEN

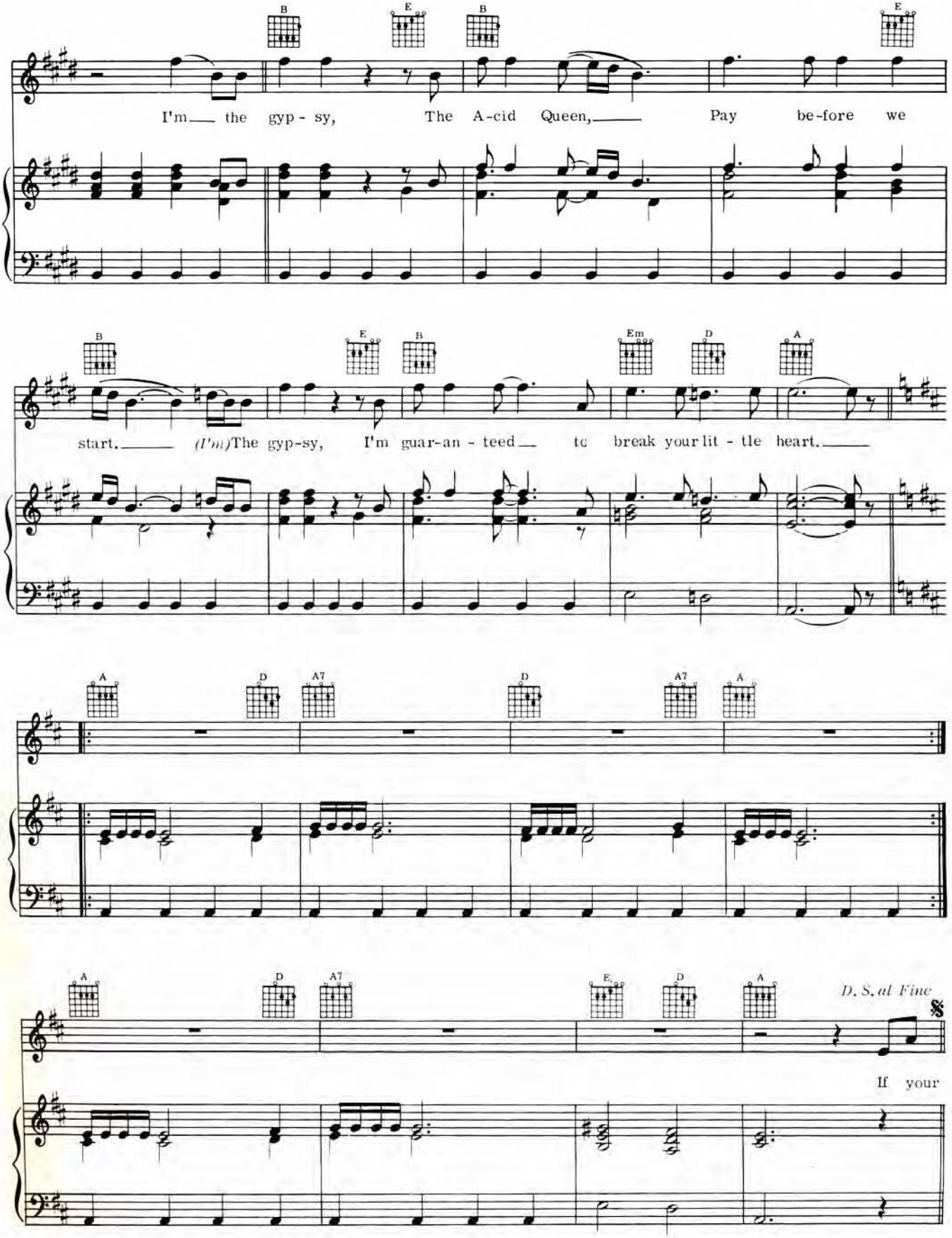
Words and Music by
PETER TOWNSHEND



Copyright © 1969 by Fabulous Music Ltd., Dumbarton House, 68 Oxford Street, London, W.1, England
All rights for the U.S.A., its territories and possessions, Canada, Mexico and the Philippines
are controlled by Track Music, Inc., 200 West 57th Street, New York, N.Y. 10019
International Copyright Secured Made in U.S.A. Used by Permission
All rights reserved including public performance for profit. No part of this work may be reproduced
in any form without permission in writing from the publisher.


D
Dm
F
G
D
Give us a room and close the door; Leave us for a while. Your
Dm
F
Em7
A7
boy won't be a boy no more; Young, but not a child. I'm the
A
D
A
D
A
gyp - sy, The A - cid Queen Pay be - fore we start. The
D
A
Em
D
A
gyp - sy, I'm gua - ran - teed to tear your soul a - part.

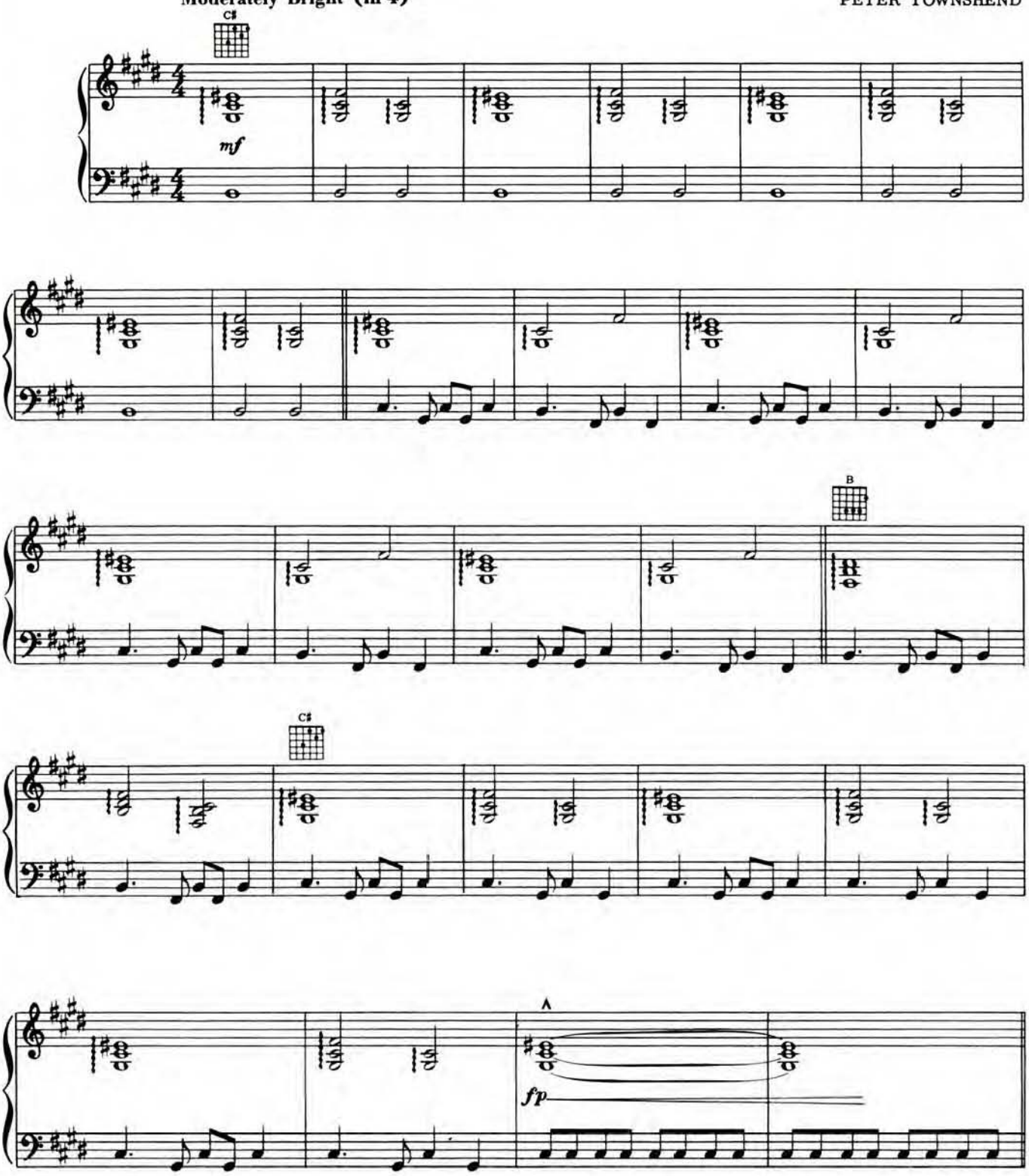

C
Dm7
G
Dm
G
Gath-er your wits and hold on fast, Your mind must learn to roam,
Gsus
Dm7
Em
D
A
Just as the gyp - sy queen must do, You're gon - na hit the road.
B
Bsus
B
E
Em
G
A
My work is done, now look at him, He's nev-er been more a -
E
Em
G
F♯m
B7
live. His head, it shakes, his fin-gers clutch, Watch his bod-y writhe.


B
E
B
E
I'm the gyp - sy, The A-cid Queen, Pay be-fore we
B
E
B
Em
D
A
start. (I'm)The gyp-sy, I'm guar-an - teed to break your lit - tle heart.
A
D
A7
D
A7
A
A
D
A7
E
D
A
D. S. al Fine
If your

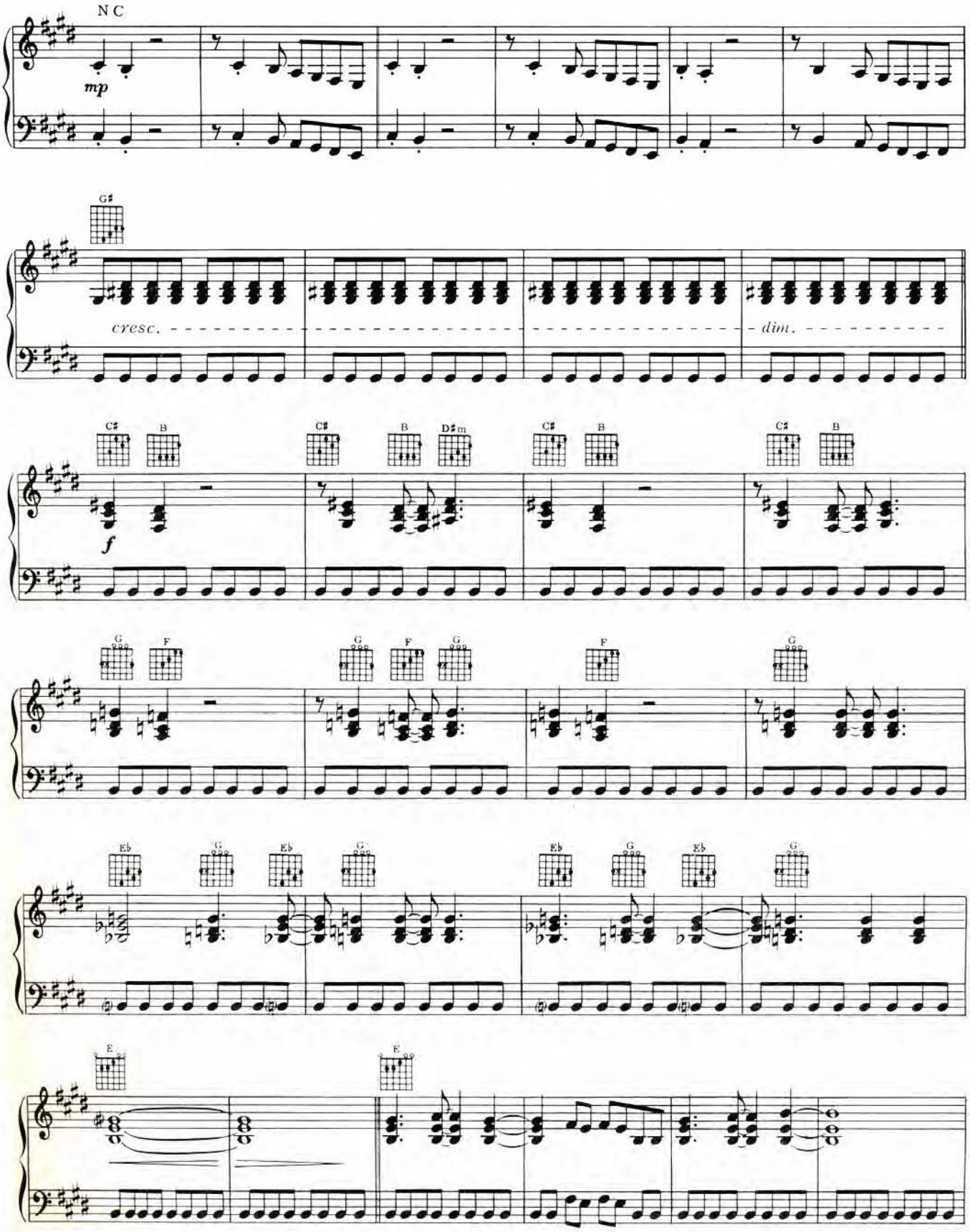
UNDERTURE

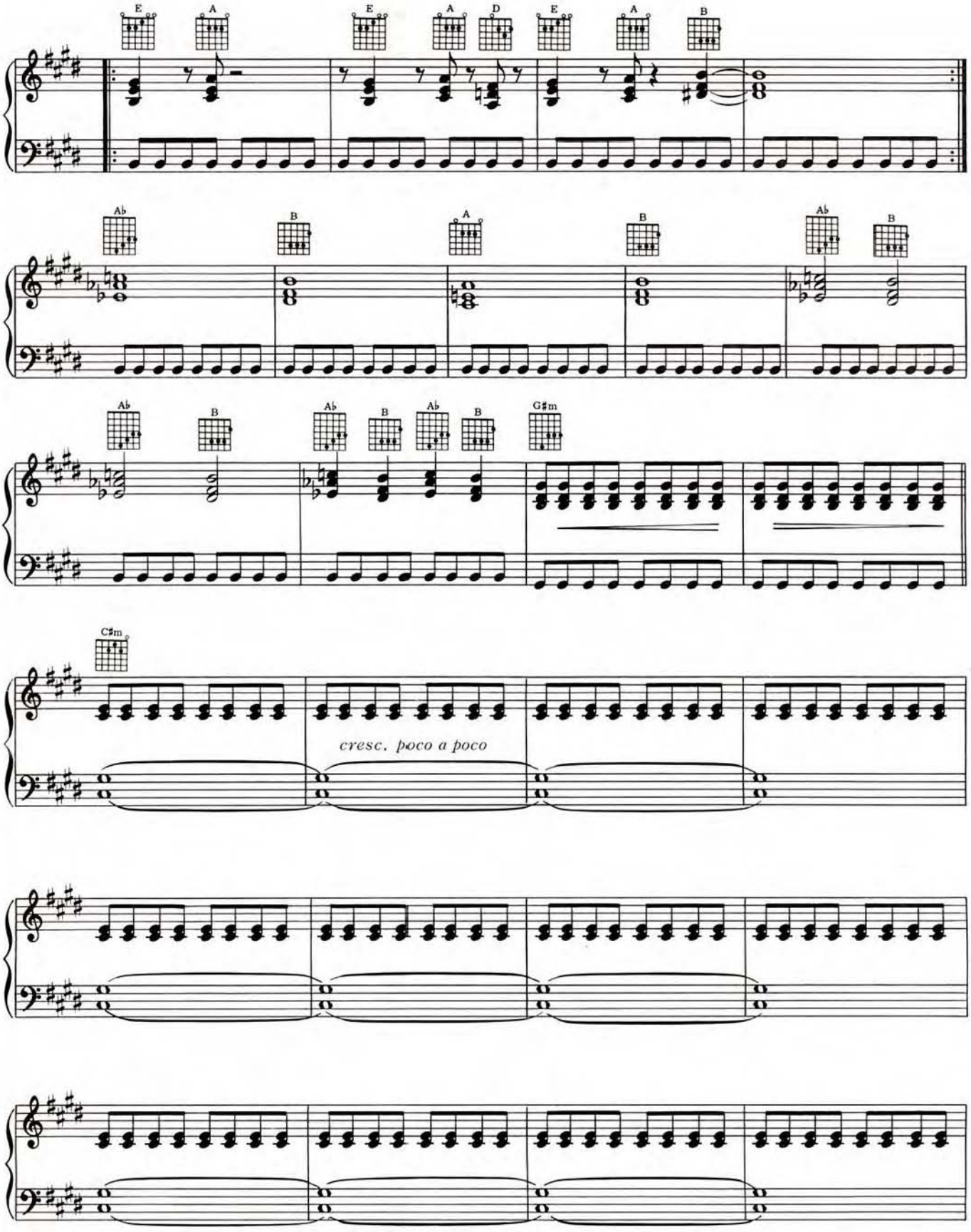
Moderately Bright (in 4)

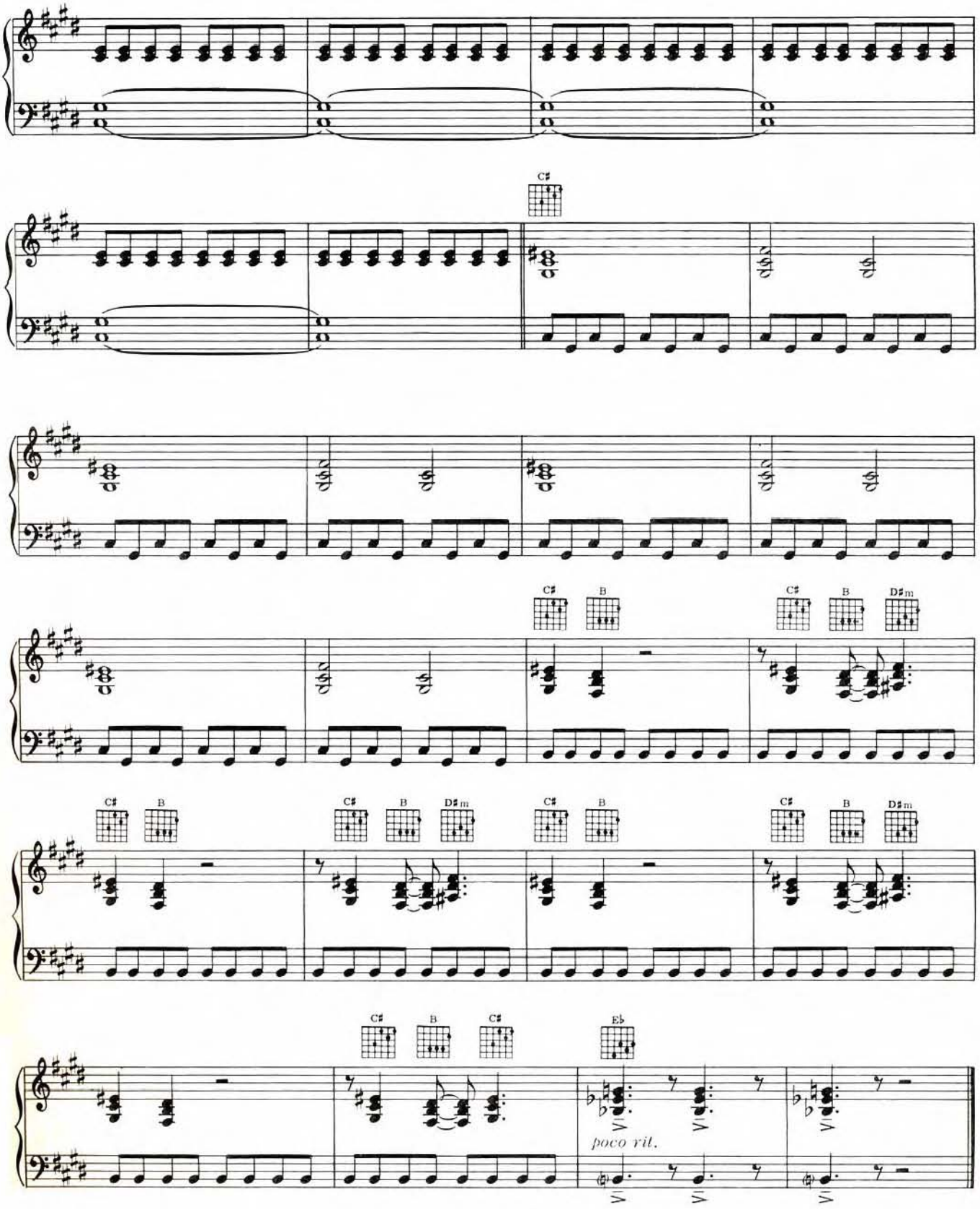
By
PETER TOWNSHEND



Copyright © 1969 by Fabulous Music Ltd., Dumbarton House, 68 Oxford Street, London, W.1, England
All rights for the U.S.A., its territories and possessions, Canada, Mexico and the Philippines
are controlled by Track Music, Inc., 200 West 57th Street, New York, N.Y. 10019
International Copyright Secured Made in U.S.A. Used by Permission
All rights reserved including public performance for profit. No part of this work may be reproduced
in any form without permission in writing from the publisher.


N C
mp
G♯
cresc.
dim.
C♯
B
D♯m
f
G
F
E♭
E

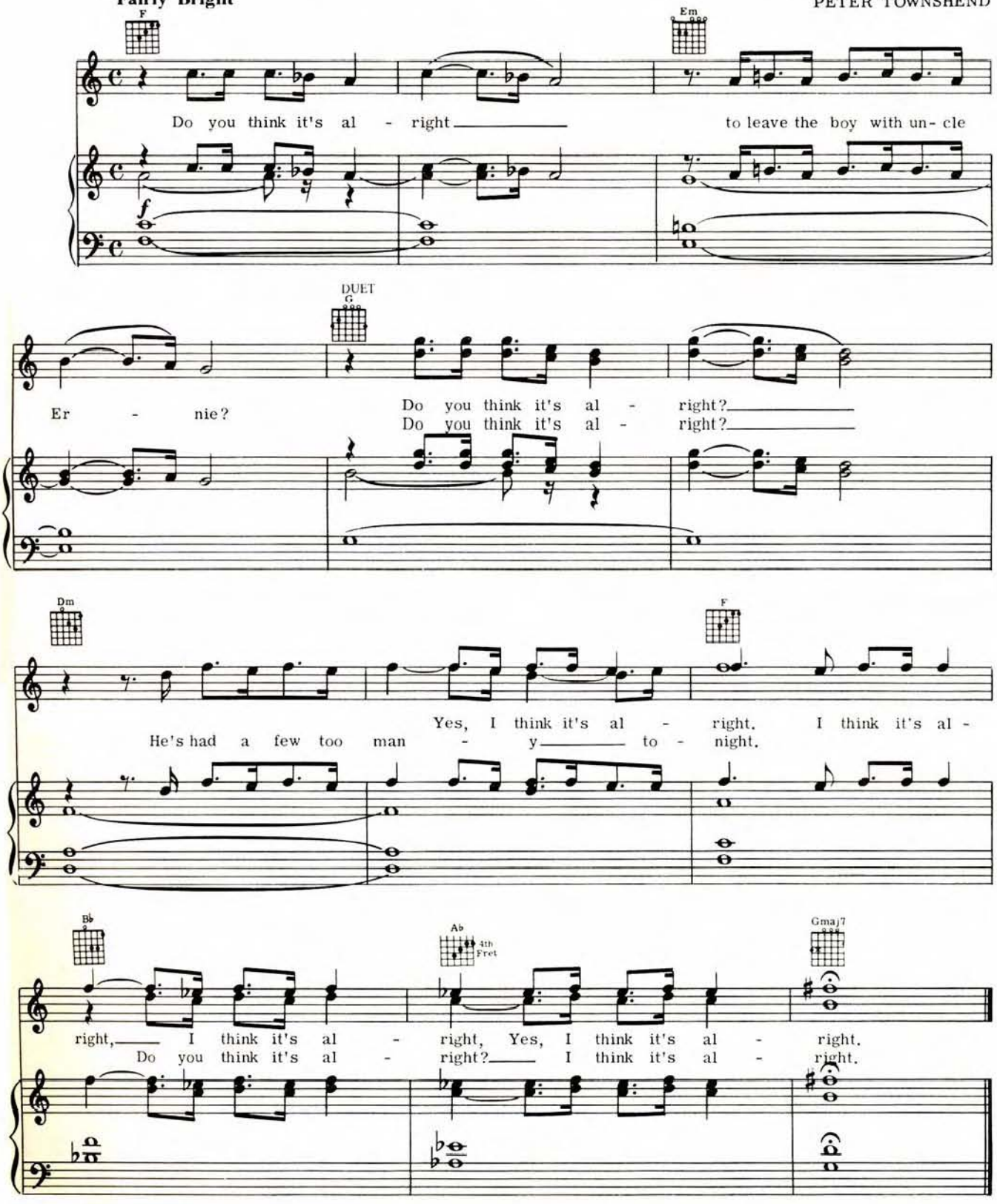

E
A
E
A
D
E
A
B
Ab
B
A
B
Ab
B
Ab
B
Ab
B
Ab
B
G♯m
C♯m
cresc. poco a poco


C♯
C♯ B
C♯ B D♯m
C♯ B
C♯ B D♯m
C♯ B D♯m
C♯ B C♯
E♭
poco rit.

DO YOU THINK IT'S ALRIGHT?

Words and Music by
PETER TOWNSHEND

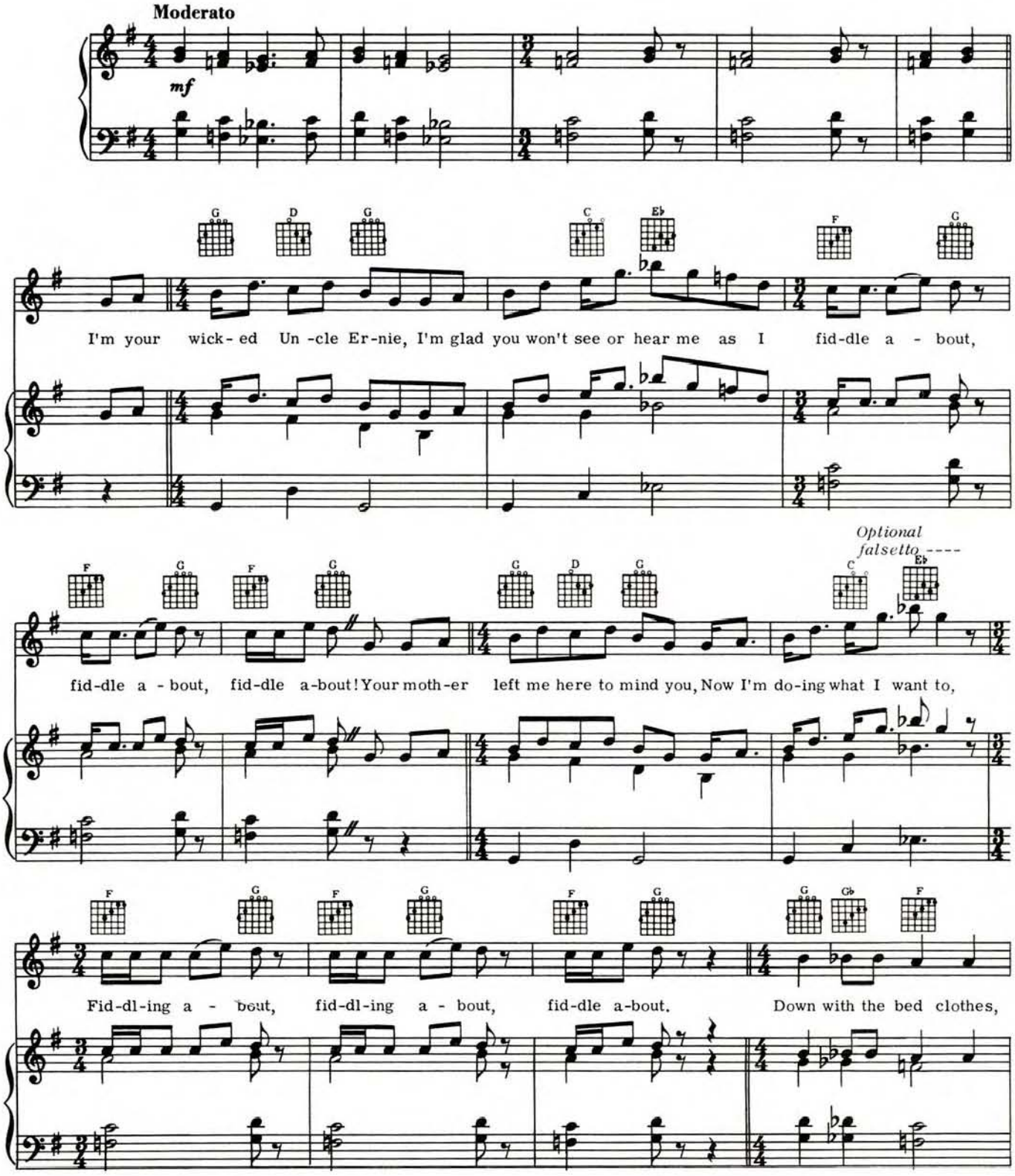
Fairly Bright



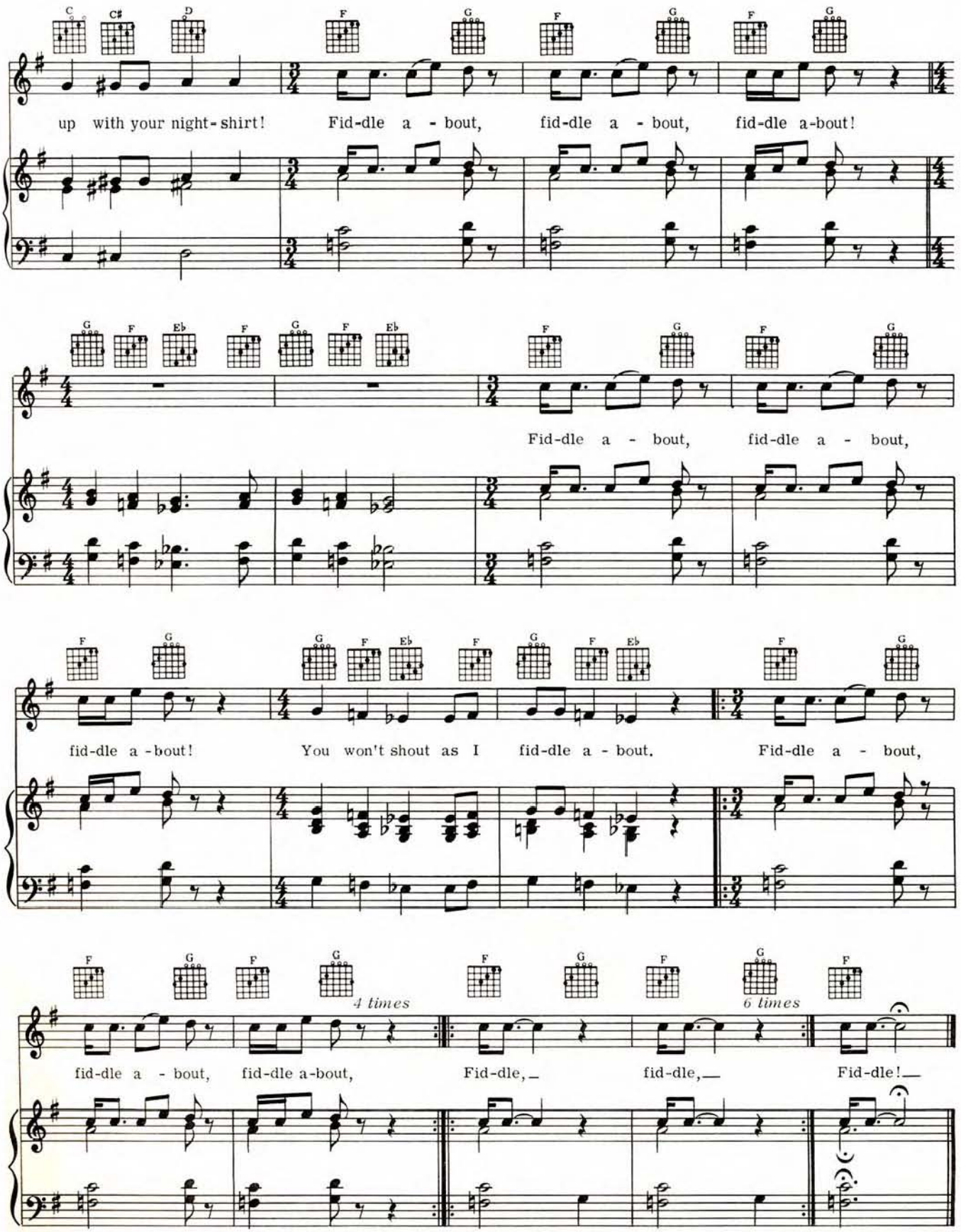
Copyright © 1969 by Fabulous Music Ltd., Dumbarton House, 68 Oxford Street, London, W.1, England
All rights for the U.S.A., its territories and possessions, Canada, Mexico and the Philippines
are controlled by Track Music, Inc., 200 West 57th Street, New York, N.Y. 10019
International Copyright Secured Made in U.S.A. Used by Permission
All rights reserved including public performance for profit. No part of this work may be reproduced
in any form without permission in writing from the publisher.

FIDDLE ABOUT

Words and Music by
JOHN ENTWHISTLE

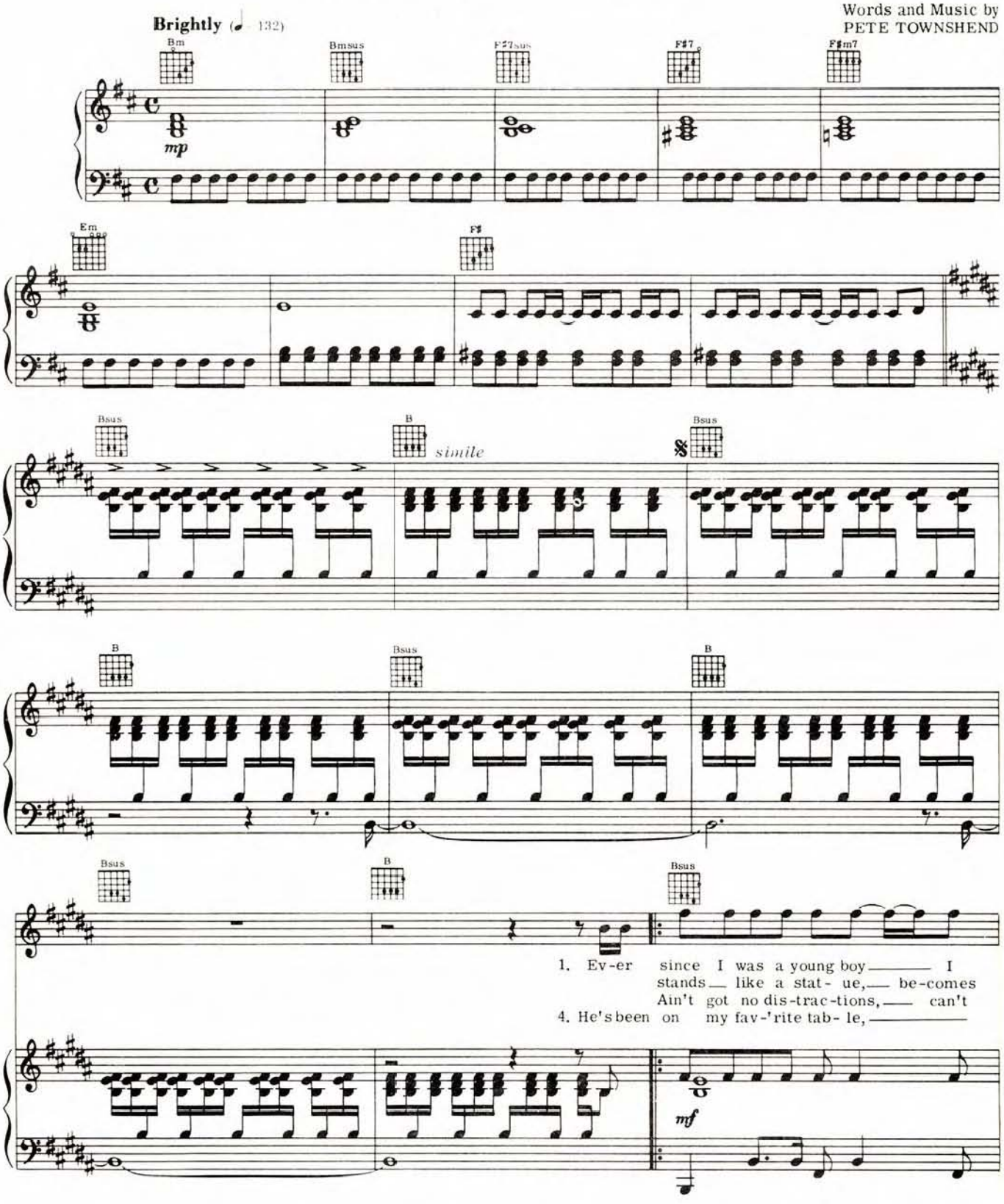


Copyright © 1969 by New Ikon Ltd., Dumbarton House, 68 Oxford Street, London, W.1, England
All rights for the U.S.A., its territories and possessions, Canada, Mexico and the Philippines
are controlled by Track Music, Inc., 200 West 57th Street, New York, N.Y. 10019
International Copyright Secured Made in U.S.A. Used by Permission
All rights reserved including public performance for profit. No part of this work may be reproduced
in any form without permission in writing from the publisher.

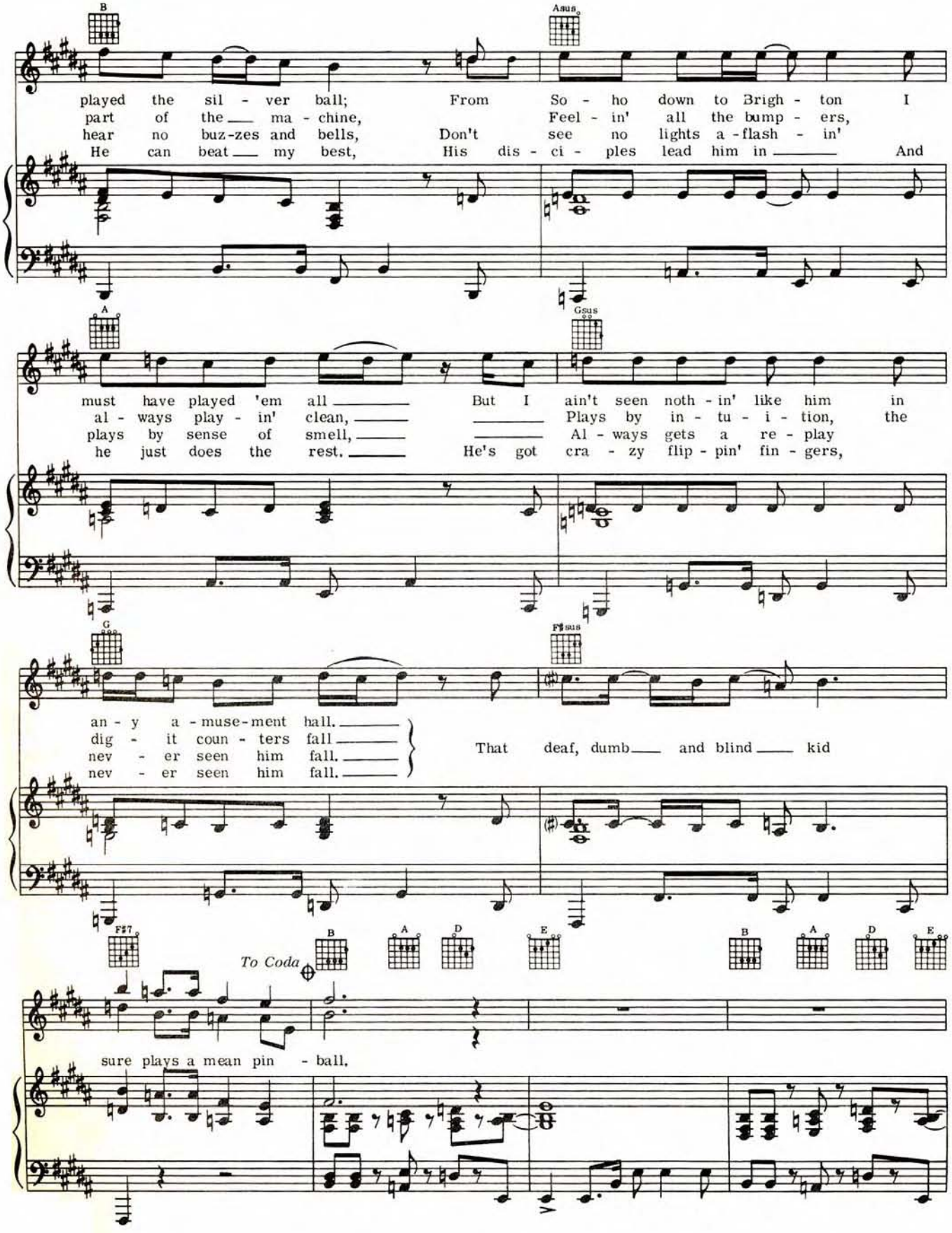

C C# D F G F G F G
up with your night-shirt! Fid-dle a - bout, fid-dle a - bout, fid-dle a-bout!
G F Eb F G F Eb F G F G
Fid-dle a - bout, fid-dle a - bout,
F G G F Eb F G F Eb F G
fid-dle a-bout! You won't shout as I fid-dle a - bout. Fid-dle a - bout,
F G F G F G F G F
4 times 6 times
fid-dle a - bout, fid-dle a-bout, Fid-dle,_ fid-dle,__ Fid-dle!__

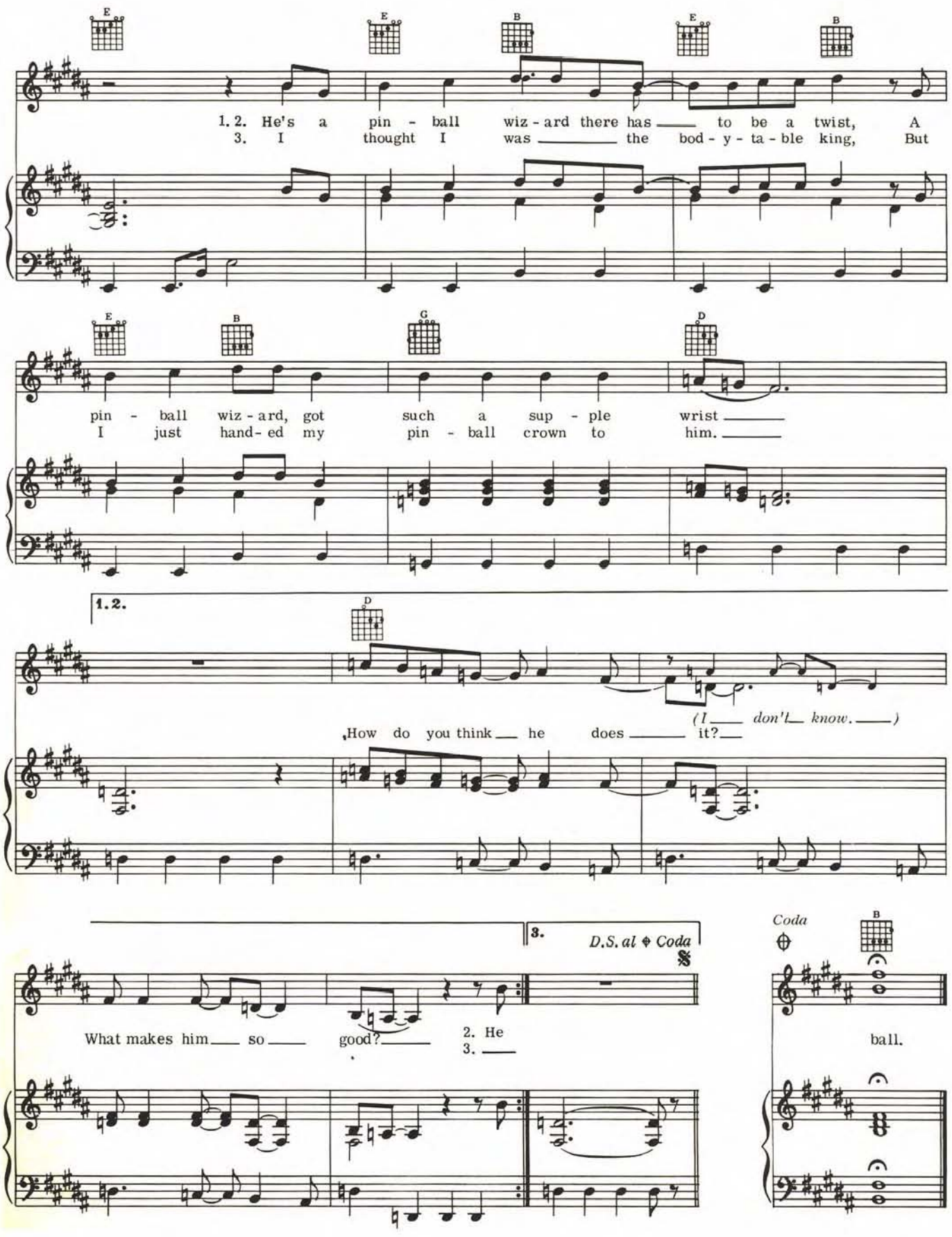
PINBALL WIZARD

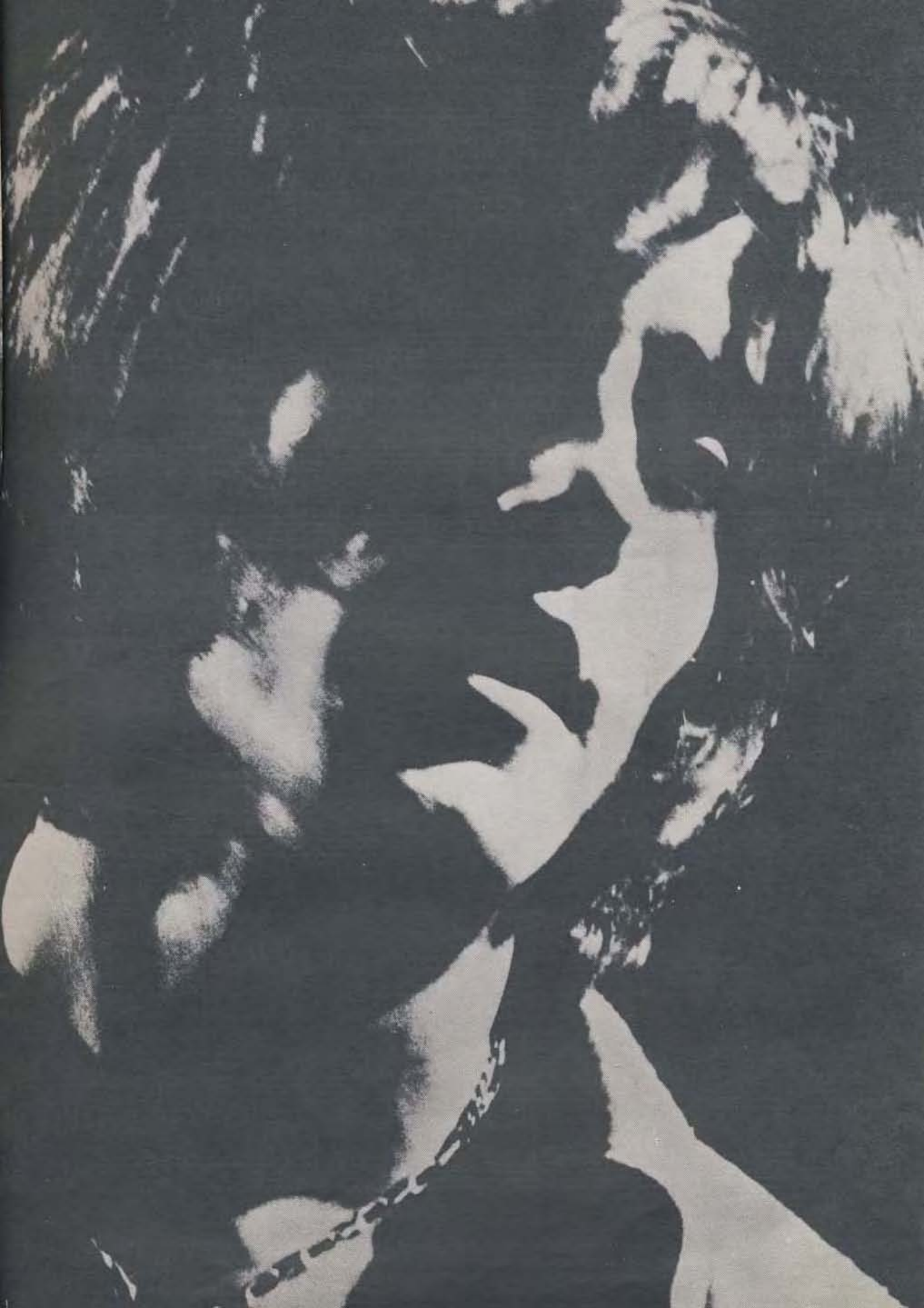
Words and Music by
PETE TOWNSHEND



Copyright © 1969 by Fabulous Music Ltd., Dumbarton House, 68 Oxford Street, London, W.1, England
All rights for the U.S.A., its territories and possessions, Canada, Mexico and the Philippines
are controlled by Track Music, Inc., 200 West 57th Street, New York, N.Y. 10019
International Copyright Secured Made in U.S.A. Used by Permission
All rights reserved including public performance for profit. No part of this work may be reproduced
in any form without permission in writing from the publisher.

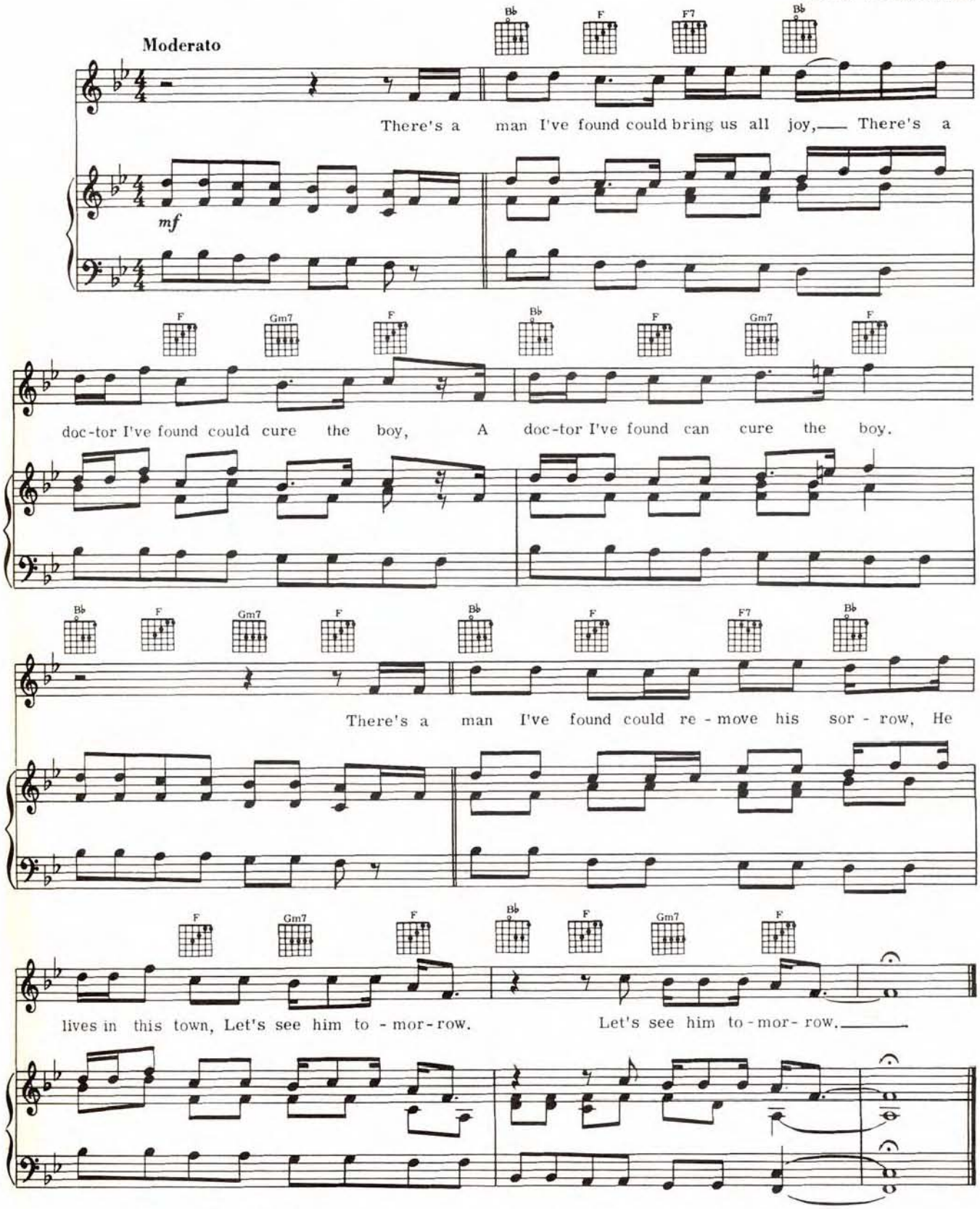

B
Asus
played the sil - ver ball; From So - ho down to Brigh - ton I
part of the ma - chine, Feel - in' all the bump - ers,
hear no buz-zes and bells, Don't see no lights a-flash - in'
He can beat my best, His dis - ci - ples lead him in And
A
Gsus
must have played 'em all But I ain't seen noth - in' like him in
al - ways play - in' clean, Plays by in - tu - i - tion, the
plays by sense of smell, Al - ways gets a re - play
he just does the rest. He's got cra - zy flip - pin' fin - gers,
G
F♯sus
an - y a - muse-ment hall.
dig - it coun - ters fall
nev - er seen him fall.
nev - er seen him fall.
That deaf, dumb and blind kid
F♯7
To Coda
B
A
D
E
B
A
D
E
sure plays a mean pin - ball.


E
E
B
E
B
1. 2. He's a pin - ball wiz - ard there has to be a twist, A
3. I thought I was the bod - y - ta - ble king, But
E
B
G
D
pin - ball wiz - ard, got such a sup - ple wrist
I just hand - ed my pin - ball crown to him.
1. 2.
D
(I don't know.)
How do you think he does it?
3.
D.S. al ⊕ Coda
What makes him so good?
2. He
3.
Coda
B
ball.



THERE'S A DOCTOR (I'VE FOUND)

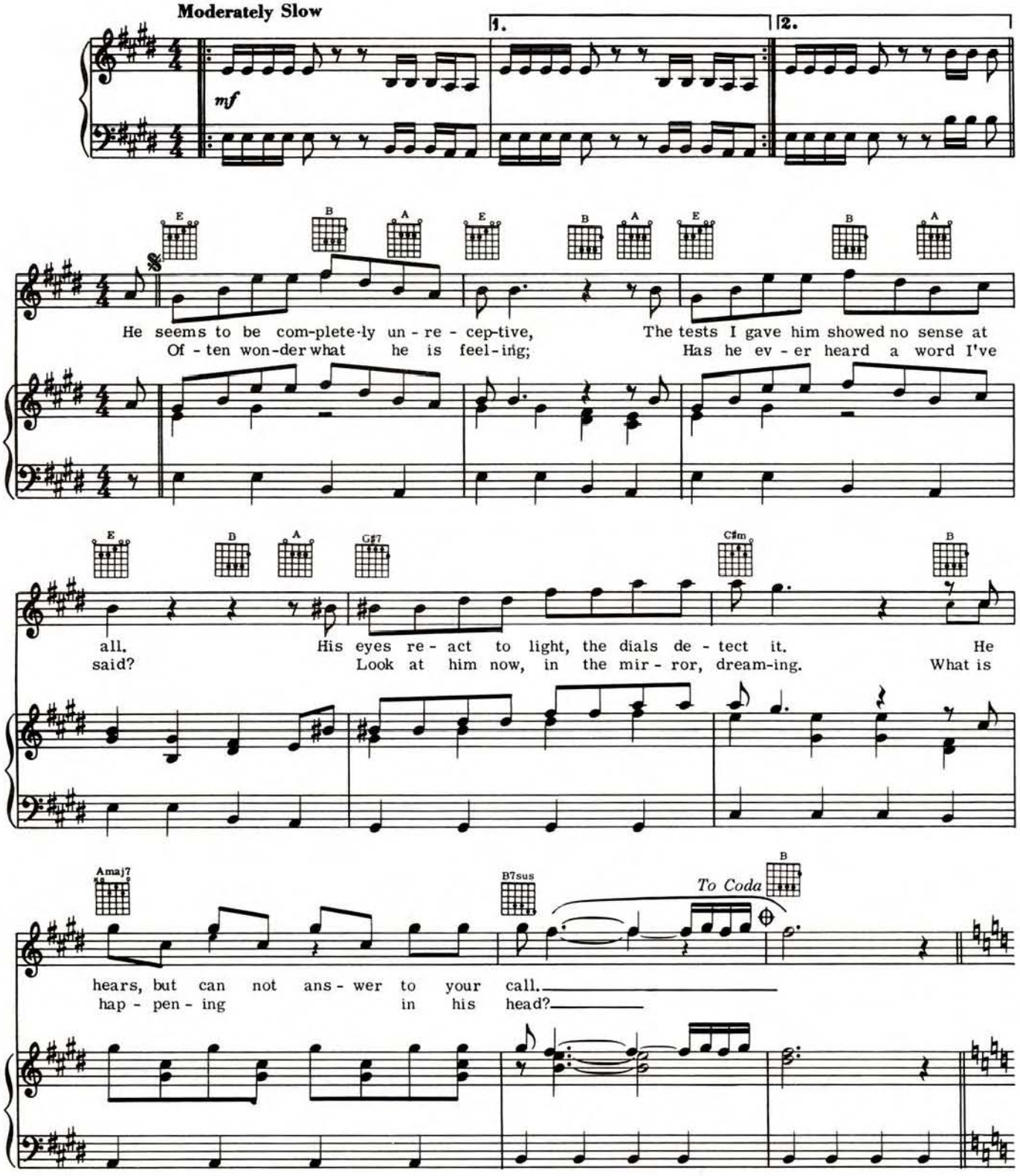
Words and Music by
PETER TOWNSHEND



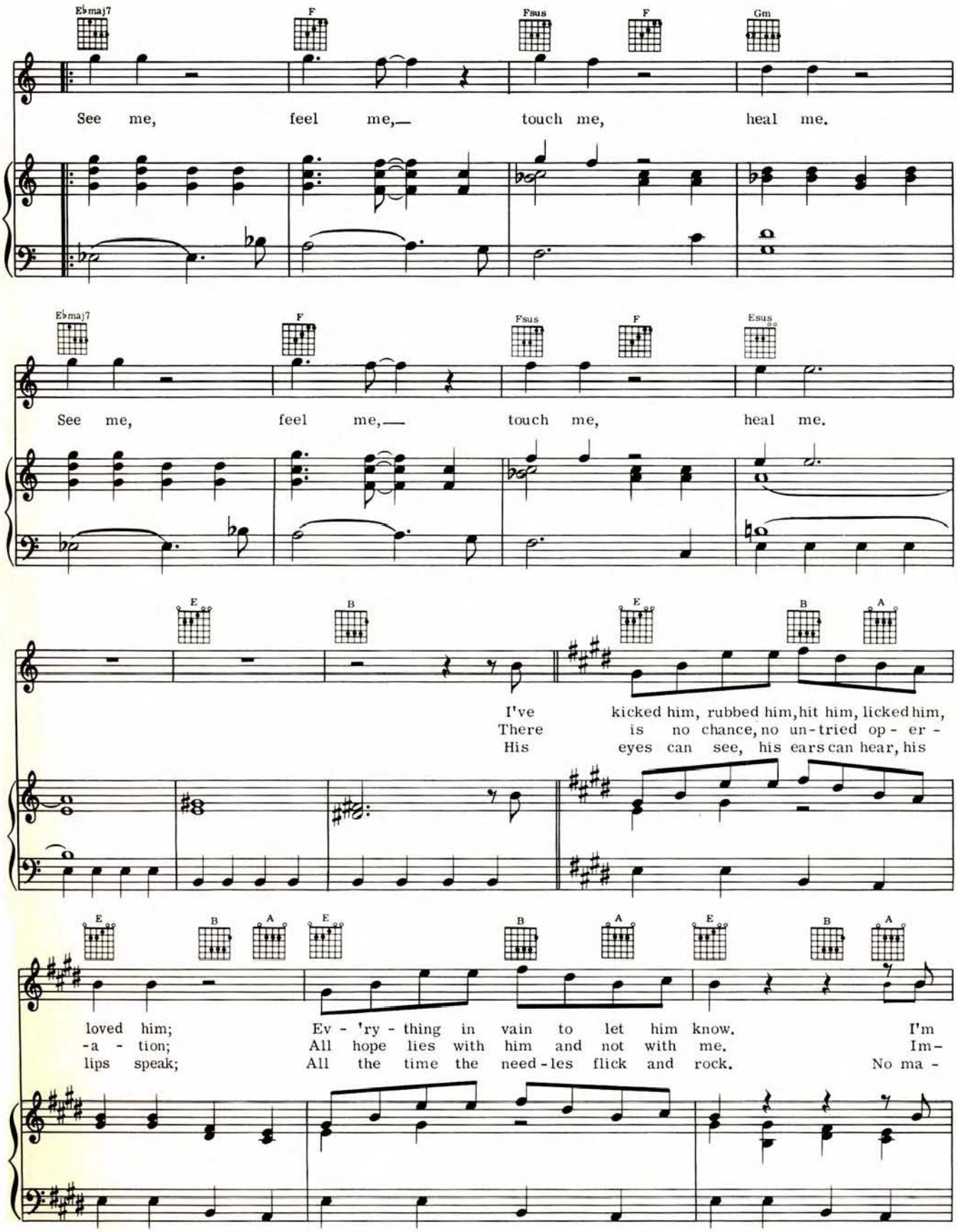
Copyright © 1969 by Fabulous Music Ltd, Dumbarton House, 68 Oxford Street, London, W.1, England
All rights for the U.S.A., its territories and possessions, Canada, Mexico and the Philippines
are controlled by Track Music, Inc., 200 West 57th Street, New York, N.Y. 10019
International Copyright Secured Made in U.S.A. Used by Permission
All rights reserved including public performance for profit. No part of this work may be reproduced
in any form without permission in writing from the publisher.

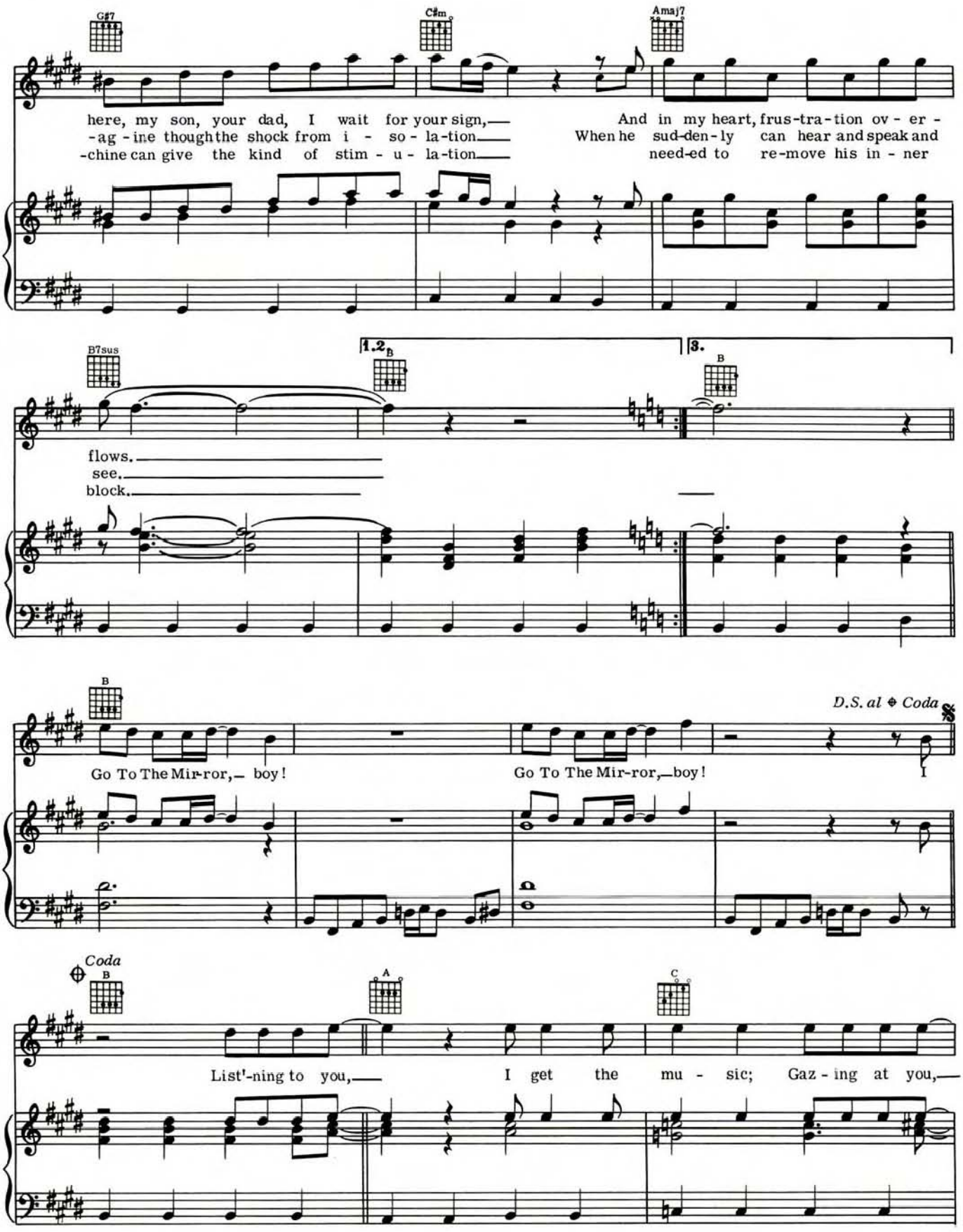
GO TO THE MIRROR BOY

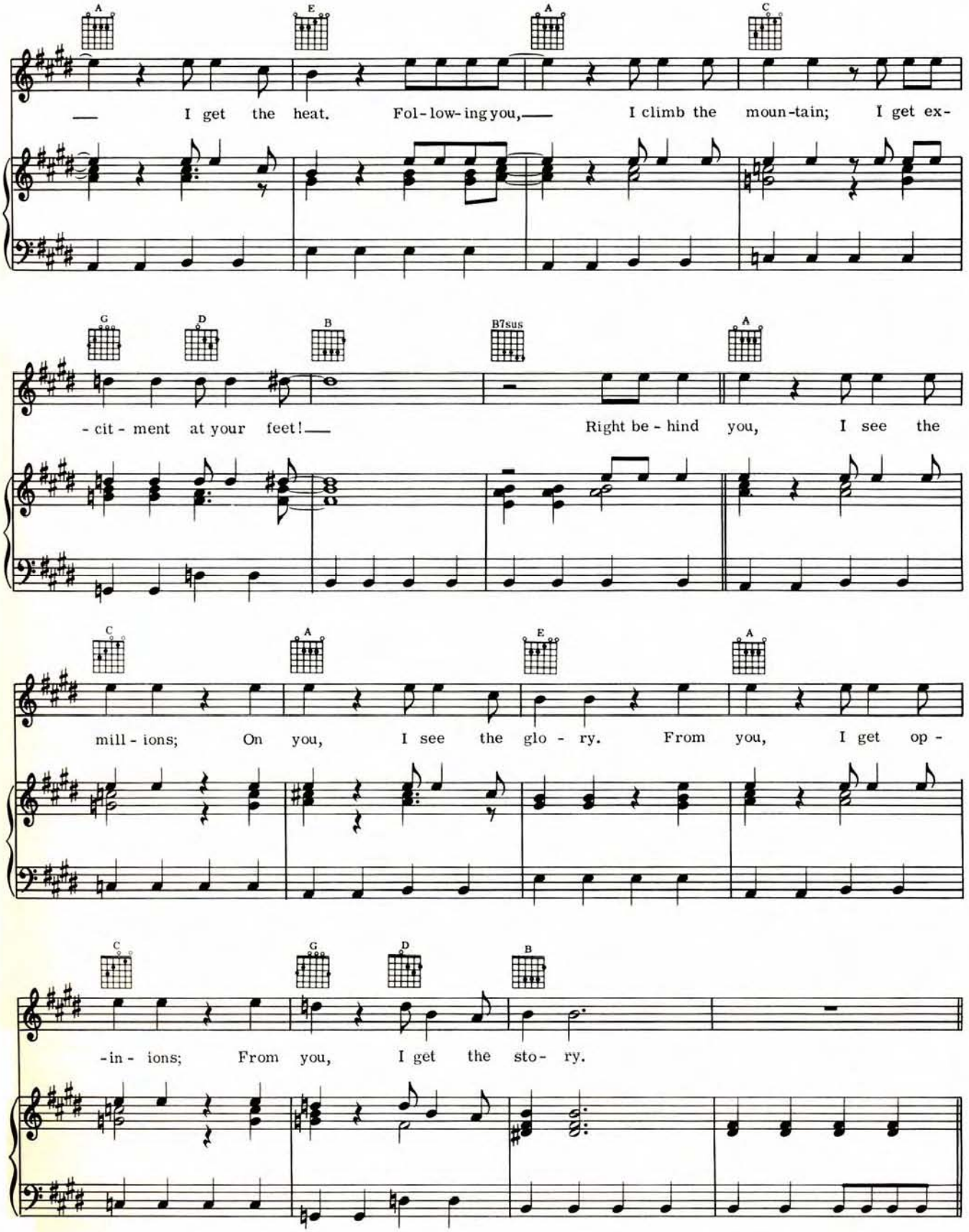
Words and Music by
PETER TOWNSHEND

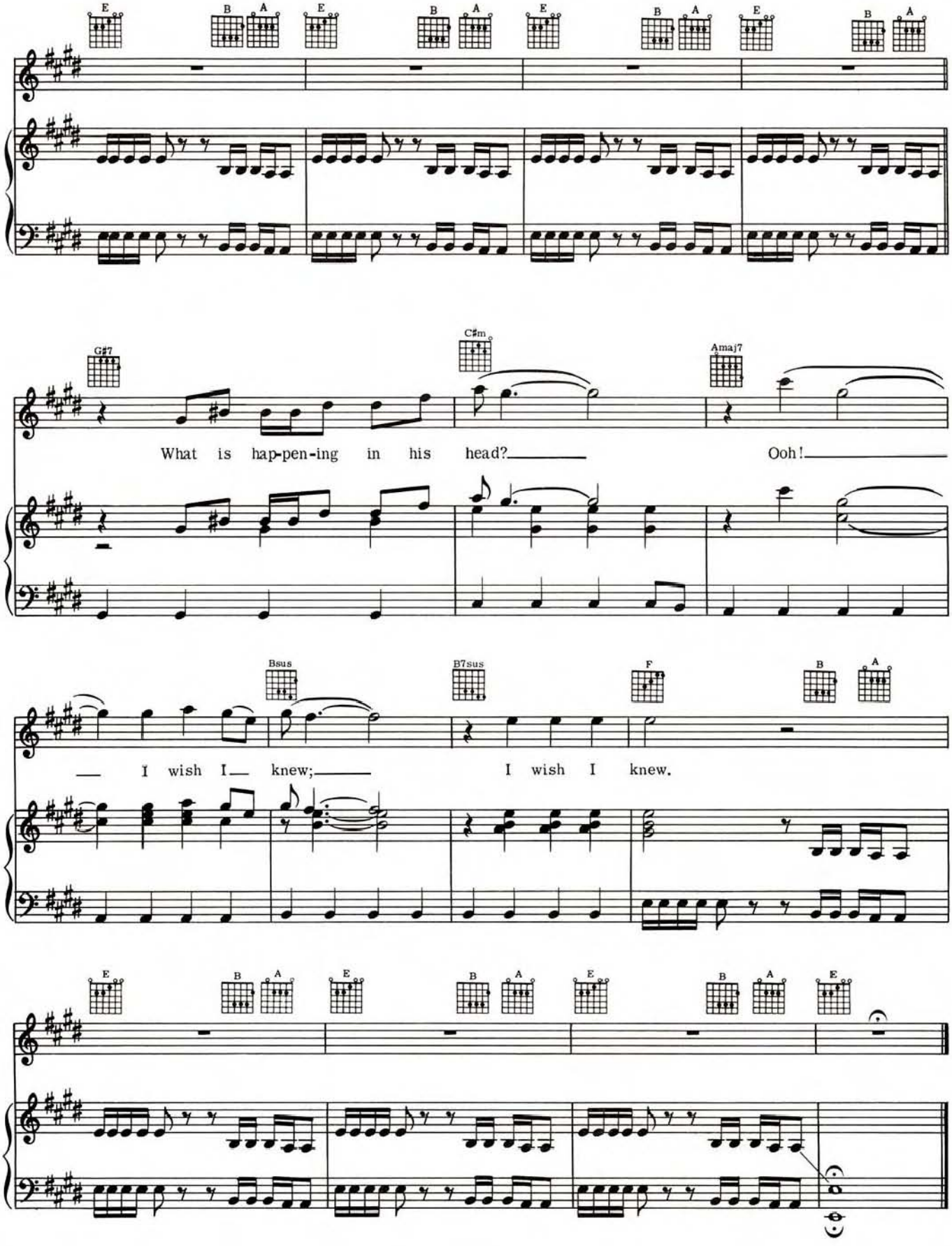


Copyright © 1969 by Fabulous Music Ltd., Dumbarton House, 68 Oxford Street, London, W.1, England
All rights for the U.S.A., its territories and possessions, Canada, Mexico and the Philippines
are controlled by Track Music, Inc., 200 West 57th Street, New York, N.Y. 10019
International Copyright Secured Made in U.S.A. Used by Permission
All rights reserved including public performance for profit. No part of this work may be reproduced
in any form without permission in writing from the publisher.


Ebmaj7
F
Fsus
F
Gm
See me, feel me,— touch me, heal me.
Ebmaj7
F
Fsus
F
Esus
See me, feel me,— touch me, heal me.
E
B
E
B
A
I've kicked him, rubbed him, hit him, licked him,
There is no chance, no un-tried op-er-
His eyes can see, his ears can hear, his
E
B
A
E
B
A
E
B
A
loved him; Ev-'ry-thing in vain to let him know. I'm
-a-tion; All hope lies with him and not with me. Im-
lips speak; All the time the need-les flick and rock. No ma-

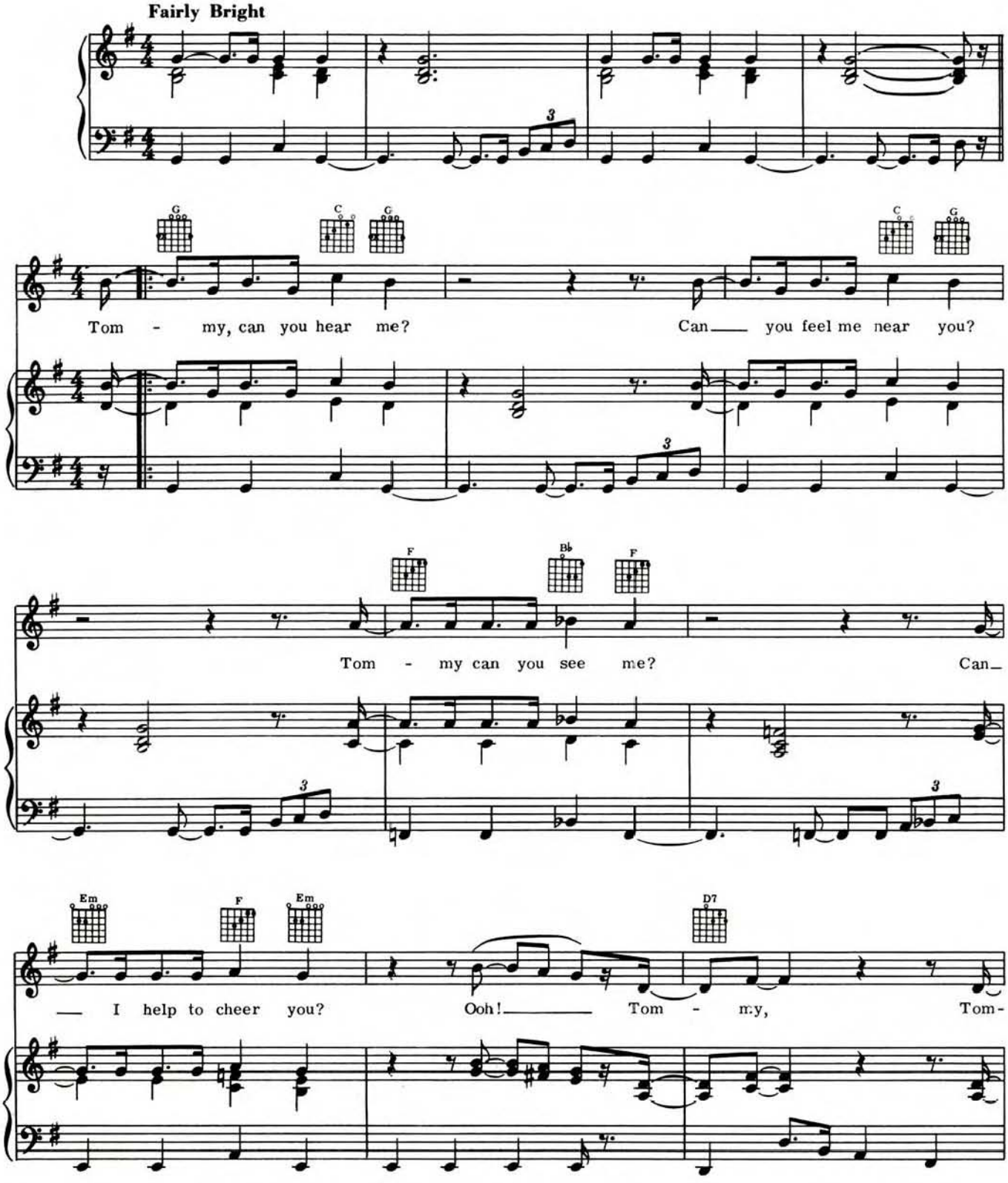

G♯7
C♯m
Amaj7
here, my son, your dad, I wait for your sign,
-ag-ine though the shock from i - so-la-tion
-chine can give the kind of stim - u-la-tion
And in my heart, frus-tra-tion ov - er -
When he sud-den-ly can hear and speak and
need-ed to re-move his in - ner
B7sus
B
1.2.
3.
flows.
see.
block.
D.S. al ⊕ Coda
Go To The Mir-ror, boy!
Go To The Mir-ror, boy!
Coda
A
C
List'-ning to you,
I get the mu - sic;
Gaz-ing at you,


A
E
A
C
— I get the heat. Fol-low-ing you,— I climb the moun-tain; I get ex-
G
D
B
B7sus
A
-cit-ment at your feet!— Right be-hind you, I see the
C
A
E
A
mill-ions; On you, I see the glo-ry. From you, I get op-
C
G
D
B
-in-ions; From you, I get the sto-ry.

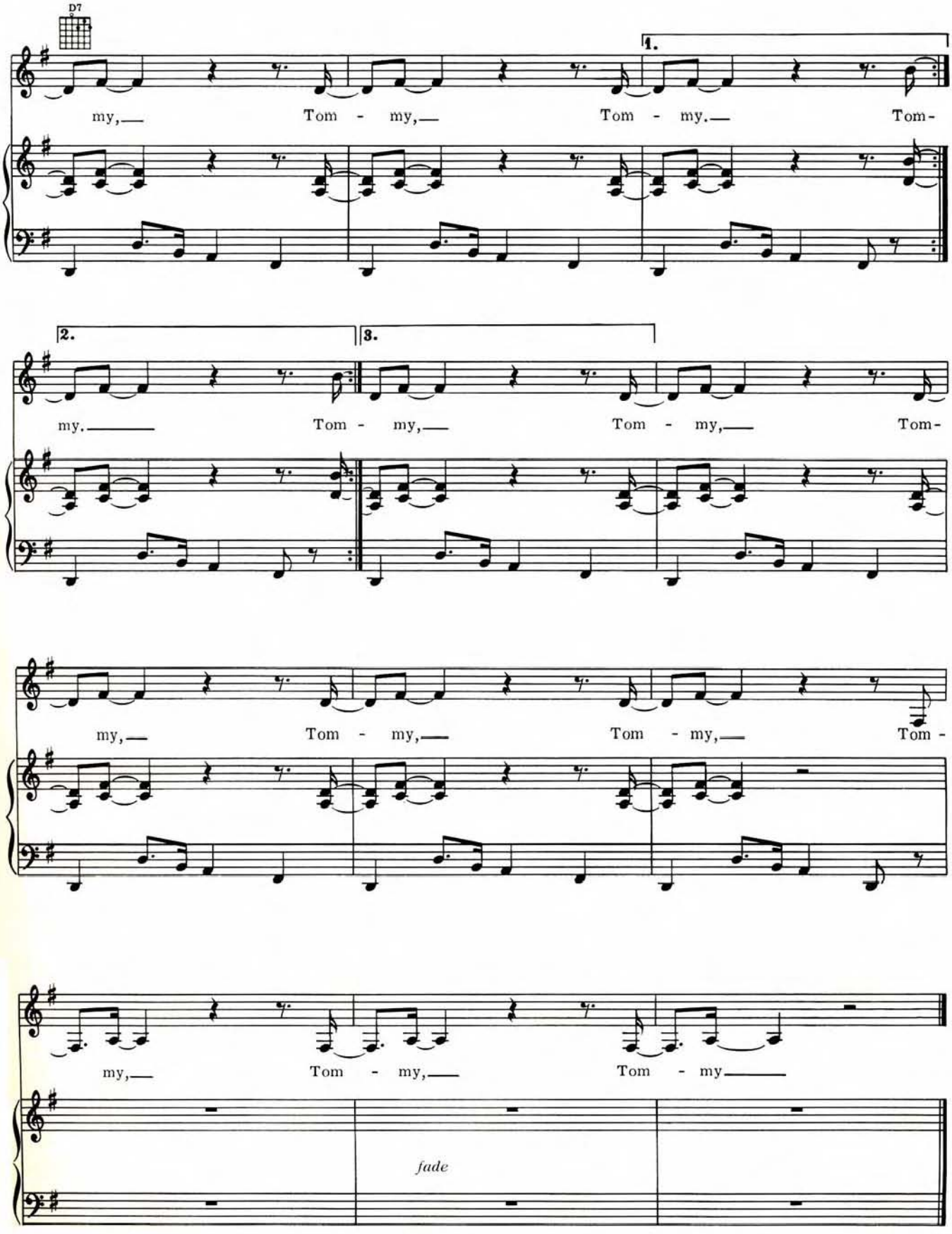

E
B
A
G♯7
C♯m
Amaj7
What is hap-pen-ing in his head?
Ooh!
Bsus
B7sus
F
I wish I knew;
I wish I knew.

TOMMY CAN YOU HEAR ME?

Words and Music by
PETER TOWNSHEND

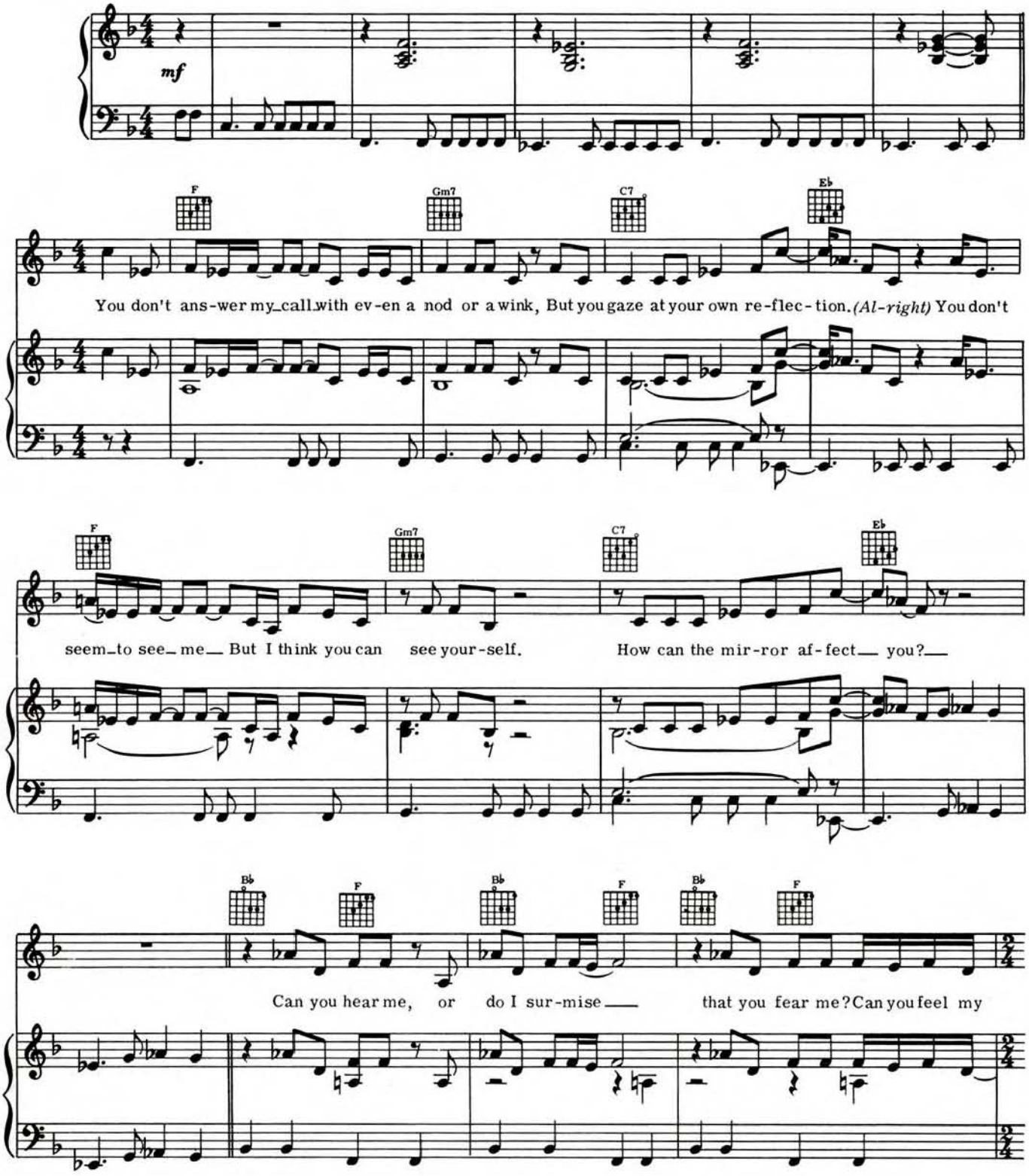


Copyright © 1969 by Fabulous Music Ltd., Dumbarton House, 68 Oxford Street, London, W.1, England
All rights for the U.S.A., its territories and possessions, Canada, Mexico and the Philippines
are controlled by Track Music, Inc., 200 West 57th Street, New York, N.Y. 10019
International Copyright Secured Made in U.S.A. Used by Permission
All rights reserved including public performance for profit. No part of this work may be reproduced
in any form without permission in writing from the publisher.

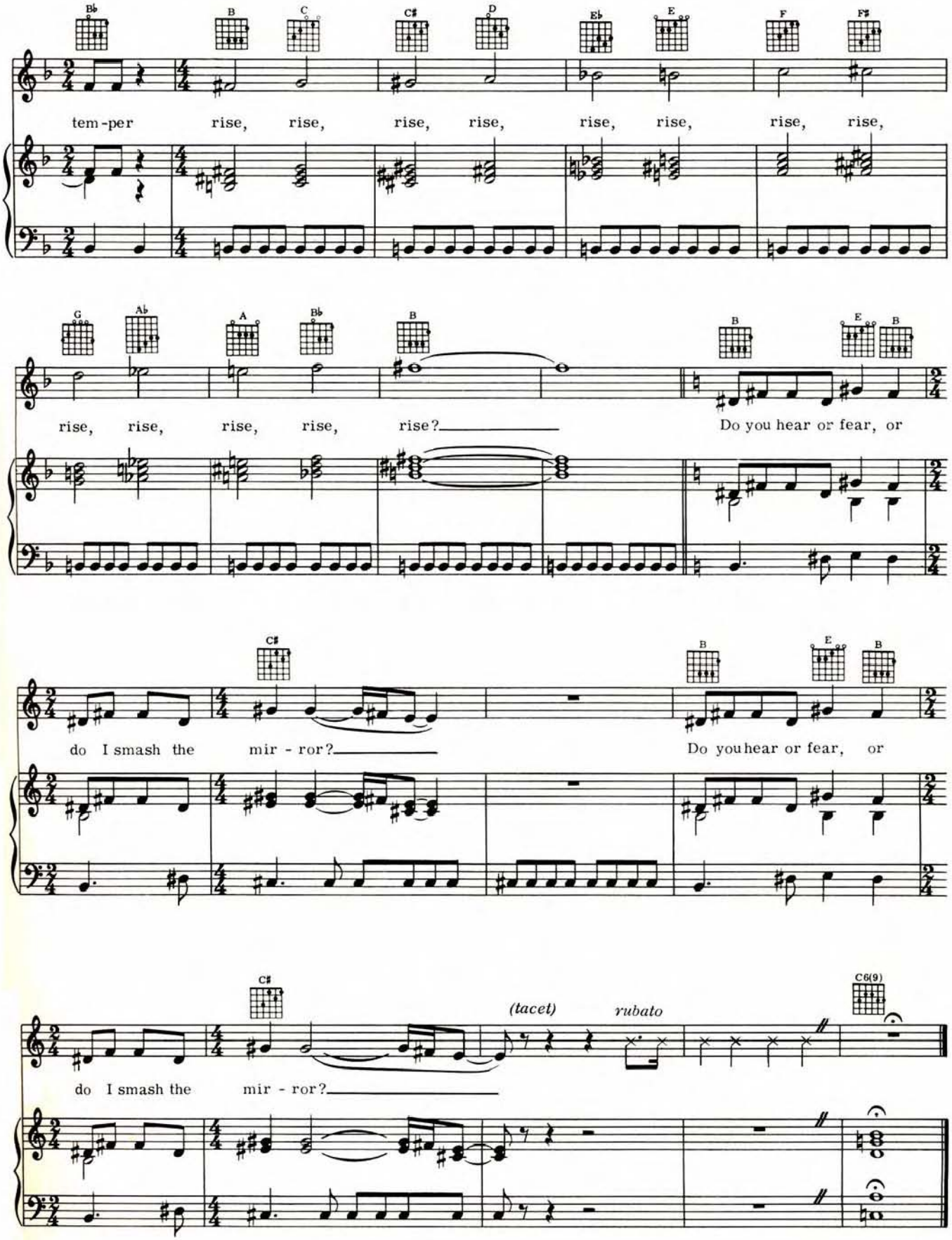

D7
1.
my, Tom - my, Tom - my. Tom-
2.
3.
my. Tom - my, Tom - my, Tom-
my, Tom - my, Tom - my, Tom -
my, Tom - my, Tom - my
fade

SMASH THE MIRROR

Words and Music by
PETER TOWNSHEND

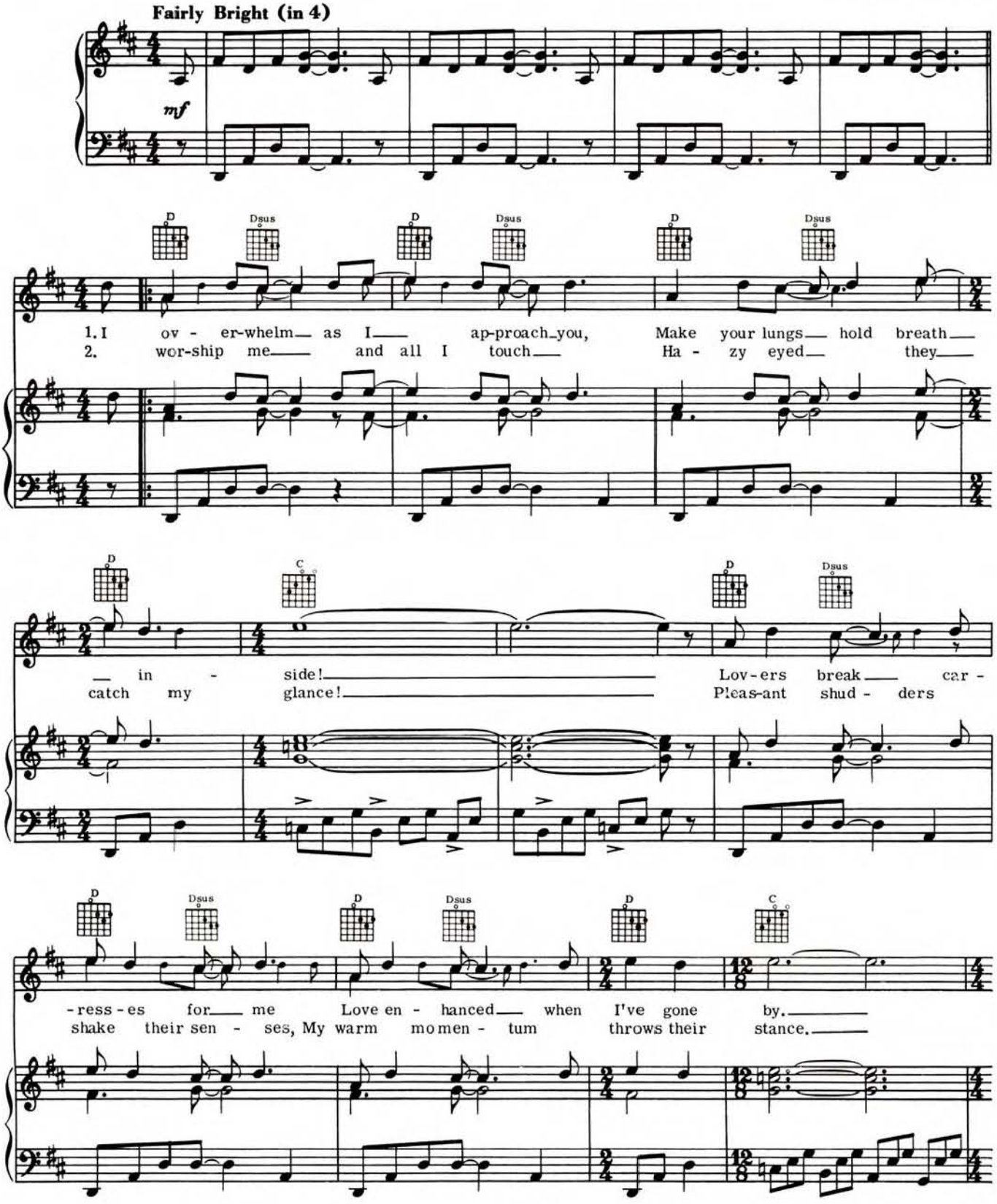


Copyright © 1969 by Fabulous Music Ltd., Dumbarton House, 68 Oxford Street, London, W.1, England
All rights for the U.S.A., its territories and possessions, Canada, Mexico and the Philippines
are controlled by Track Music, Inc., 200 West 57th Street, New York, N.Y. 10019
International Copyright Secured Made in U.S.A. Used by Permission
All rights reserved including public performance for profit. No part of this work may be reproduced
in any form without permission in writing from the publisher.

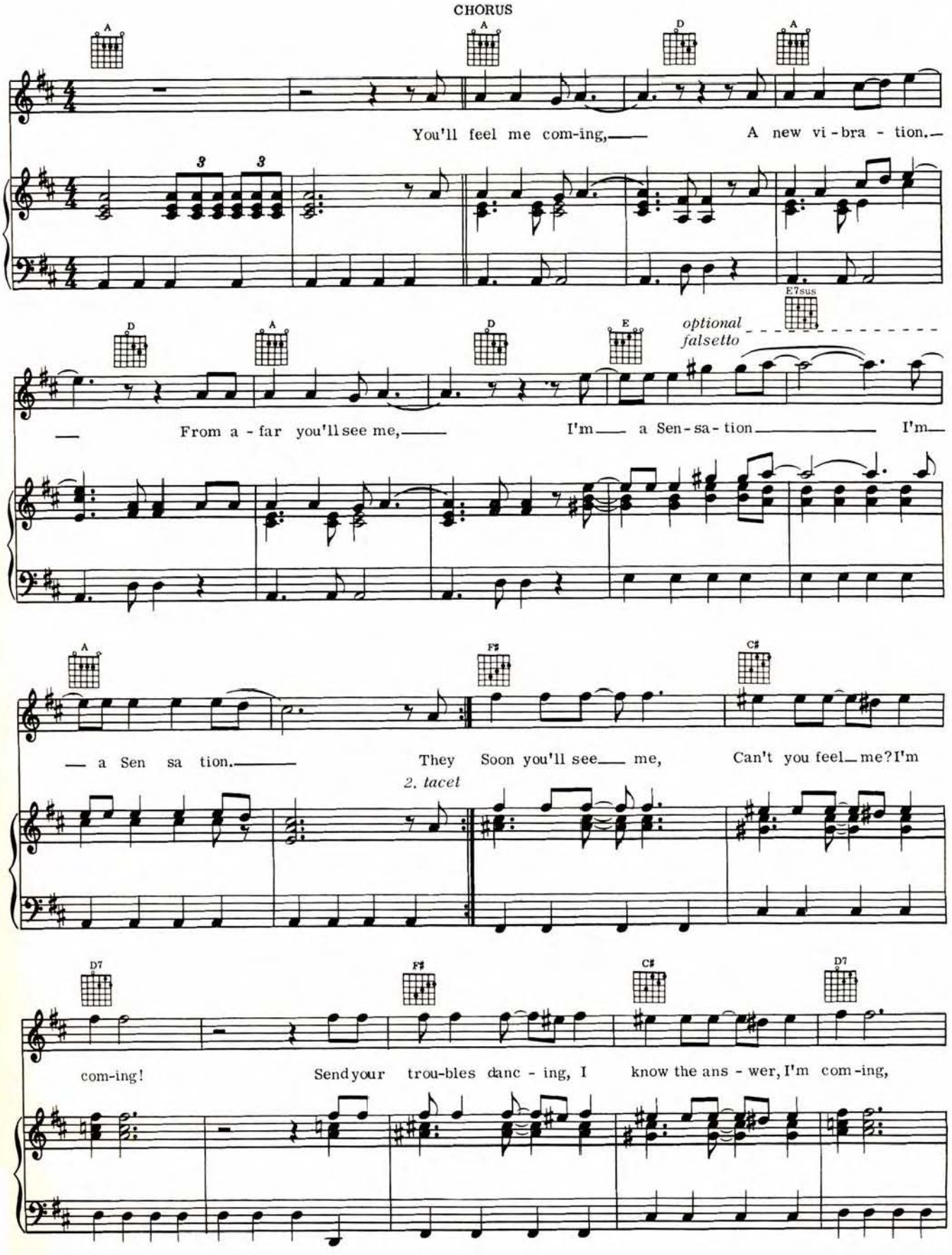

B♭ B C C♯ D E♭ E F F♯
tem-per rise, rise, rise, rise, rise, rise, rise, rise,
G A♭ A B♭ B B E B
rise, rise, rise, rise, rise? Do you hear or fear, or
C♯ B E B
do I smash the mir - ror? Do you hear or fear, or
C♯ C6(9)
(tacet) rubato
do I smash the mir - ror?

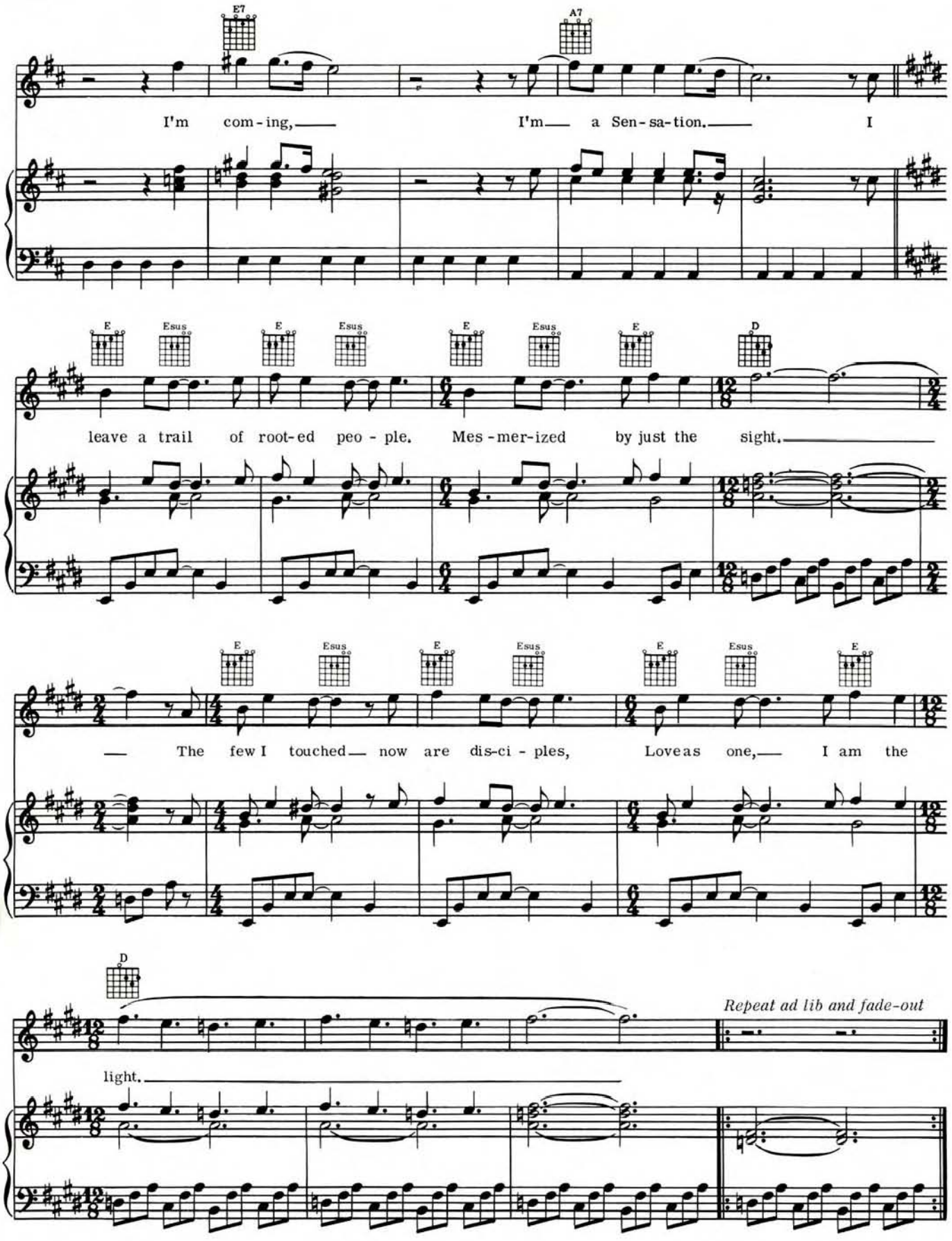
SENSATION

Words and Music by
PETER TOWNSHEND



Copyright © 1969 by Fabulous Music Ltd., Dumbarton House, 68 Oxford Street, London, W.1, England
All rights for the U.S.A., its territories and possessions, Canada, Mexico and the Philippines
are controlled by Track Music, Inc., 200 West 57th Street, New York, N.Y. 10019
International Copyright Secured Made in U.S.A. Used by Permission
All rights reserved including public performance for profit. No part of this work may be reproduced
in any form without permission in writing from the publisher.

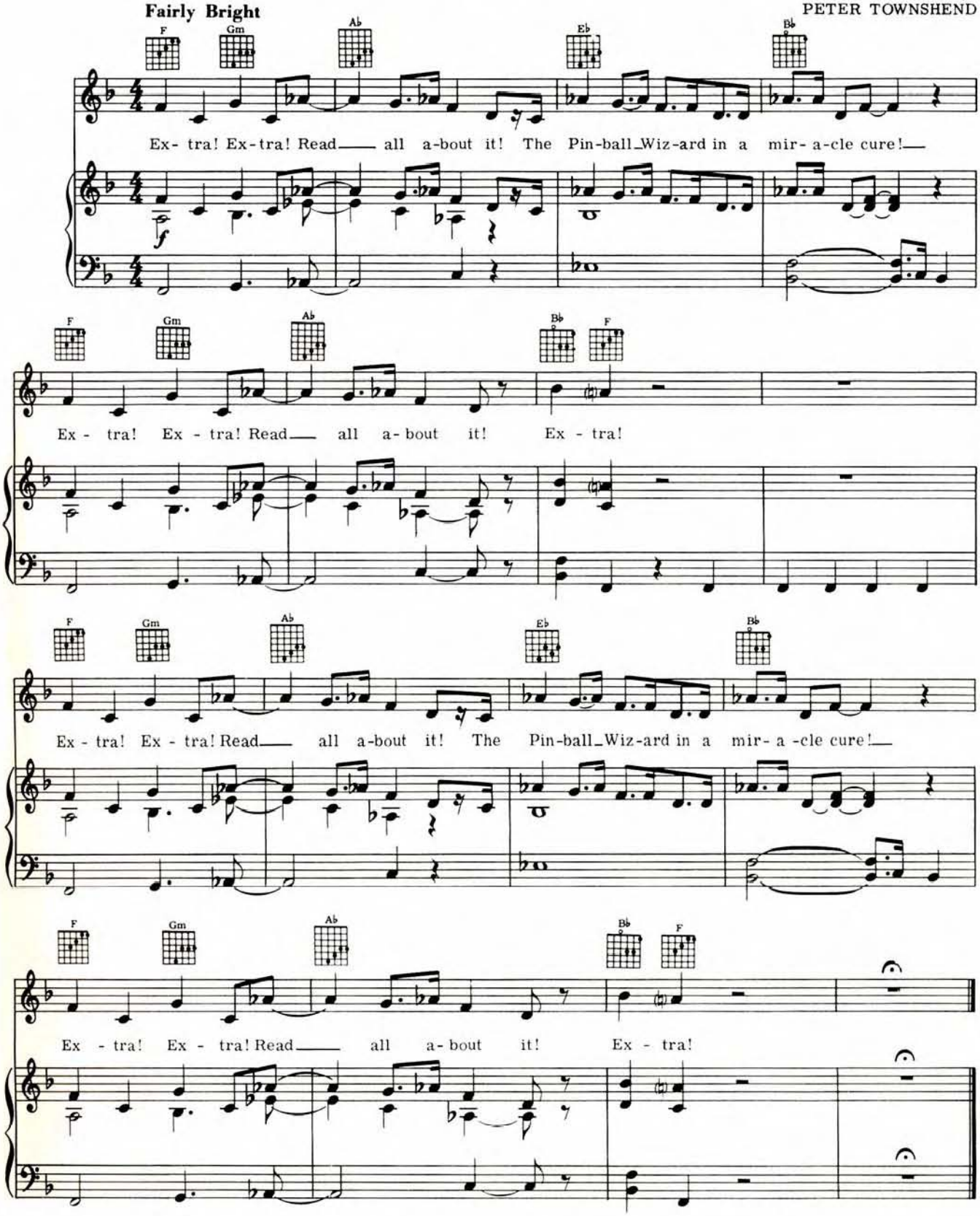

CHORUS
A
A
D
A
You'll feel me com-ing,
A new vi-bra-tion.
3
3
D
A
D
E
E7sus
optional
falsetto
From a-far you'll see me,
I'm a Sen-sa-tion
I'm
A
F♯
C♯
a Sen sa tion.
They
Soon you'll see me,
Can't you feel me? I'm
2. tacet
D7
F♯
C♯
D7
com-ing!
Send your trou-bles danc-ing, I
know the ans-wer, I'm com-ing,


E7
A7
I'm com-ing, I'm a Sen-sa-tion. I
E
Esus
D
leave a trail of root-ed peo-ple. Mes-mer-ized by just the sight.
— The few I touched now are dis-ci-ples, Love as one, I am the
light.
Repeat ad lib and fade-out

MIRACLE CURE

Words and Music by
PETER TOWNSHEND

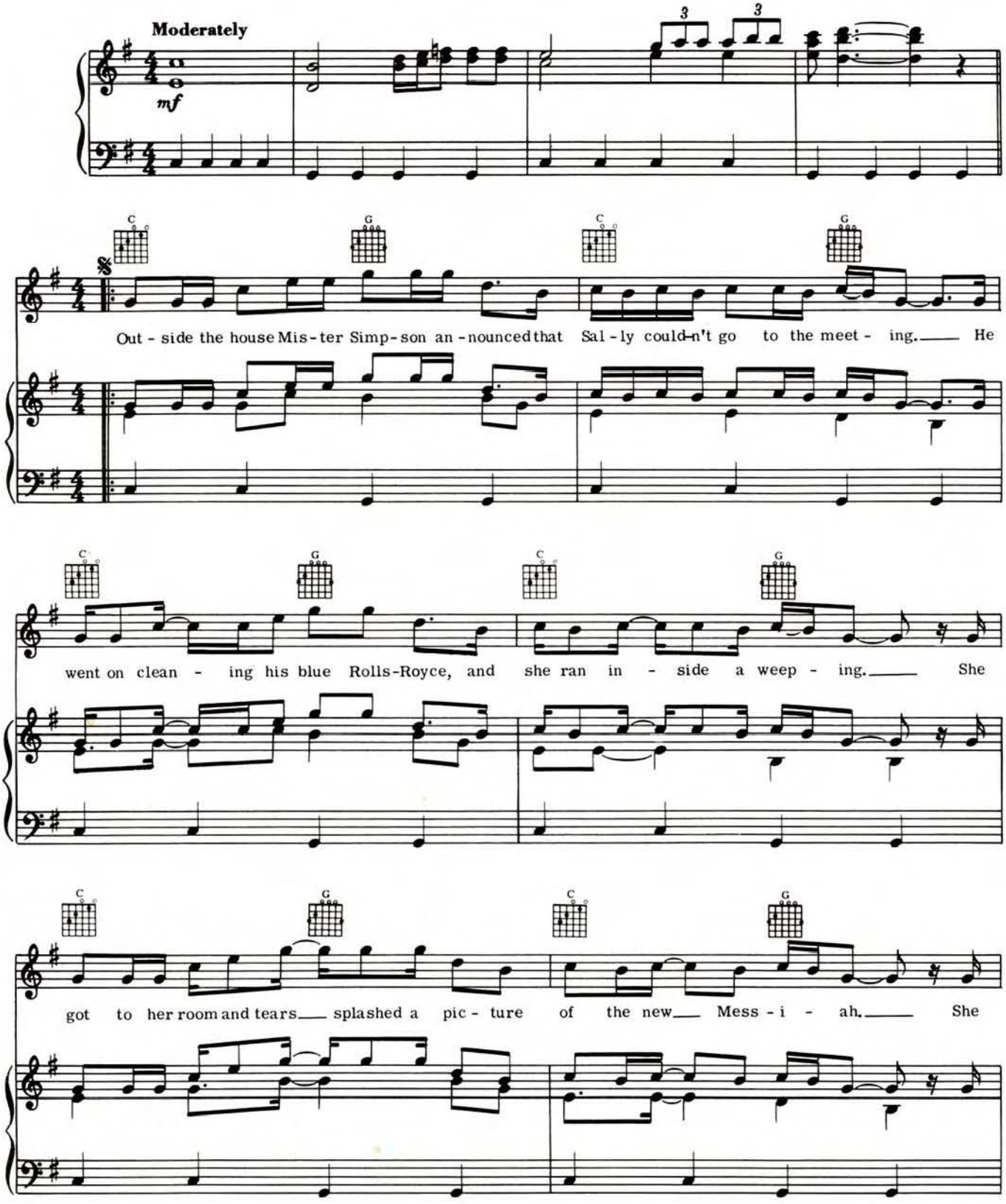
Fairly Bright



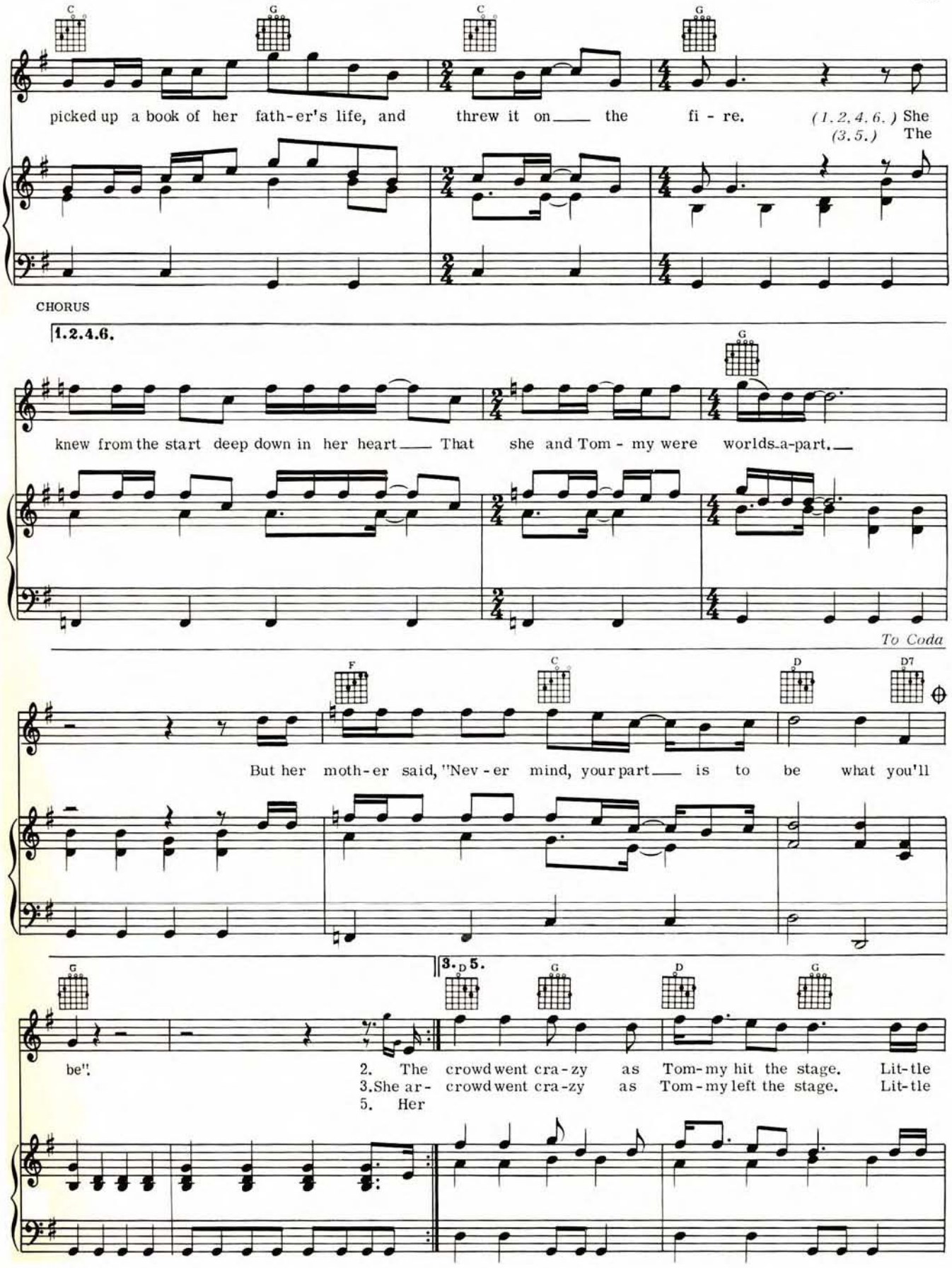
Copyright © 1969 by Fabulous Music Ltd., Dumbarton House, 68 Oxford Street, London, W.1, England
All rights for the U.S.A., its territories and possessions, Canada, Mexico and the Philippines
are controlled by Track Music, Inc., 200 West 57th Street, New York, N.Y. 10019
International Copyright Secured Made in U.S.A. Used by Permission
All rights reserved including public performance for profit. No part of this work may be reproduced
in any form without permission in writing from the publisher.

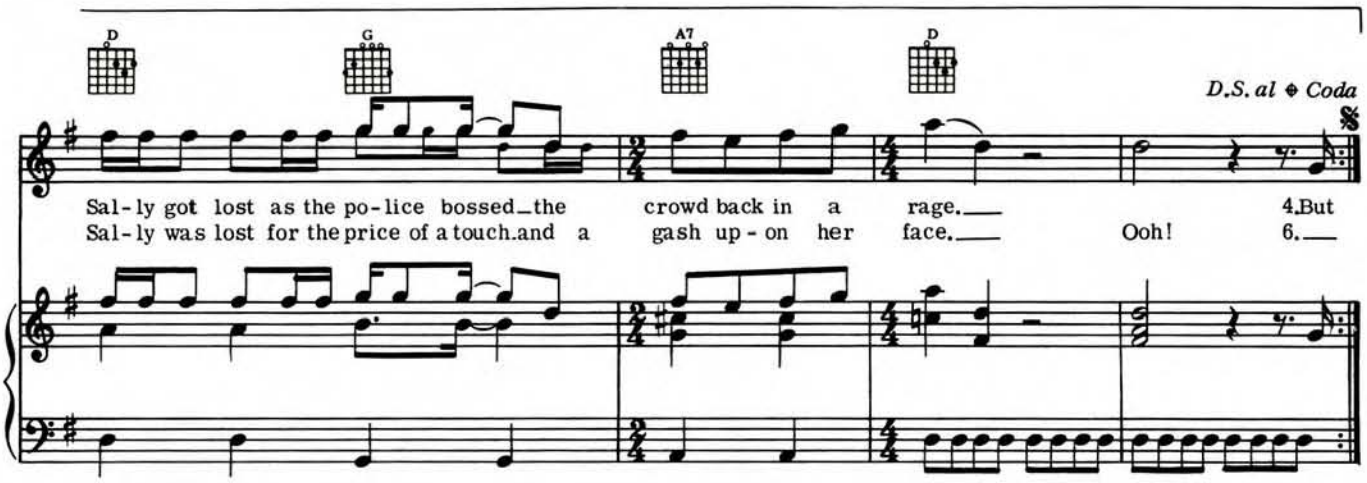
SALLY SIMPSON

Words and Music by
PETER TOWNSHEND



Copyright © 1969 by Fabulous Music Ltd., Dumbarton House, 68 Oxford Street, London, W.1, England
All rights for the U.S.A., its territories and possessions, Canada, Mexico and the Philippines
are controlled by Track Music, Inc., 200 West 57th Street, New York, N.Y. 10019
International Copyright Secured Made in U.S.A. Used by Permission
All rights reserved including public performance for profit. No part of this work may be reproduced
in any form without permission in writing from the publisher.


C
G
C
G
picked up a book of her fath-er's life, and threw it on the fi - re.
(1.2.4.6.) She
(3.5.) The
CHORUS
1.2.4.6.
G
knew from the start deep down in her heart That she and Tom - my were worlds-a-part.
To Coda
F
C
D
D7
But her moth-er said, "Nev - er mind, your part is to be what you'll
G
3.5.
G
D
G
be".
2. The crowd went cra-zy as Tom-my hit the stage. Lit-tle
3.She ar- crowd went cra-zy as Tom-my left the stage. Lit-tle
5. Her



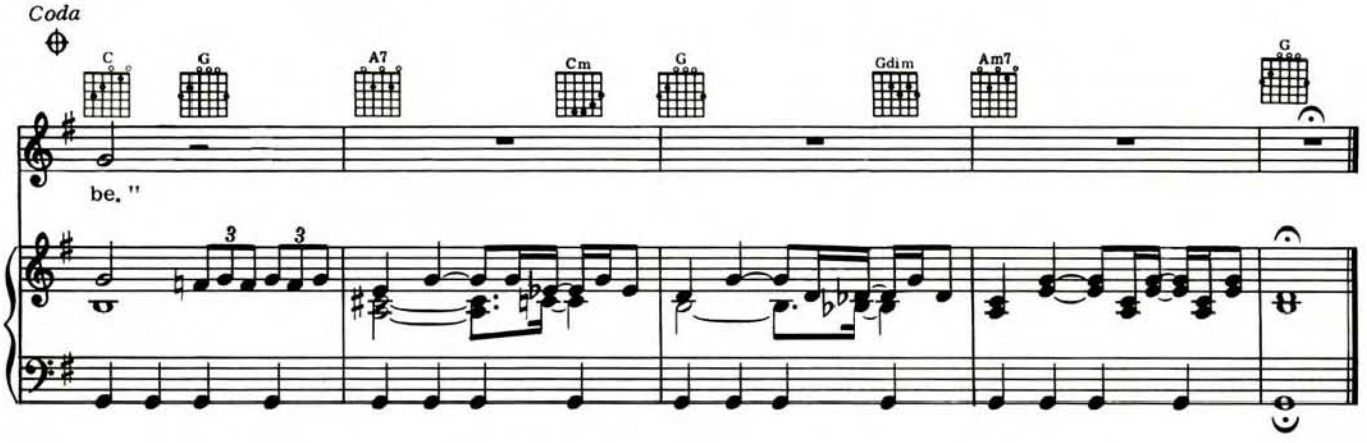
Verse 2. The theme of the sermon was "Come unto me, and love will find a way,"
So Sally decided to ignore her dad, and sneak out anyway.
She spent all afternoon getting ready, and decided she'd try to touch him.
Maybe he'd see that she was free, and talk to her this Sunday.
She *(To 2nd Chorus)*

Verse 3. She arrived at six and the place was swinging to gospel music by nine.
Group after group appeared on the stage, and Sally just sat there crying.
She bit her nails looking pretty as a picture, right in the very front row,
And then a D.J. wearing a blazer with a badge ran on and said "Here we go!"
The *(3rd Chorus)*

Verse 4. But soon the atmosphere was cooler as Tommy gave a lesson;
Sally just had to let him know she loved him and leaped up on the rostrum;
She ran across the stage to the spot-lit figure, and touched him on the face;
Tommy turned around as a uniformed man threw her off the stage.
She *(To 4th Chorus)*

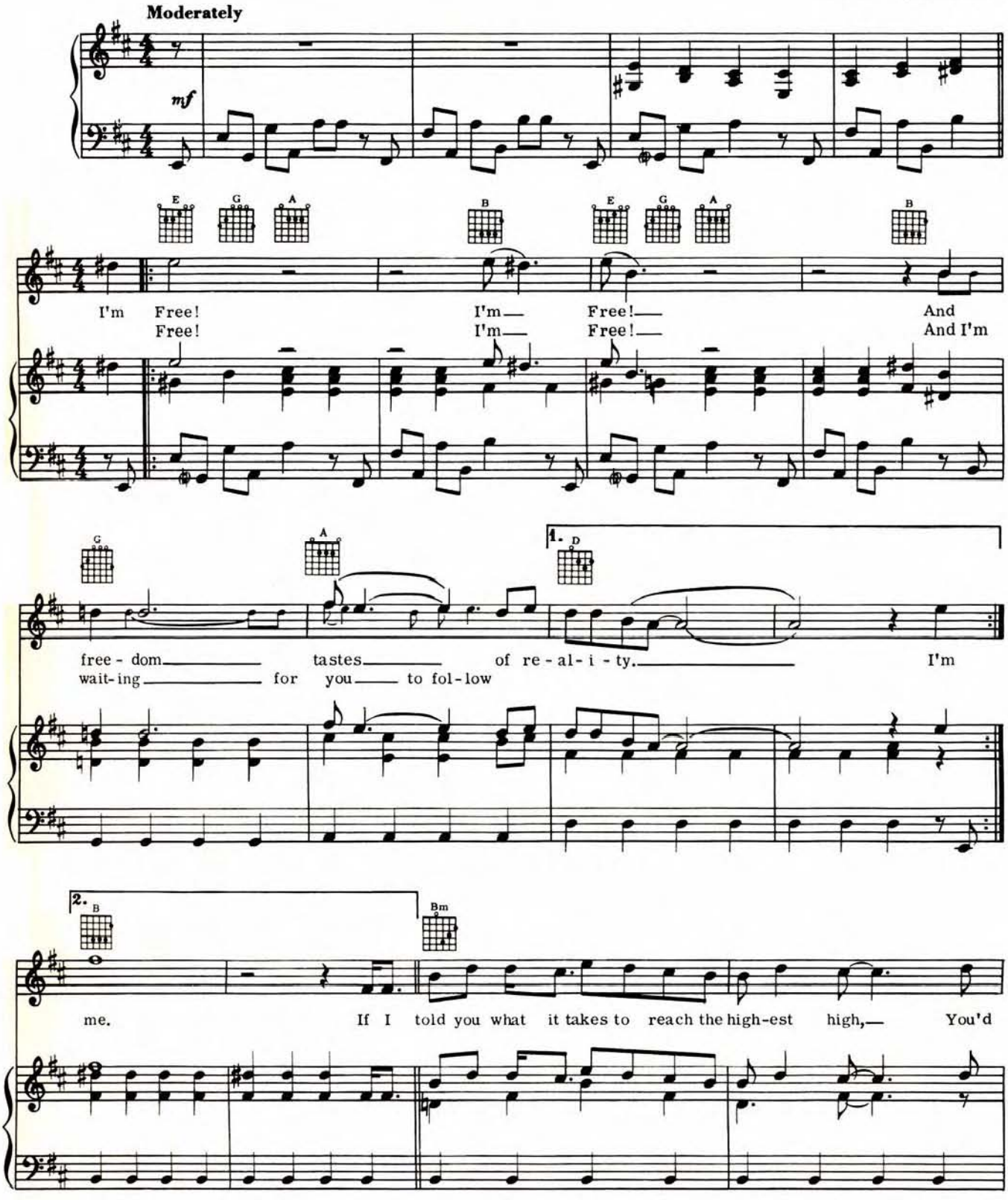
Verse 5. Her cheek hit a chair and blood trickler down mingling with her tears,
Tommy carried on preaching and his voice filled Sally's ears.
She caught his eye, she had to try, but he couldn't see through the lights.
Her face was gashed and the ambulance men had to carry her out that night.
The *(To 5th Chorus)*

Verse 6. Sixteen stitches put her right, and her dad said, "Don't say I didn't warn yer!"
Sally got married to a rock musician she met in California.
Tommy always talks about the day the disciples all went wild.
Sally still carries a scar on her cheek to remind her of his smile.
She *(To 6th Chorus)*

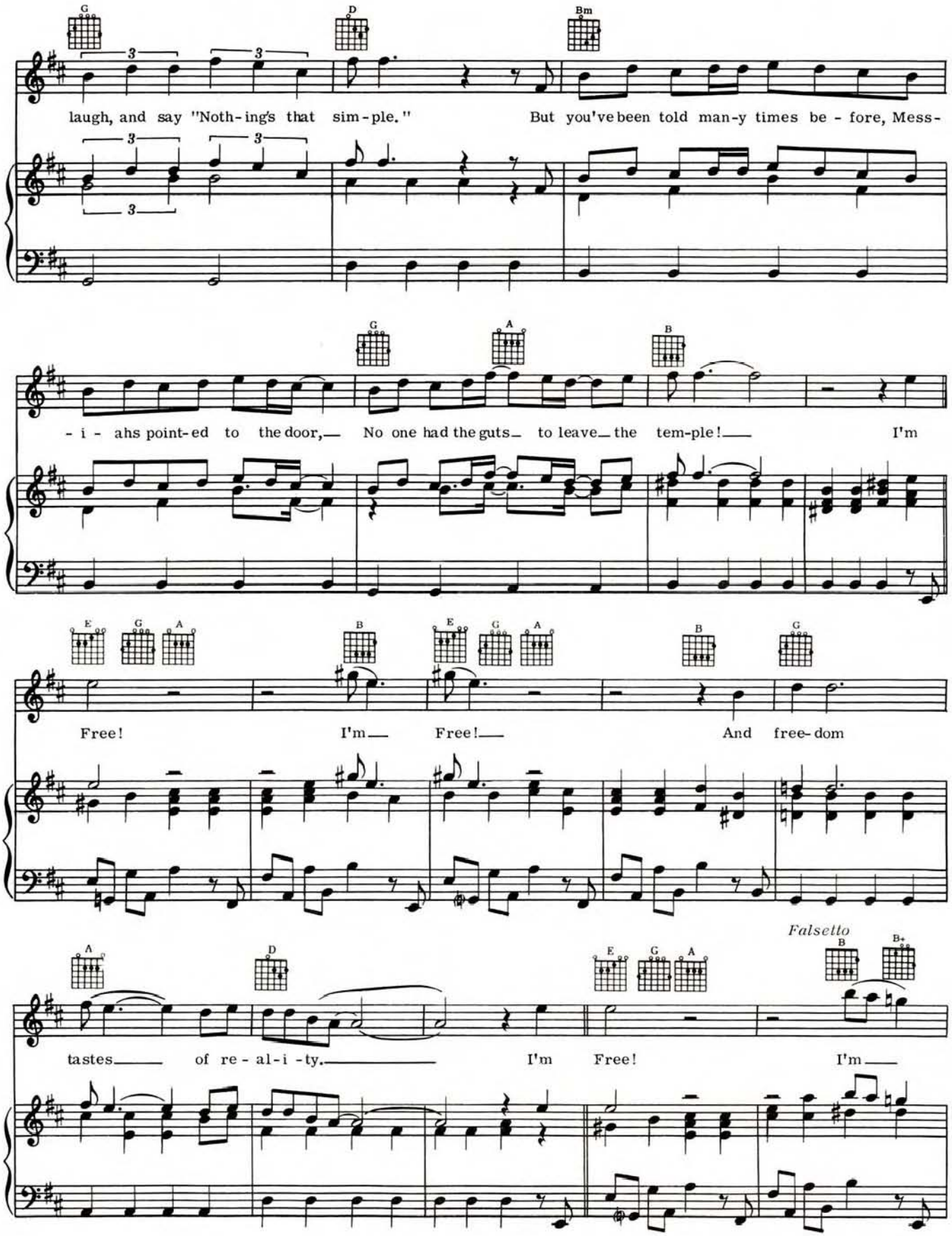


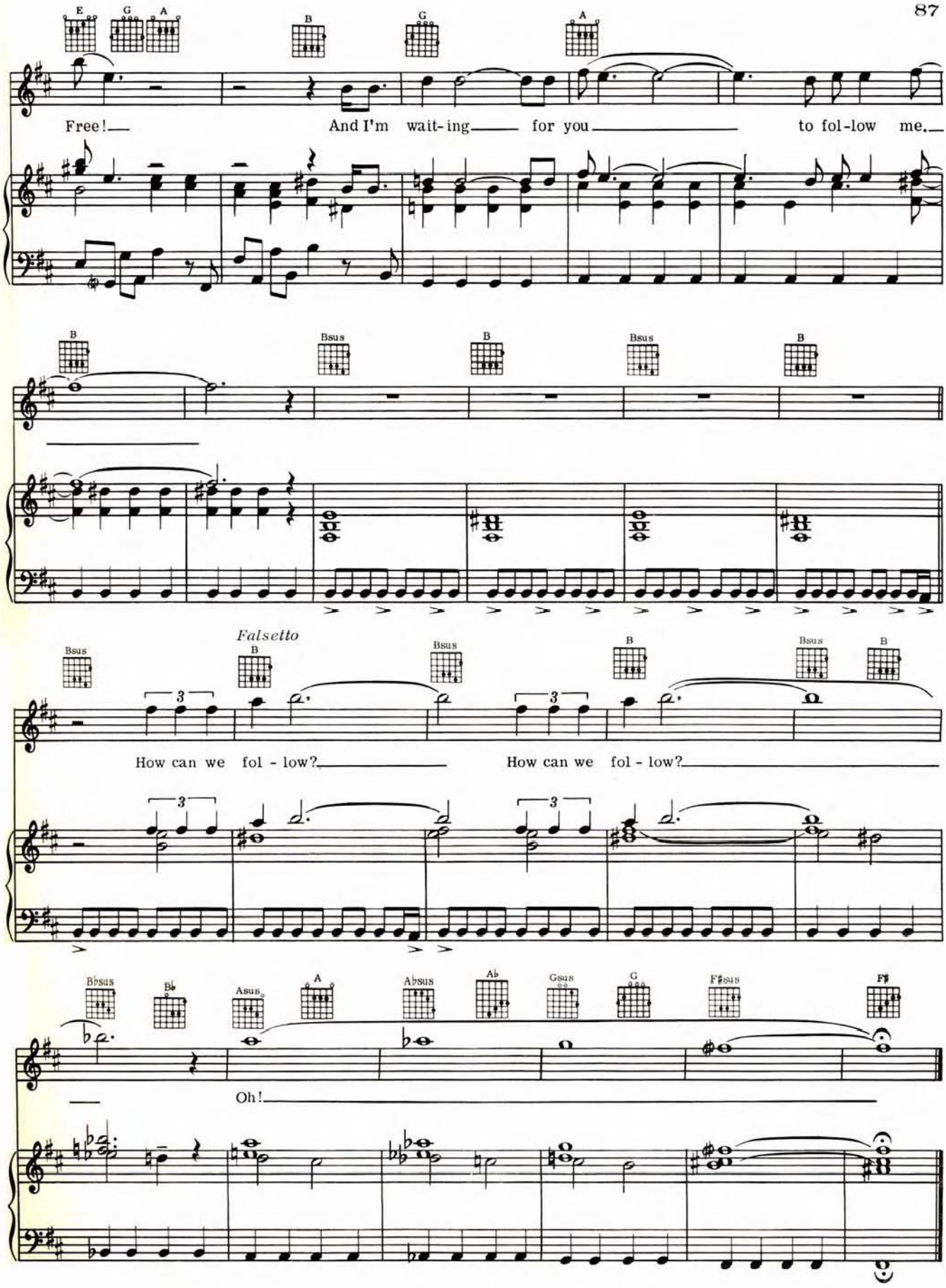
I'M FREE

Words and Music by
PETER TOWNSHEND



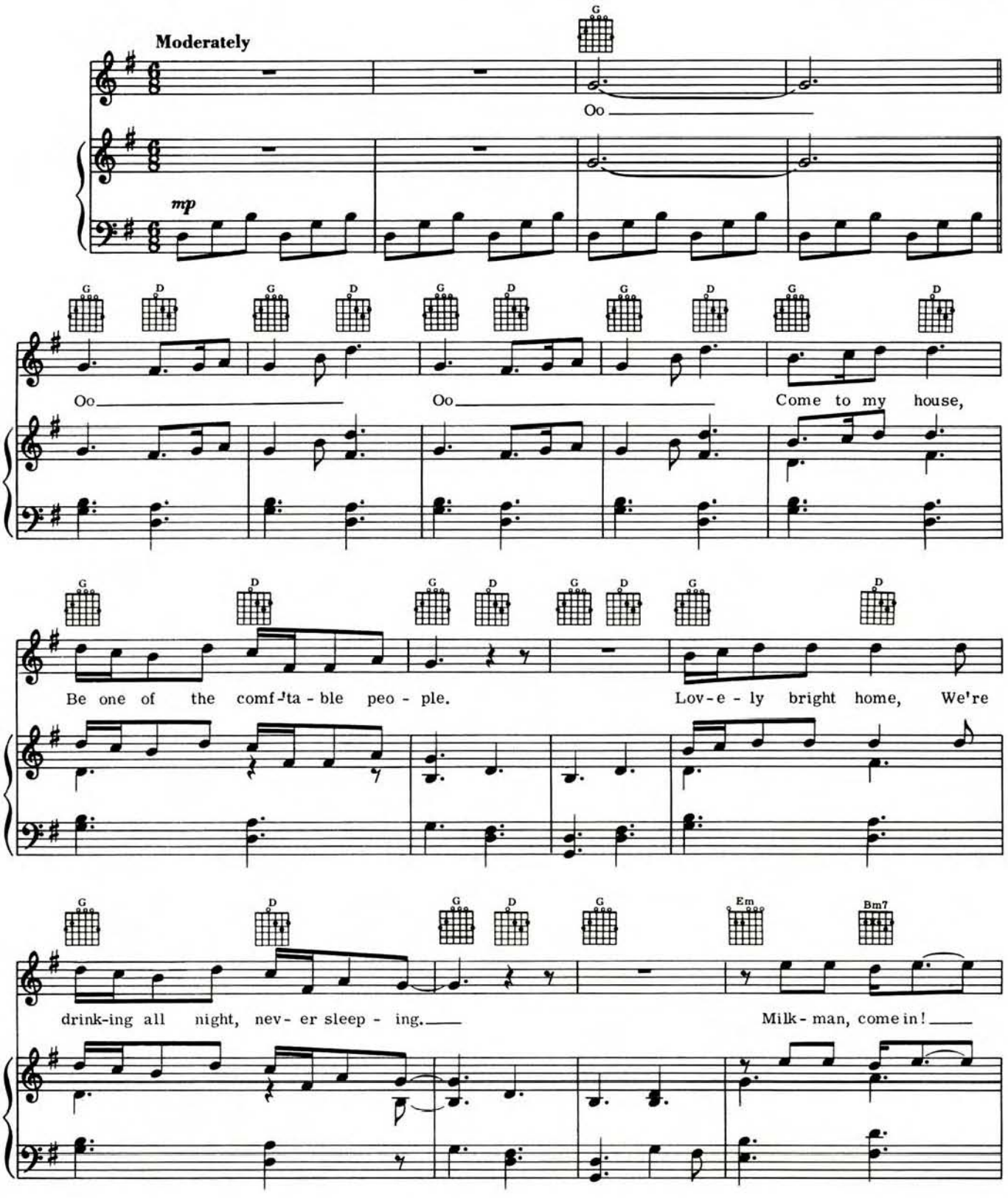
Copyright © 1969 by Fabulous Music Ltd., Dumbarton House, 68 Oxford Street, London, W.1, England
All rights for the U.S.A., its territories and possessions, Canada, Mexico and the Philippines
are controlled by Track Music, Inc., 200 West 57th Street, New York, N.Y. 10019
International Copyright Secured Made in U.S.A. Used by Permission
All rights reserved including public performance for profit. No part of this work may be reproduced
in any form without permission in writing from the publisher.


G
D
Bm
laugh, and say "Noth-ing's that sim-ple." But you've been told man-y times be - fore, Mess-
G
A
B
- i - ahs point-ed to the door, No one had the guts to leave the tem-ple! I'm
E
G
A
B
E
G
A
B
G
Free! I'm Free! And free-dom
A
D
E
G
A
Falsetto
B
B+
tastes of re - al-i - ty. I'm Free! I'm

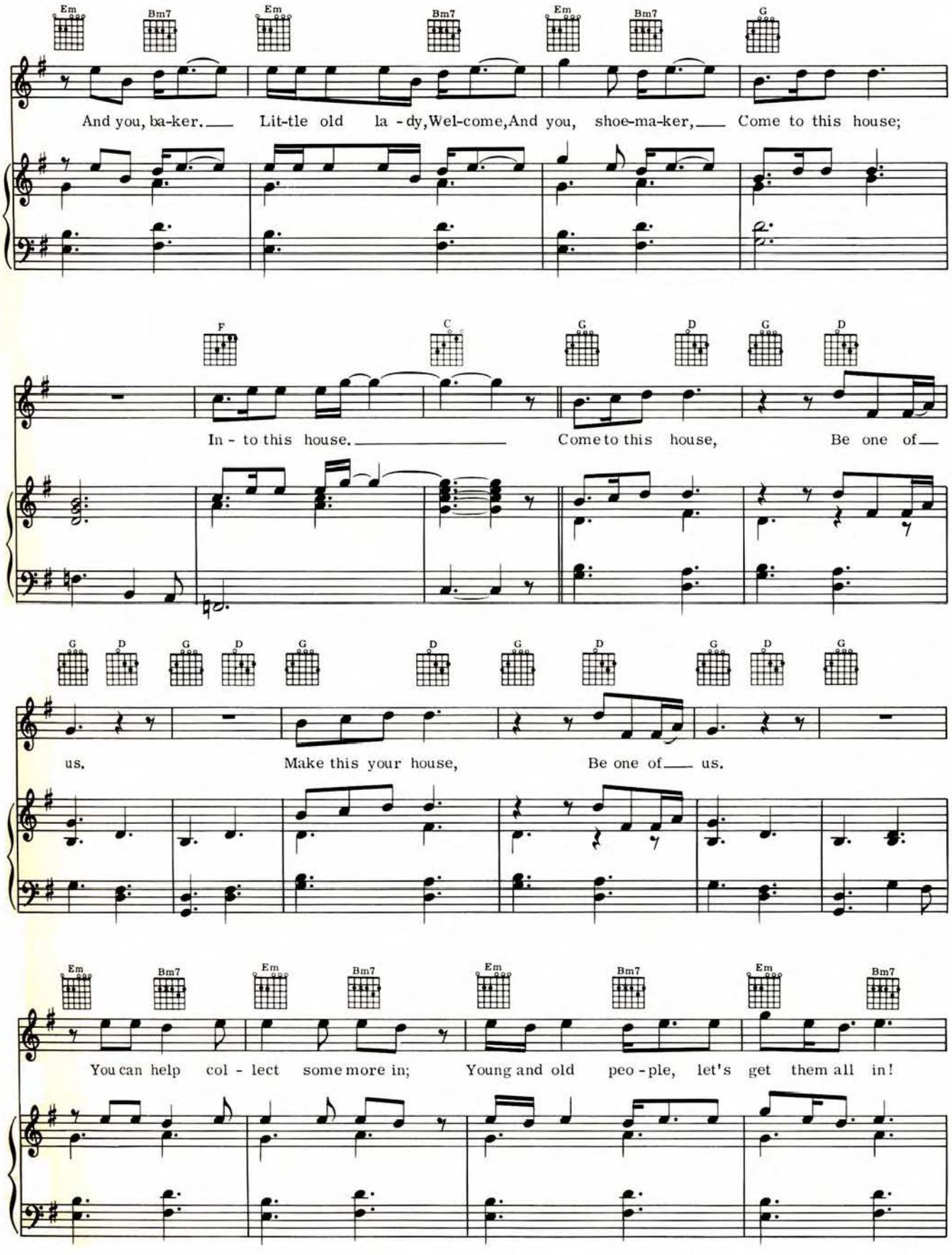

E G A
B
G
A
Free! And I'm wait-ing for you to fol-low me.
B Bsus B Bsus B
Falsetto
Bsus B Bsus B Bsus B
How can we fol - low? How can we fol - low?
Bbsus Bb Asus A Absus Ab Gsus G F#sus F#
Oh!

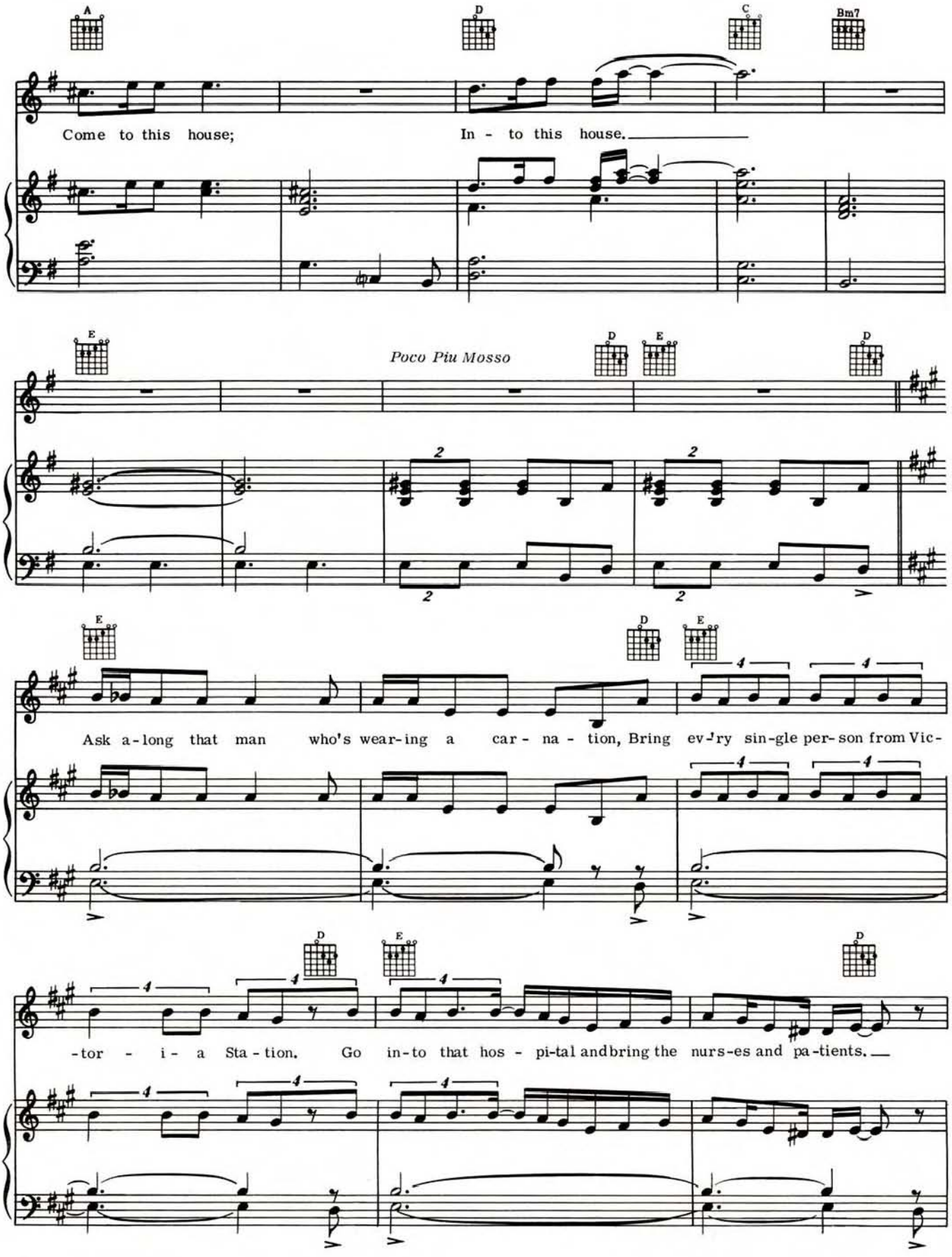
WELCOME

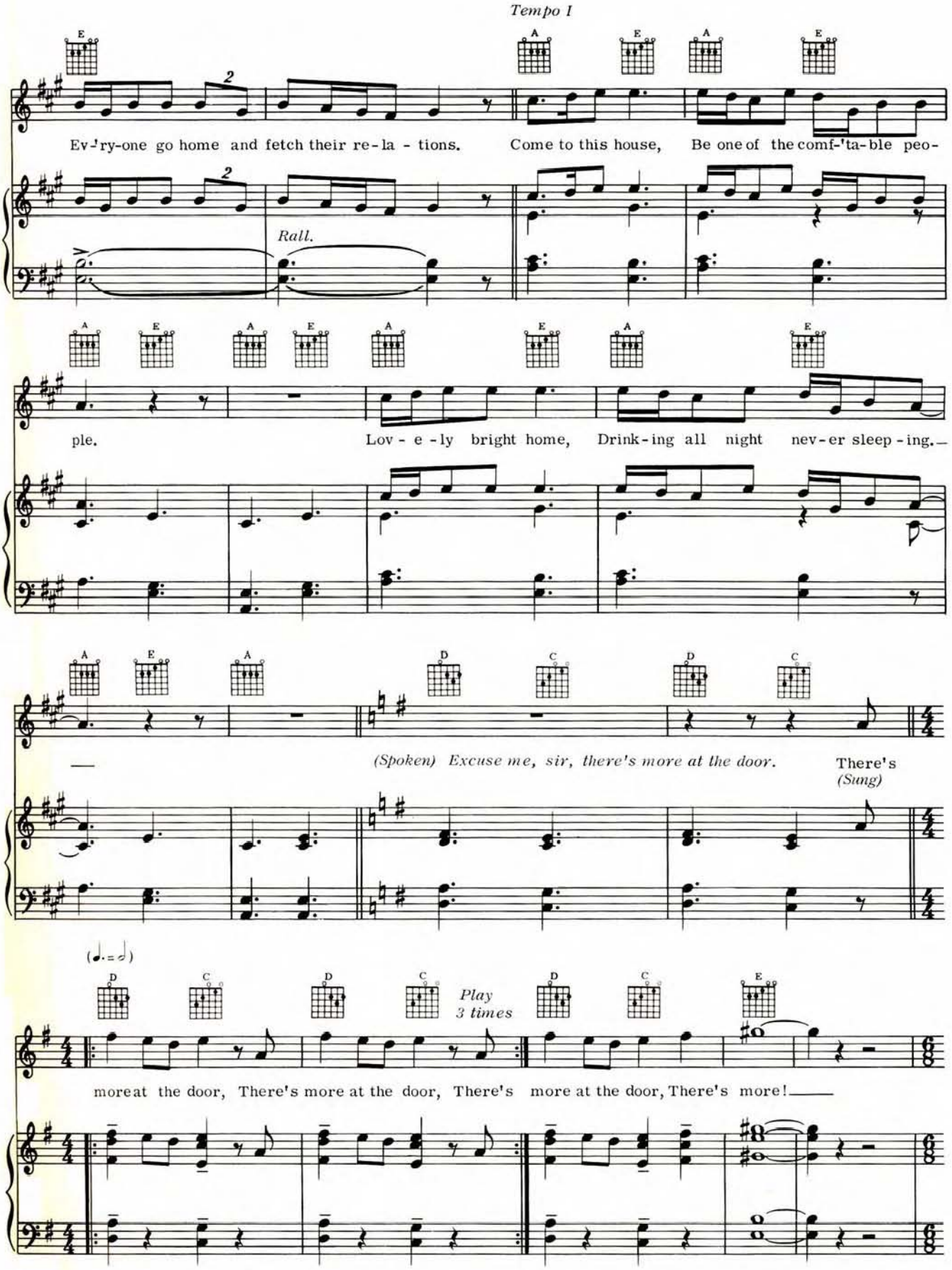
Words and Music by
PETER TOWNSHEND

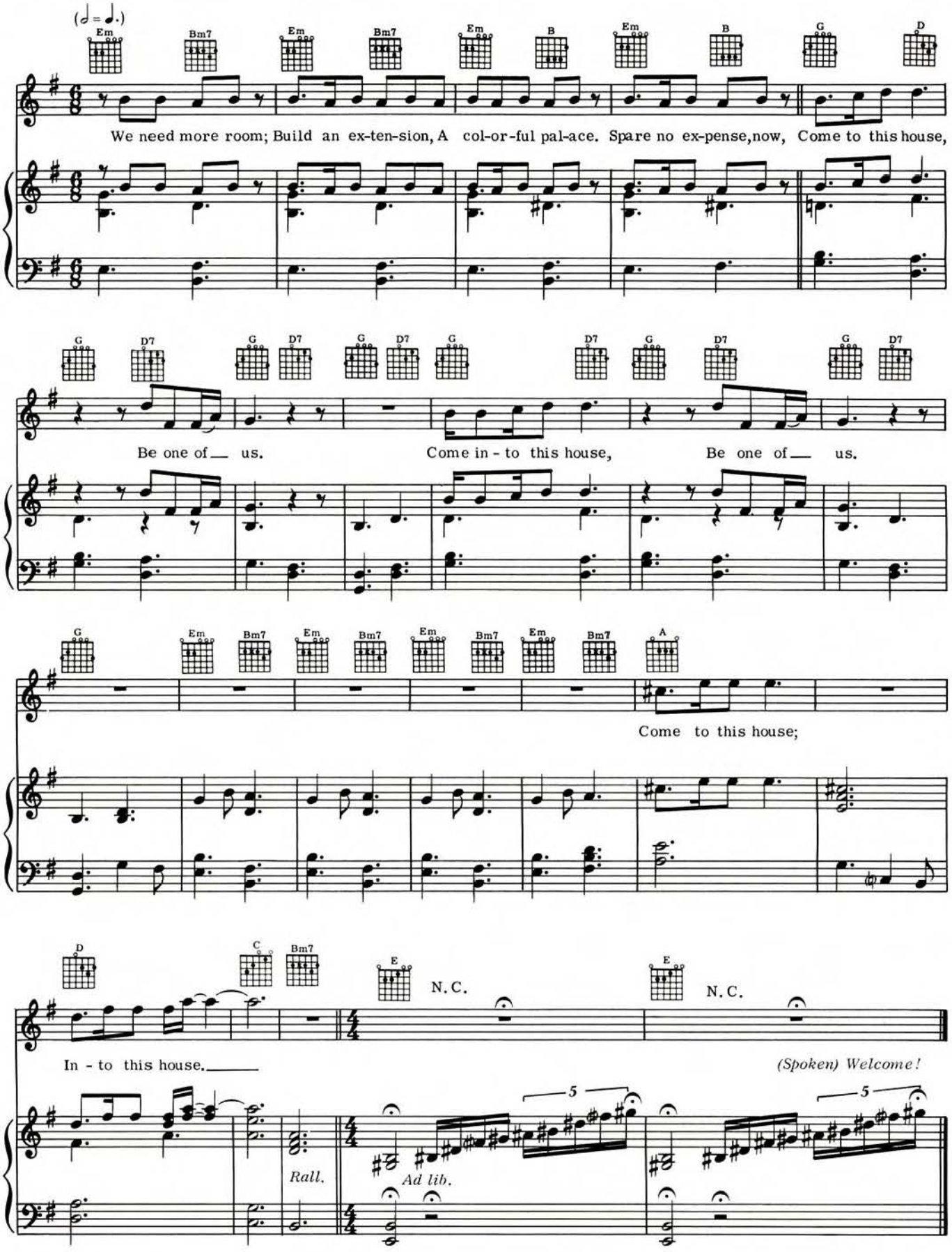


Copyright © 1969 by Fabulous Music Ltd., Dumbarton House, 68 Oxford Street, London, W.1, England
All rights for the U.S.A., its territories and possessions, Canada, Mexico and the Philippines
are controlled by Track Music, Inc., 200 West 57th Street, New York, N.Y. 10019
International Copyright Secured Made in U.S.A. Used by Permission
All rights reserved including public performance for profit. No part of this work may be reproduced
in any form without permission in writing from the publisher.


Em Bm7 Em Bm7 Em Bm7 G
And you, ba-ker. Lit-tle old la - dy, Wel-come, And you, shoe-ma-ker, Come to this house;
F C G D G D
In - to this house. Come to this house, Be one of
G D G D G D G D G D G
us. Make this your house, Be one of us.
Em Bm7 Em Bm7 Em Bm7 Em Bm7
You can help col - lect some more in; Young and old peo - ple, let's get them all in!

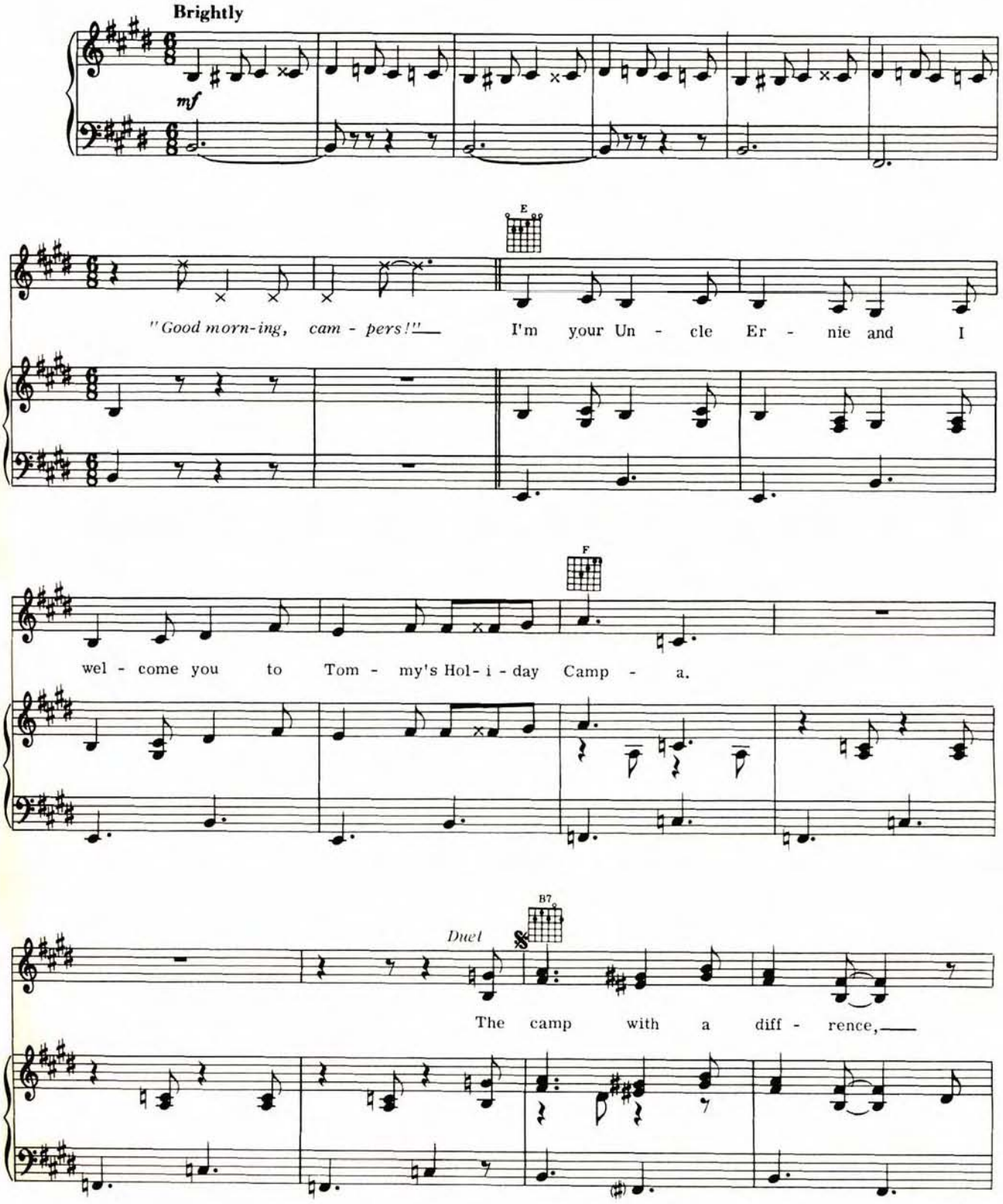

A
D
C
Bm7
Come to this house;
In - to this house.
E
Poco Piu Mosso
D
E
D
E
D
E
Ask a-long that man who's wear-ing a car- na - tion, Bring ev-ry sin-gle per-son from Vic-
D
E
D
-tor - i - a Sta - tion. Go in-to that hos - pi-tal and bring the nurs-es and pa-tients.


Tempo I
Ev-'ry-one go home and fetch their re-la - tions. Come to this house, Be one of the comf-'ta-ble peo-
Rall.
ple. Lov - e -ly bright home, Drink-ing all night nev-er sleep-ing.—
(Spoken) Excuse me, sir, there's more at the door.
There's
(Sung)
Play
3 times
moreat the door, There's more at the door, There's more at the door, There's more!—

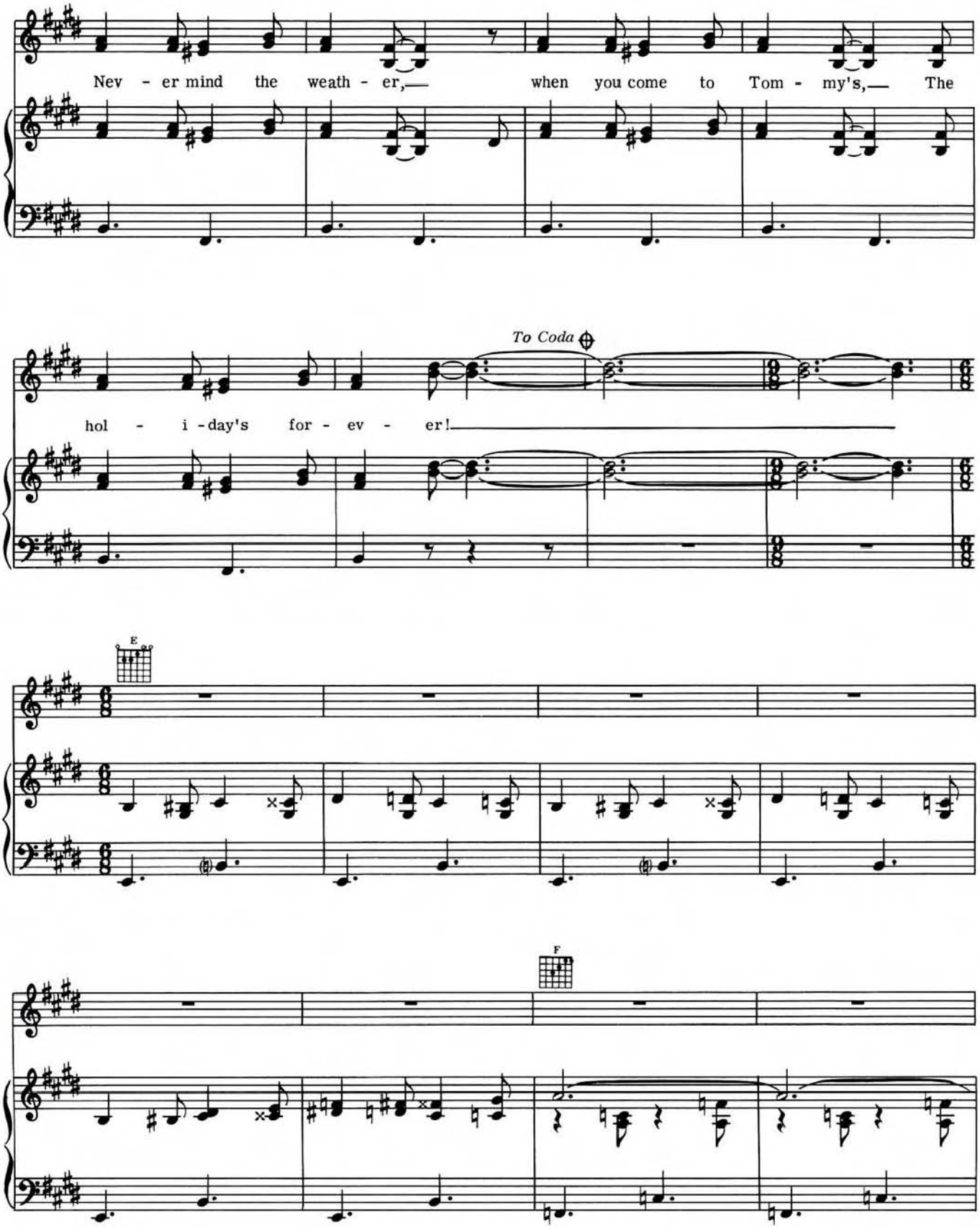

(♩ = ♩.)
Em Bm7 Em Bm7 Em B Em B G D
We need more room; Build an ex-ten-sion, A col-or-ful pal-ace. Spare no ex-pense, now, Come to this house,
G D7 G D7 G D7 G D7 G D7 G D7
Be one of us. Come in - to this house, Be one of us.
G Em Bm7 Em Bm7 Em Bm7 Em Bm7 A
Come to this house;
D C Bm7 E N.C. E N.C.
In - to this house.
(Spoken) Welcome!
5 5
Rall.
Ad lib.

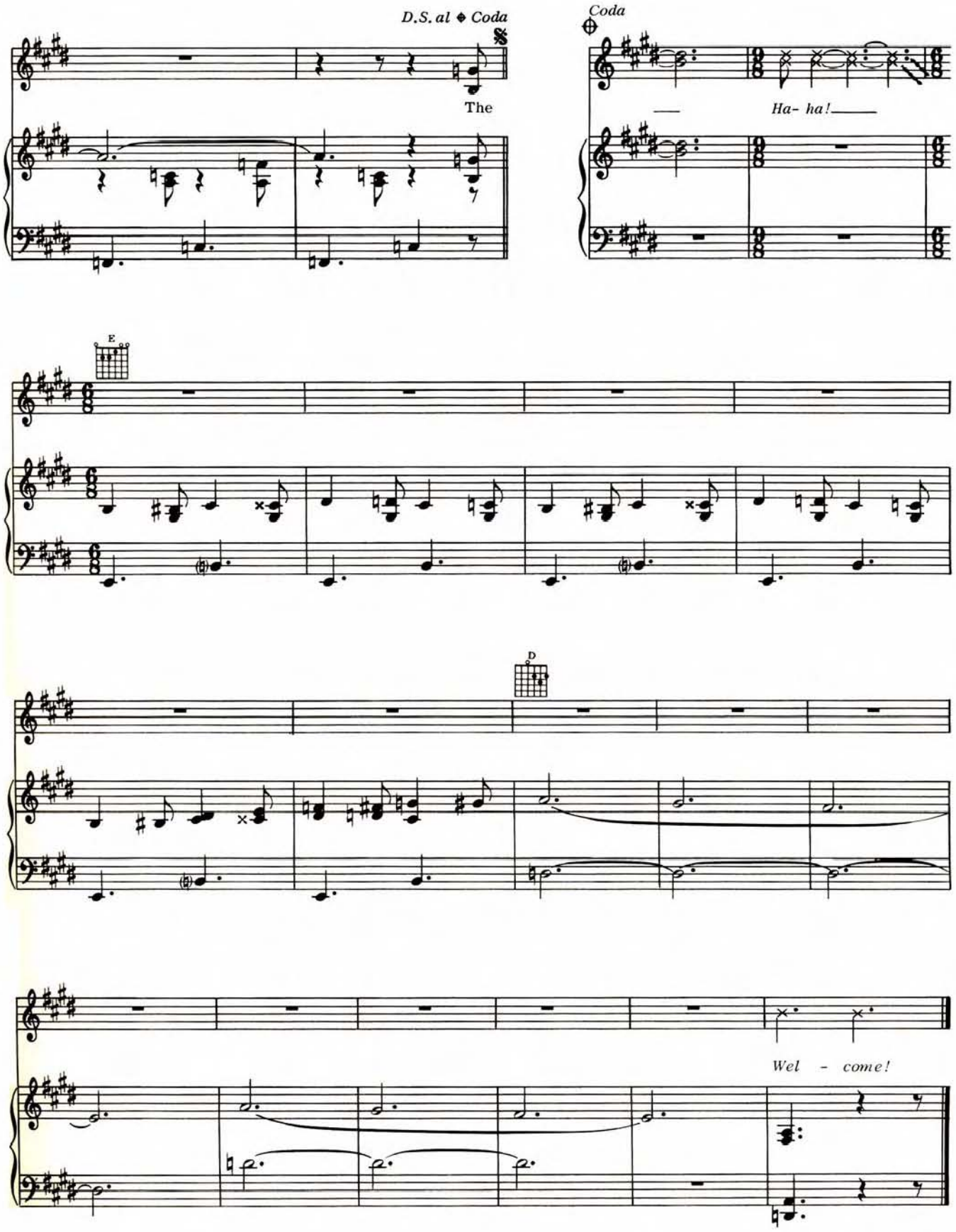
TOMMY'S HOLIDAY CAMP

Words and Music by
KEITH MOON



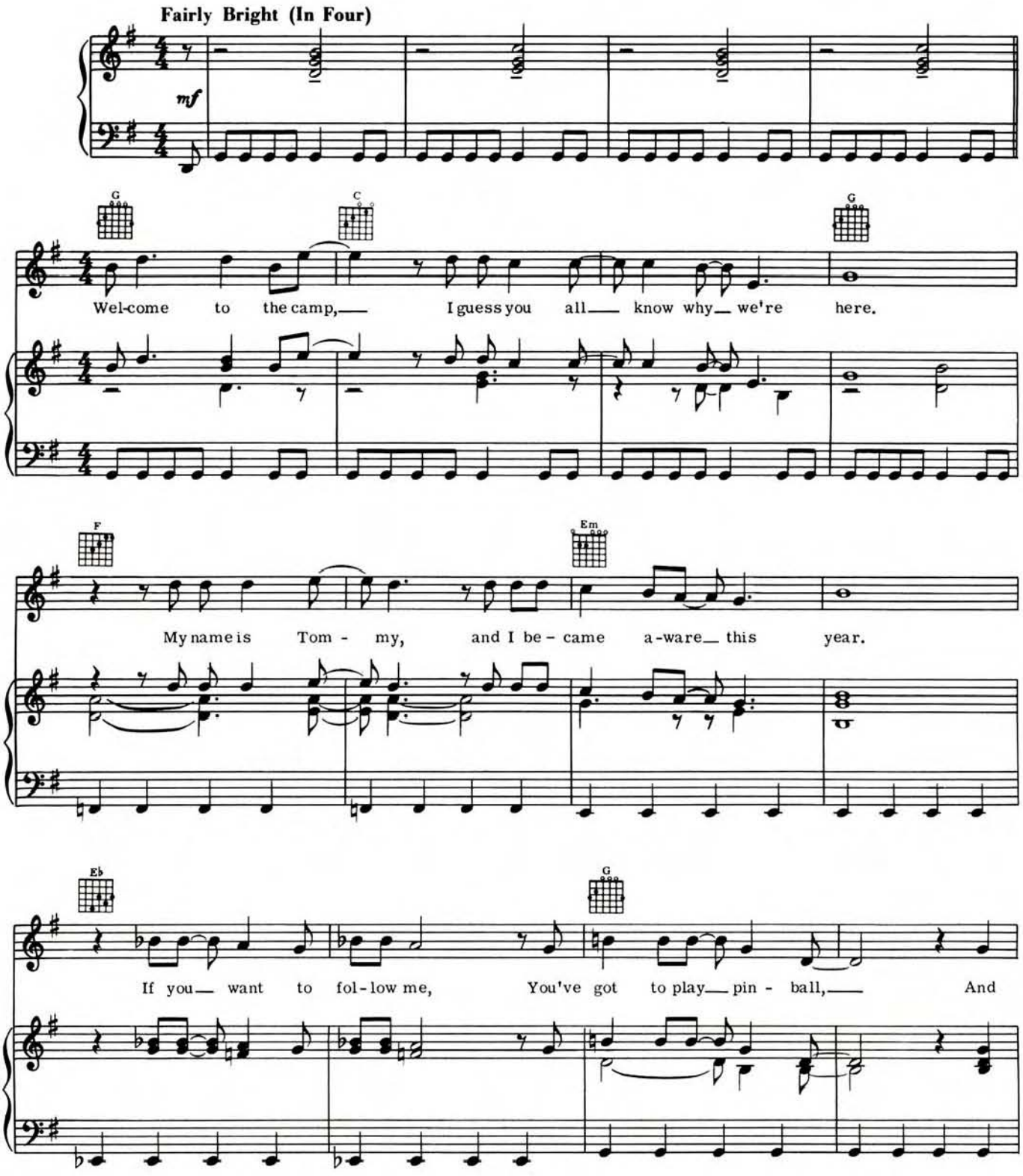
Copyright © 1969 by New Ikon Ltd., Dumbarton House, 68 Oxford Street, London, W.1, England
All rights for the U.S.A., its territories and possessions, Canada, Mexico and the Philippines
are controlled by Track Music, Inc., 200 West 57th Street, New York, N.Y. 10019
International Copyright Secured Made in U.S.A. Used by Permission
All rights reserved including public performance for profit. No part of this work may be reproduced
in any form without permission in writing from the publisher.


Nev - er mind the weath - er,— when you come to Tom - my's,— The
To Coda
hol - i - day's for - ev - er!
E
F

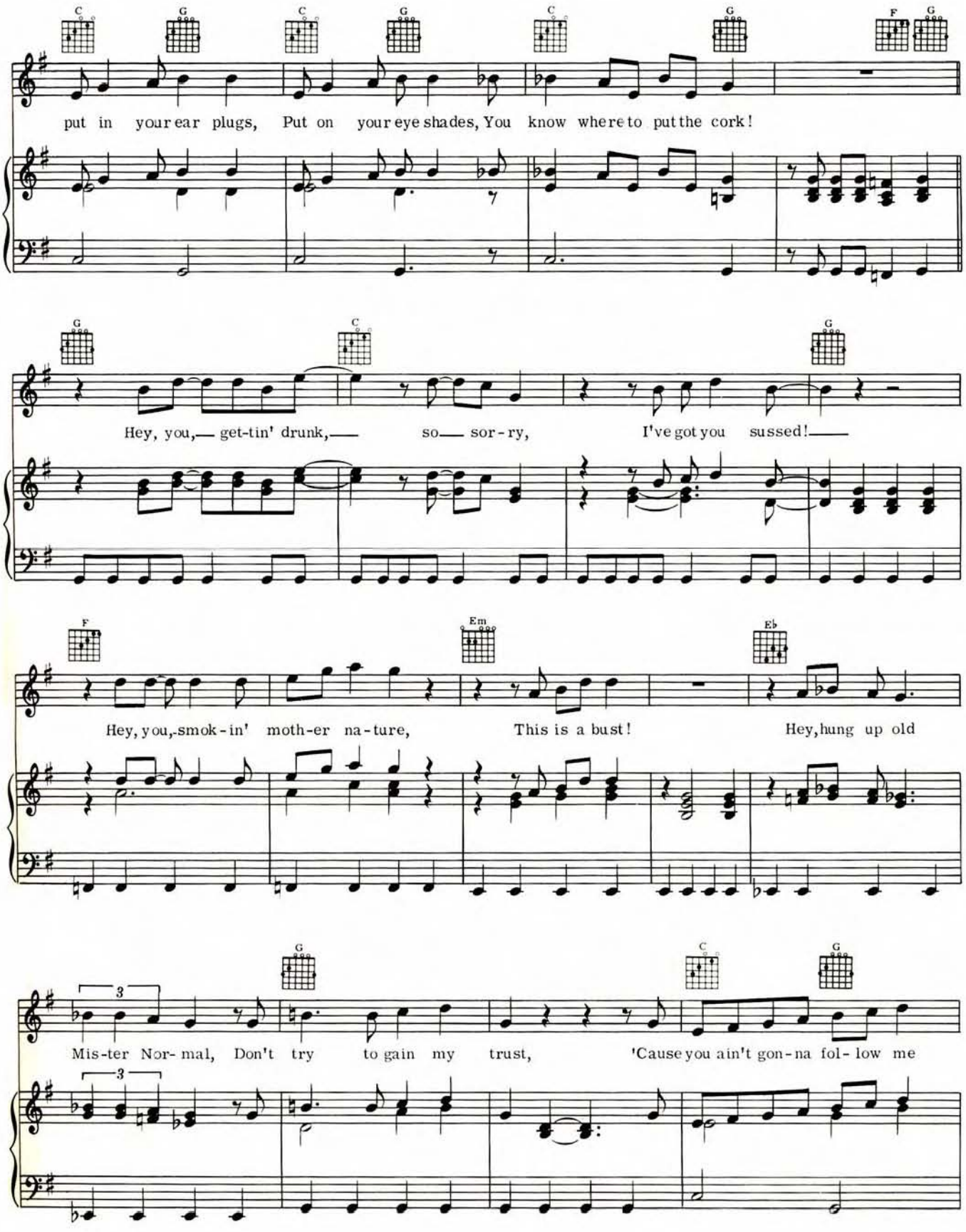

D.S. al ◆ Coda
The
Coda
Ha- ha!
E
D
Wel - come!

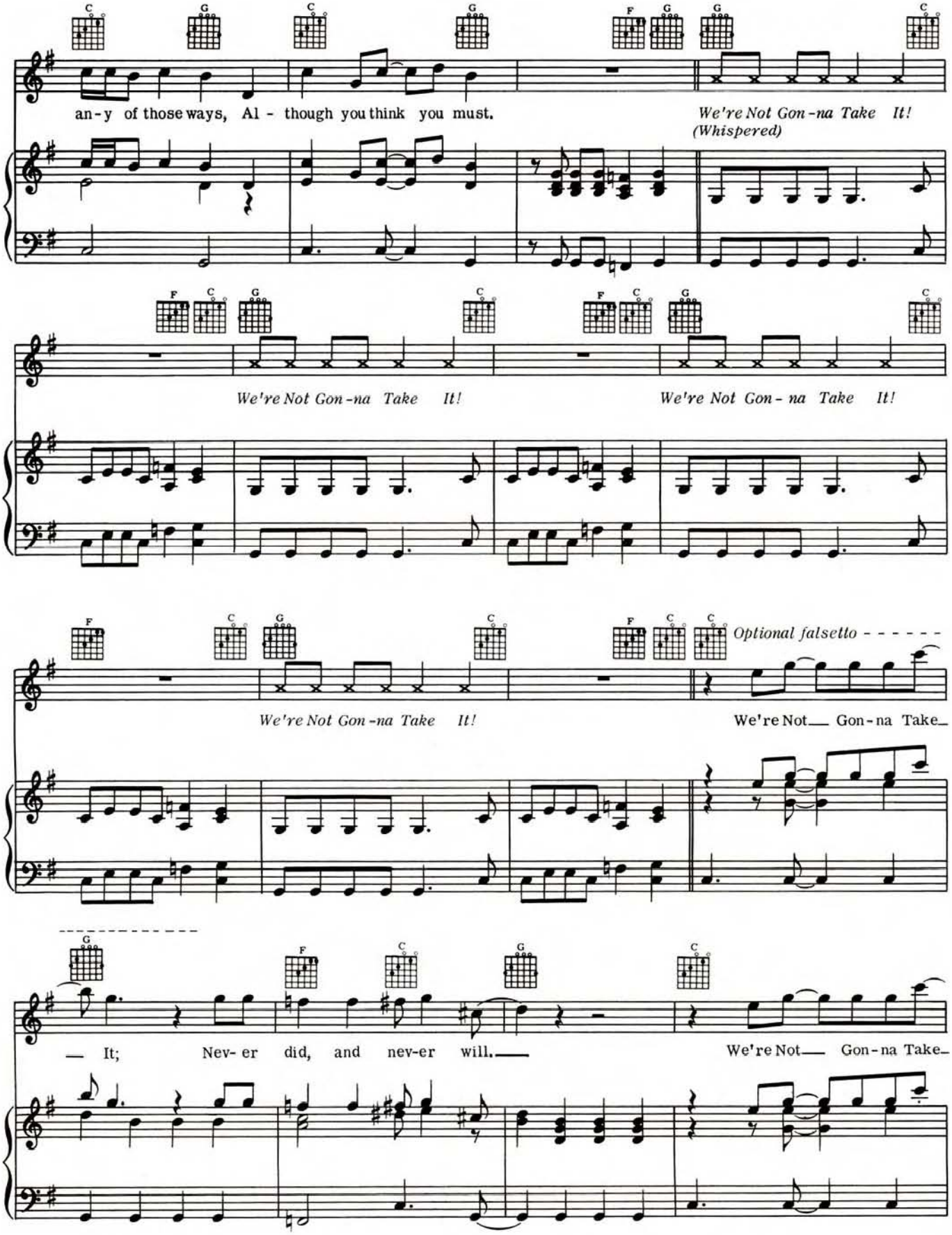
WE'RE NOT GONNA TAKE IT

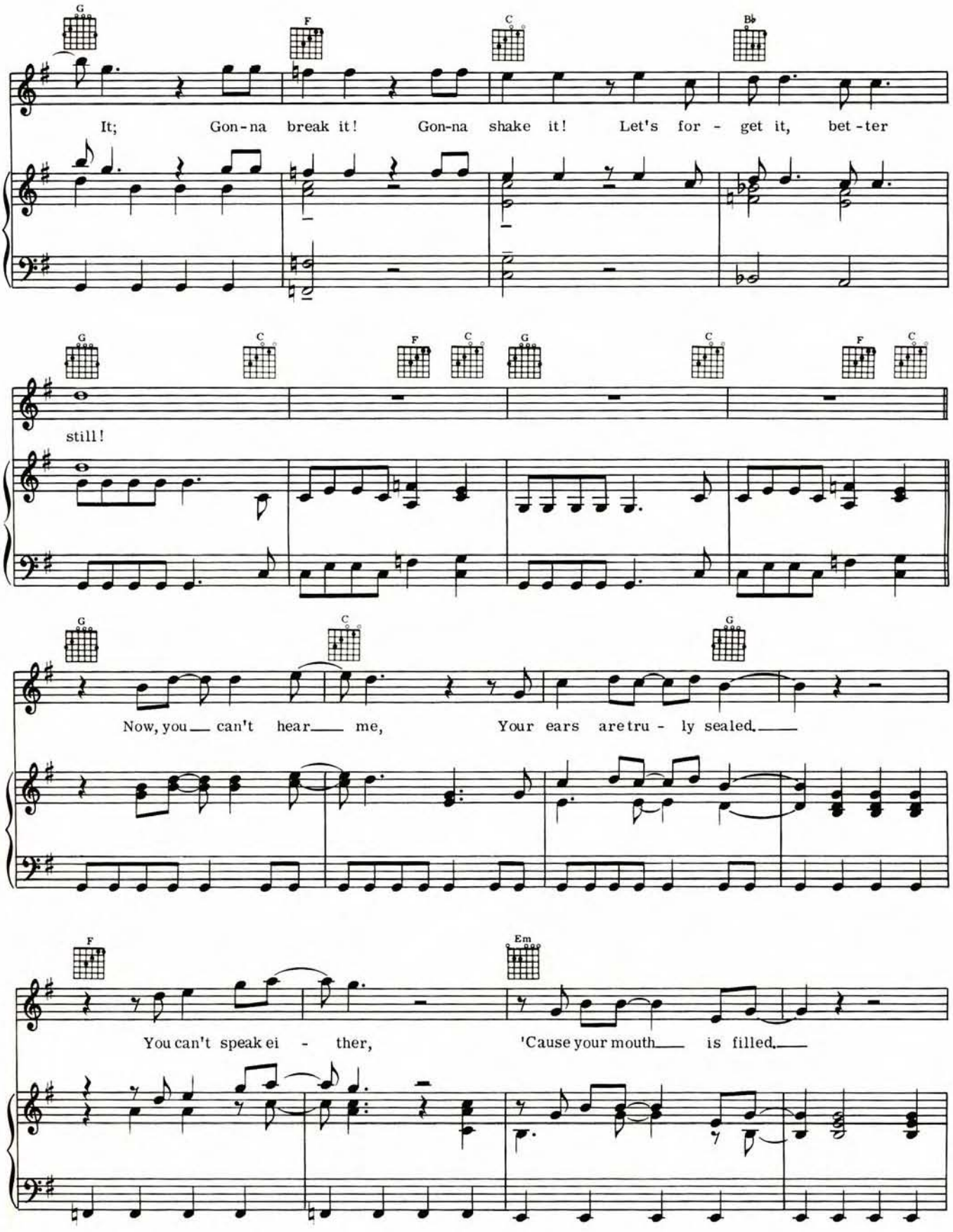
Words and Music by
PETER TOWNSHEND

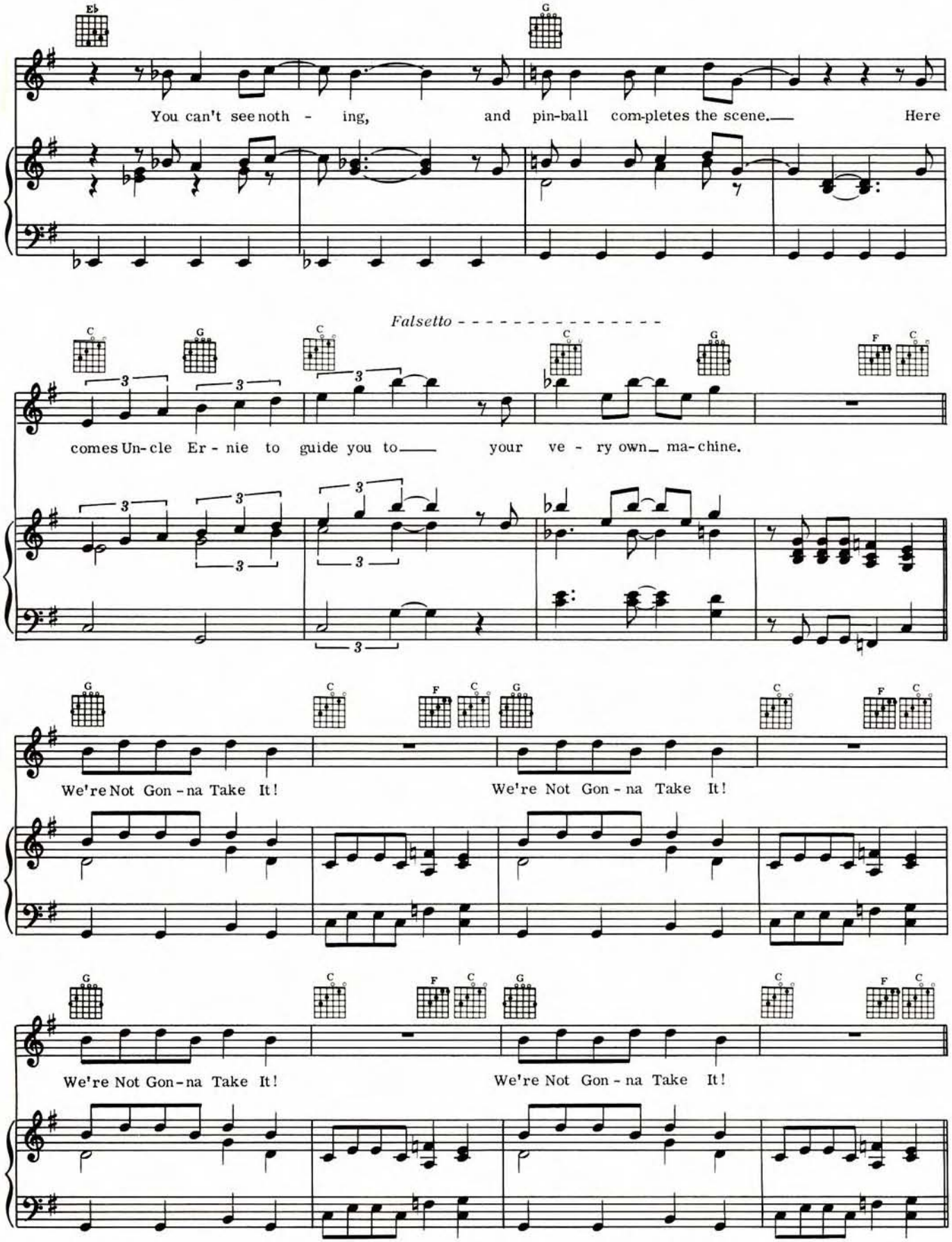


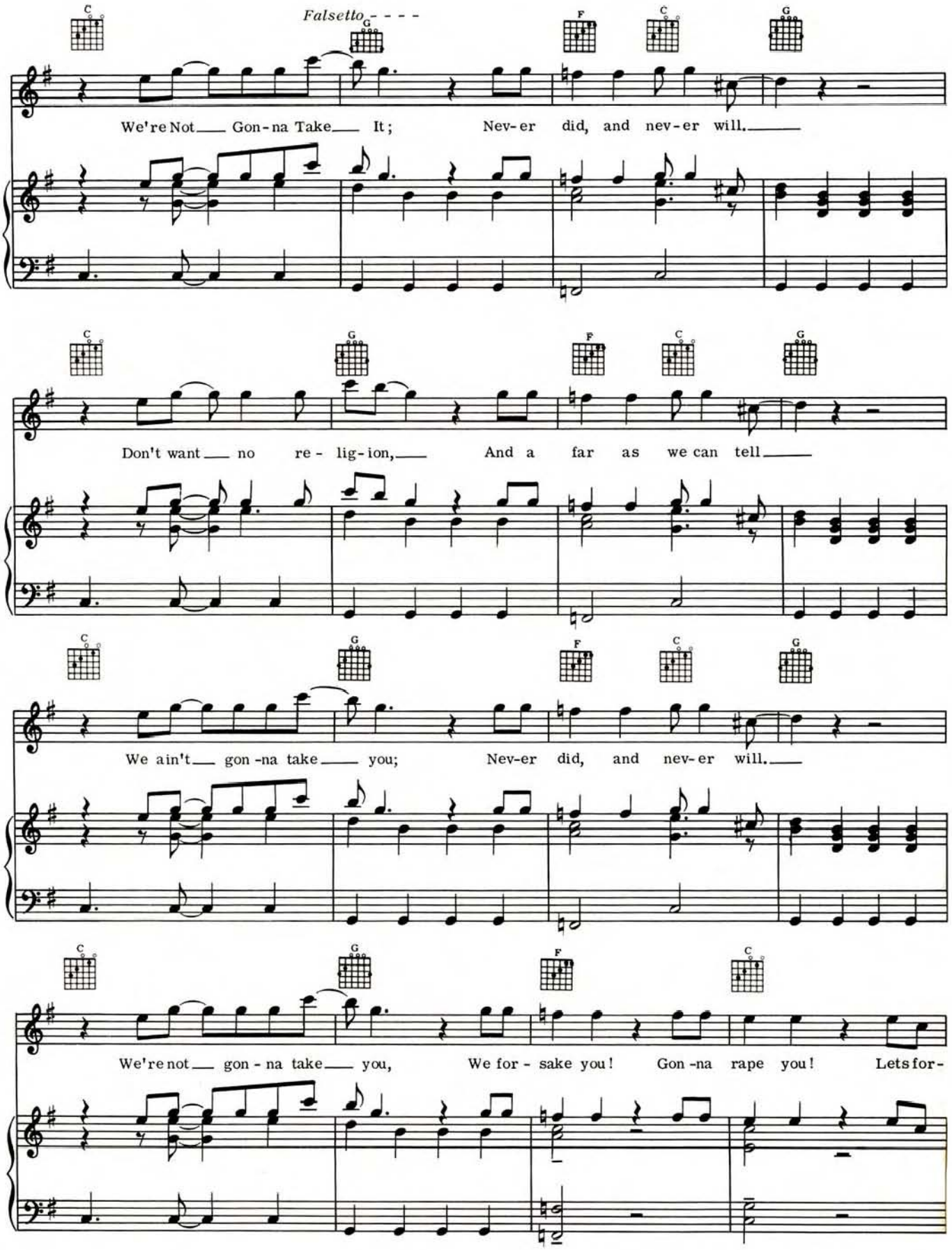
Copyright © 1969 by Fabulous Music Ltd, Dumbarton House, 68 Oxford Street, London, W.1, England
All rights for the U.S.A., its territories and possessions, Canada, Mexico and the Philippines
are controlled by Track Music, Inc., 200 West 57th Street, New York, N.Y. 10019
International Copyright Secured Made in U.S.A. Used by Permission
All rights reserved including public performance for profit. No part of this work may be reproduced
in any form without permission in writing from the publisher.

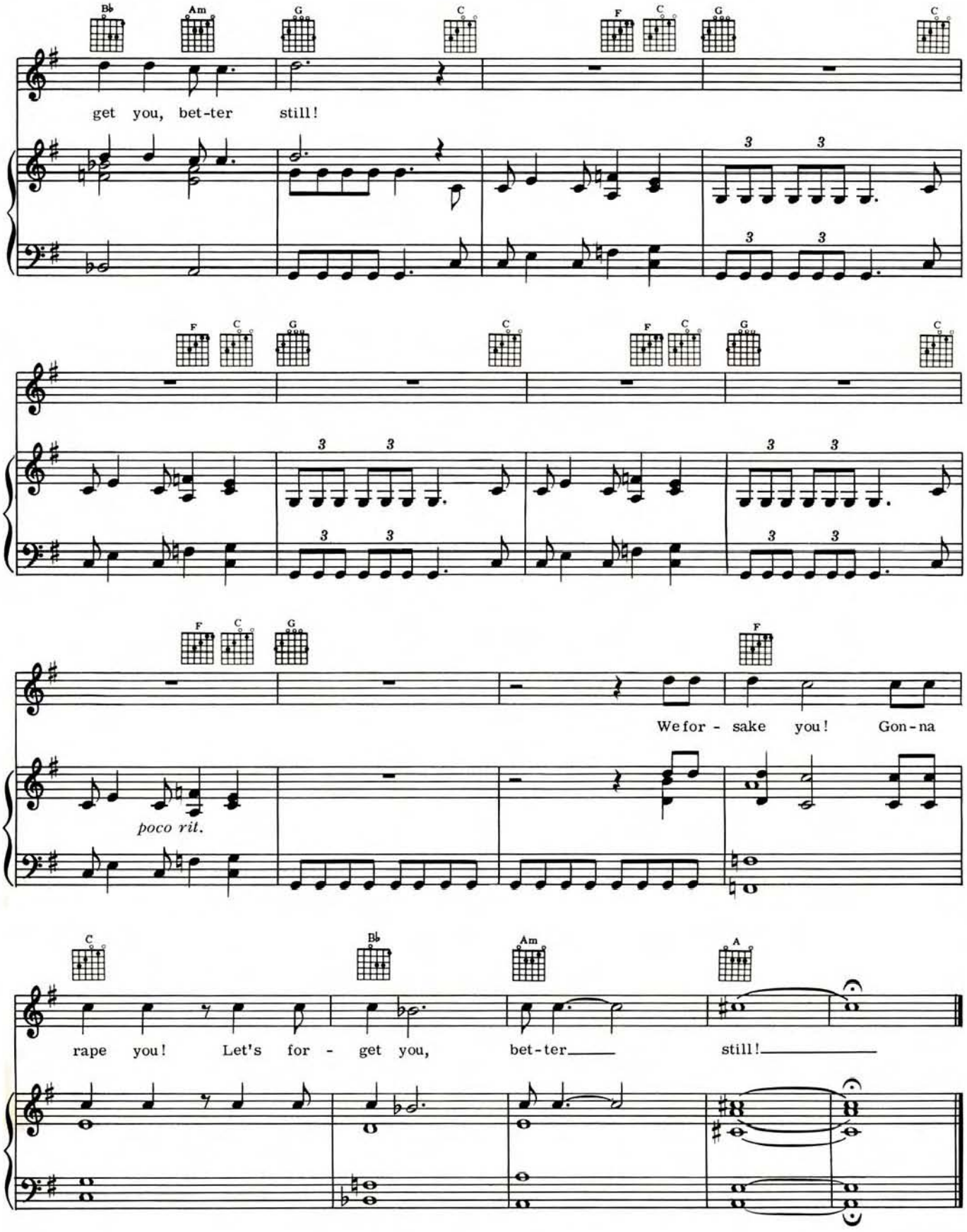

C G C G C G F G
put in your ear plugs, Put on your eye shades, You know where to put the cork!
G C G
Hey, you,— get-tin' drunk,— so— sor-ry, I've got you sussed!—
F Em Eb
Hey, you,-smok-in' moth-er na-ture, This is a bust! Hey, hung up old
G C G
3 3
Mis-ter Nor-mal, Don't try to gain my trust, 'Cause you ain't gon-na fol-low me


an-y of those ways, Al - though you think you must.
We're Not Gon-na Take It!
(Whispered)
We're Not Gon-na Take It!
We're Not Gon-na Take It!
We're Not Gon-na Take It!
Optional falsetto
We're Not Gon-na Take
It; Nev-er did, and nev-er will.
We're Not Gon-na Take


G
F
C
B♭
It; Gon-na break it! Gon-na shake it! Let's for - get it, bet-ter
G
C
F
C
G
C
F
C
still!
G
C
G
Now, you can't hear me, Your ears are tru - ly sealed.
F
Em
You can't speak ei - ther, 'Cause your mouth is filled.


Eb
G
You can't see noth - ing, and pin-ball com-pletes the scene. Here
Falsetto
C
G
C
C
G
F
C
comes Un-cle Er - nie to guide you to your ve - ry own ma-chine.
G
C
F
C
G
C
F
C
We're Not Gon-na Take It! We're Not Gon - na Take It!
G
C
F
C
G
C
F
C
We're Not Gon-na Take It! We're Not Gon - na Take It!


Falsetto - - - -
We're Not Gon-na Take It; Nev-er did, and nev-er will.
Don't want no re-lig-ion, And a far as we can tell
We ain't gon-na take you; Nev-er did, and nev-er will.
We're not gon-na take you, We for-sake you! Gon-na rape you! Lets for-

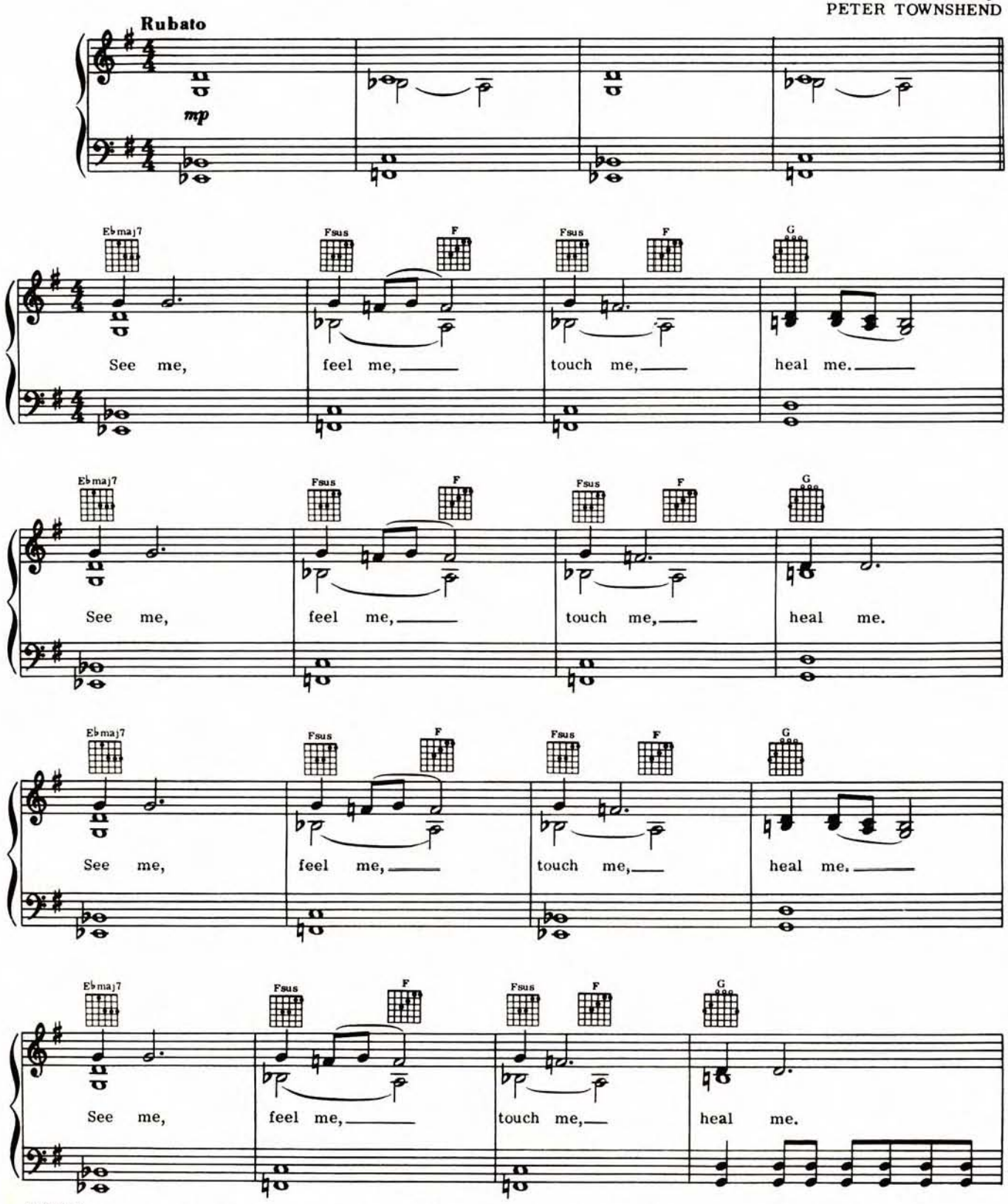

B♭ Am G C F C G C
get you, bet-ter still!
F C G C F C G C
F C G F
We for - sake you! Gon-na
poco rit.
C B♭ Am A
rape you! Let's for - get you, bet-ter still!

From The Rock-Opera "TOMMY"

SEE ME, FEEL ME

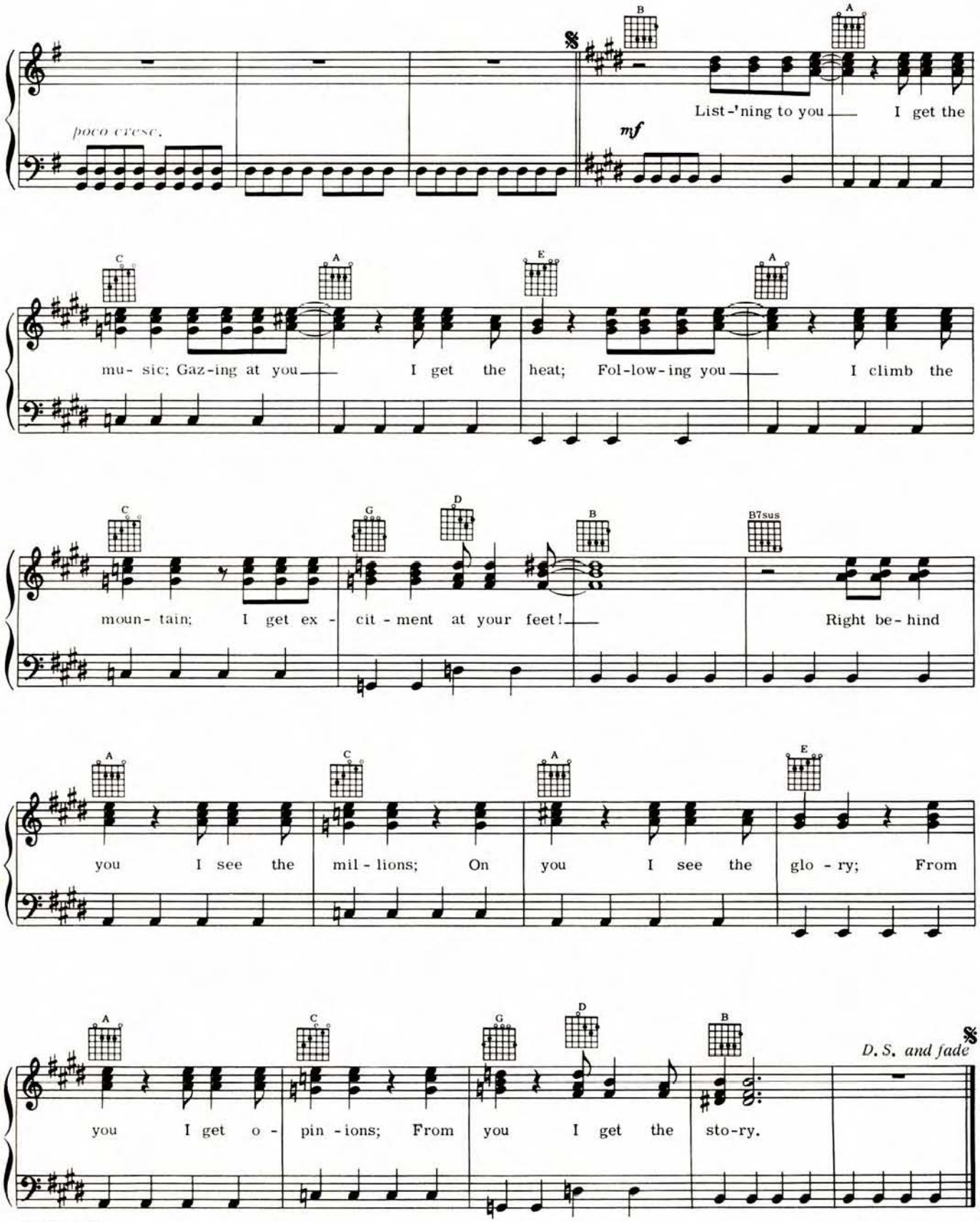
(Finale from We're Not Gonna Take It)

Words and Music by
PETER TOWNSHEND



06421-2

Copyright © 1969, 1970 by Fabulous Music Ltd., Dumbarton House, 68 Oxford Street, London, W.1, England
All rights for the U.S.A., its territories and possessions, Canada, Mexico and the Philippines
are controlled by Track Music, Inc., 200 West 57th Street, New York, N.Y. 10019
International Copyright Secured Made in U.S.A. Used by Permission
All rights reserved including public performance for profit. No part of this work may be reproduced
in any form without permission in writing from the publisher.


poco cresc.
mf
List-'ning to you I get the
mu- sic; Gaz-ing at you I get the heat; Fol-low-ing you I climb the
moun- tain; I get ex- cit-ment at your feet! Right be-hind
you I see the mil-lions; On you I see the glo-ry; From
you I get o- pin-ions; From you I get the sto-ry.
D. S. and fade

"Among these more sophisticated is The Who, and they've written a rock opera called "Tommy," as yet unstaged but when that is done and it would be pretty silly ... to do it ... the excitement will leave such half-hearted rock operations as "Hair" and "Your Own Thing" to the Nehru-jacketed audiences they deserve."

Martin Gottfried
WOMEN'S WEAR DAILY

"In rating overall performance, The Who have come up with a precedent setting album. It is something that is done extremely well in all aspects. We can hope for a full dramatic production of it. Perhaps "Tommy" will lead to a new area of musical expression. It certainly has combined the classical form of the opera with the musical form of contemporary rock. That's the first stop."

Stu Ginsburg

Deaf Dumb and blind boy
He' in a quiet vibration land
Strange as i seems his musical dreams
Ain't quite so bad.

Ten years old
With thoughts as bold as thought can b
Loving life and becoming
In simplicity.

Sickness will surely take he mind
Where minds can usually go.
Come on the amazing journey
And learn all you should know.

A vague haze delerium
creeps up on me.
All at once a tall stranger I suddenly see.
He's dressed in a silver sparked
Glittering gown
And His golden beard flows
Nearly down to the ground.

Nothing to say and nothing to hear
And nothing to see.
Each sensation makes a note in my symphony.

Sickness will surely take the mind
Where minds can't usually go.
Come on the amazing journey
And learn all you should know.

His eyes are the eyes that
Transmit all they know.
Sparkle warm crystall... glances to show
That he is your leader